You're Simply the Best

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/35154169.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
Underage Sex

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Young Royals (TV 2021)

Relationships:
Simon/Wilhelm (Young Royals), Simon & Wilhelm (Young Royals), Erik & Wilhelm (Young Royals), Felice & Sara (Young Royals), Felice & Wilhelm (Young Royals), Erik & Simon (Young Royals)

Characters:
Simon (Young Royals), Wilhelm (Young Royals), Erik (Young Royals), Linda (Young Royals), Sara (Young Royals), Felice (Young Royals), August (Young Royals), Rosh (Young Royals), Ayub (Young Royals), Malin (Young Royals), Kristina (Young Royals), Ludvig (Young Royals)

Additional Tags:
no beta we die like Erik, except, Erik Lives (Young Royals), Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, will add tags as i add chapters, Fluff and Smut, Consensual Underage Sex, Angst and Fluff and Smut, Happy Ending, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies, Good Sibling Erik (Young Royals), erik ships them, POV Wilhelm (Young Royals), In this house we stan Malin

Language:
English

Series:
Part 1 of In your heart I see the start of every night and every day

Stats:
Published: 2021-11-16 Completed: 2022-08-31 Words: 123,730

Chapters: 27/27

You're Simply the Best

by cloudymilk

Summary

“Hey Little brother,” Erik greeted. “Excited for your romantic rendezvous?”

“Shut up,” Wille groaned, a blush rising to his cheeks.

“Just making sure you didn’t chicken out,” Erik laughed. “Since August seems to be under the impression that you are coming home this weekend.”

“Fucking August,” Wille muttered. “He’s staying back and I just- didn’t want to deal with him.”

“So if you’re not staying there, and you’re not coming here…” Erik began, pausing for Willie to answer and giving another laugh when Wille didn’t fill in the blanks. “Pray tell Wilhelm, where exactly is my little brother spending the weekend? I thought your crush went to Hillerska?”

or

Erik lives

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wille was packing his bag for the night, fretting over what to wear. Regularly he slept in his boxers, but he didn't want to make Simon uncomfortable. That said, he didn't have pajamas either. He'd finally settled on throwing a pair of sweats along with his clothes for the next day into his bag when his phone rang. A grin spread over his face, assuming it was Simon asking if he was ready to go. He rolled his eyes when he saw his brother's name pop up, no doubt calling to ask him about the crush he'd gotten Wille to admit to earlier. Wille didn't know if a crush was the right name for it- what he felt for Simon seemed like so much more. Being around the boy made his heart race in ways he'd never experienced before. Wille knew that ignoring Erik would just result in more pestering so he answered the phone, resolving to make it quick so he could go meet Simon.

"Hey," he pressed the phone to his ear as he ran his fingers through his hair.

"Hey Little brother," Erik greeted. "Excited for your romantic rendezvous?"

"Shut up," Wille groaned, a blush rising to his cheeks.

"Just making sure you didn't chicken out," Erik laughed. "Since August seems to be under the impression that you *are* coming home this weekend."

"Fucking August," Wille muttered. "He's staying back and I just- didn't want to deal with him."

“So if you’re not staying there, and you’re not coming here…” Erik began, pausing for Willie to answer and giving another laugh when Wille didn’t fill in the blanks. “Pray tell Wilhelm, where exactly is my little brother spending the weekend? I thought your crush went to Hillerska?”

“Uh-,” Wille hesitated, trying to figure out how much he could give away without Erik figuring out who he was really talking about. He sighed as he finally answered, “They do… they’re a non-boarder.”

“A weekend away from the supervision at Hillerska? How scandalous of you.” Wille could practically hear Erik’s smirk through the phone, “What would mamma say?”

At the mention of his mother Wille felt a familiar panic begin to run through him, “Erik please don’t say anything. Please!”

“Hey, hey, Wille it’s okay,” Erik reassured quickly. “I’m just teasing you, I haven’t told mamma a thing, I promise.”

Wille focused on his breaths, grateful that his brother understood wanting to keep things between them- even if he didn’t know just how scandalized their mother would be if she really knew the truth.

“I didn’t say anything to August either,” Erik assured, his voice hesitant. Wille could tell Erik was trying to avoid upsetting him further. “As far as he knows you are coming home, okay?”

“Okay,” Wille felt himself nodding even though he knew Erik couldn’t see him. “Thank you.”

“Wille, I know I’ve been teasing you, and you don’t have to say anything until you’re ready, but it was nice to see you smile like that. You must really like them.”

“I don’t know, I- nothing has really happened yet,” Wille admitted. “I’m not really sure what we are.”

“It’s okay,” Erik comforted. “You don’t have to know. I just want you to be happy.”

There was silence before Erik resumed speaking again, his teasing tone returning, “Have you kissed them?”

Wille’s thoughts flashed back to the night of the movie, feeling Simon’s lips pressed against his, soft and warm, “Maybe.”

“And?”

“Annnnd I have to go,” Wille replied, saved by a knock on his door.

“Is that them?” Erik asked, clearly having heard the knock over the line.

“Goodbye Erik,” Wille replied, rolling his eyes at his brother. The last thing he heard as he moved the phone away to hang up was Erik yelling at him to use protection as he cackled.

Wille opened the door to see Simon waiting for him, fiddling with the hem of his shirt.

“Are you ready to go?” Simon asked, biting his lip with a small grin on his face. Wille felt his heart melt and his cheeks warm at the smile.

“Yeah,” he replied, grabbing his bag and closing the door behind him. They walked in silence to the bus stop where Sara was waiting. She raised an eyebrow at the sight of Wille walking beside Simon but said nothing as Wille followed them onto the bus, ready with the app this time.

“Do you want to listen to some music?” Simon asked, pulling out his headphones. Wille nodded and Simon untangled them before holding out an earbud. Simon’s fingers brushed against his as he took it, the light touch sending electricity up his arm. He put in the earbud and used the short chord as an excuse to sit closer to Simon, feeling their legs pressed against each other. The bus began to move, jolting Wille to the side and pushing them even closer together. He was sure his face was burning but he didn’t move, relishing in the contact.

Simon had his hand sitting on his lap, fingers spread with his pinky touching Wille’s leg. It reminded Wille of the movie night, when they had briefly hooked their fingers together, and he wondered if Simon was thinking the same thing. Wille’s heart raced as he inched his hand closer, wrapping his pinky with Simon’s. He was rewarded with a smile as the boy’s eyes looked into his. He forced himself to look ahead, sure that if he kept looking at Simon everything he was feeling would be open and exposed in his expression.

They sat in silence, reveling in the small contact as the music played until they pulled up to another stop.

“Rosh and Ayub get on here,” Simon told him, pointedly looking

down at their intertwined hands and giving Wille the chance to pull away. Wille was grateful for the warning, taking a moment to compose himself as they headed straight towards them, sitting beside them.

“Simon, Wilhelm,” Rosh greeted, drawing out Simon’s name like she was expecting an explanation for Wille’s presence.

“Uh, hi,” Wilhelm replied awkwardly, unsure of how to act around Simon’s friends after having only met them once. They had gotten along fine when he did, but that was before- before whatever this was with Simon.

“Are you going to Simon’s?” Ayub asked, digging through his backpack until he pulled out a bag of candy, holding it out to them in offering. They all shook their heads no and Ayub shrugged, having some himself.

“Yeah,” Wille answered. “We’re uh- we’re going to…”

His brain short circuited as he tried to think of a convincing and believable reason he was going to Simon’s besides wanting to kiss him until they were breathless.

“We’re going to game,” Simon finished for him, and Wille let out a sigh of relief. He knew that they didn’t need an explicit reason to hang out, friends did that, but he felt like there was a neon sign over his head announcing that that his intentions weren’t quite so innocent.

“Oh yeah?” Ayub asked, interested. “What games do you play? Maybe we could join?”

“No,” Simon burst out quickly, and Rosh and Ayub looked at him with unreadable expressions on their faces. “I mean, Wille hasn’t played before so I’m just going to show him the ropes. It would be boring for you, all beginner levels.”

“Right,” Ayub said slowly, clearly not buying it but not pushing the topic.

Rosh suddenly looked very interested in her phone and Wille pointedly ignored that she was clearly texting Simon about him when Simon’s phone vibrated and he shot her a look. It was silent for another moment before Wilhelm decided to attempt conversation by asking Rosh how football was going. She immediately launched into a rant about one of her teammates and the tense moment was forgotten for the rest of the ride. They said goodbye at Simon’s stop, and Wille followed him off the bus to his home. Sara went ahead of them, throwing her bag down in the corner before heading into a side room.

“Mamá?” Simon called, grabbing Wilhelm’s sleeve to guide him to the kitchen. “You remember Wilhelm.”

“It’s nice to see you again Ms. Eriksson,” Wille greeted nervously, a feeling that was quickly washed away as she smiled warmly at him in reply.

“Please, call me Linda!”

“Thank you for having me Linda.”

“Of course Wilhelm, you’re always welcome here,” Linda assured. “Can I get you boys a snack?”

“Thanks mamá, but I think we’re just gonna get Wille set up and game,” Simon answered, leading Wilhelm away and down the hall and into what must have been his bedroom.

“Your mom is nice,” Wille said as he followed Simon in.

“Yeah,” Simon grinned. “She’s amazing. What’s your mom like?”

“Um,” Wille paused, trying to think of the words to describe the queen. “She's formal.”

Wille was glad Simon didn’t pry at the clearly unorthodox answer, instead taking his bag from him and setting it down. Wille looked around the room, a fish tank in the corner and lights and posters on the wall. Wilhelm had never really customized a room to be his before- even his bedroom at the palace felt sparse and impersonal. Simon’s room suited him, it was cozy and somewhere Wille could suddenly imagine himself spending a lot of time.

Wille turned to see Simon watching him, and suddenly felt shy, unsure of what to do now that they were alone. Simon sat on the bed, motioning to the spot beside him. Wille sat down fiddling with his fingers, not able to look up to meet Simon’s eye. He felt a hand against his cheek, turning his head until they were facing, foreheads together.

“Is this okay?” Simon whispered, and Wille nodded, unable to form words when he could feel Simon’s breath on his face. Simon leaned in, slowly, giving him the chance to pull away if he wanted. Wille debated it for a second, overwhelmed by the sensation of being so close to Simon, but instead found himself leaning in.

Simon’s lips were just as soft as in his memories, and he shivered as Simon’s hand gently pulled him in closer. Wille moved, resting it on

Simon's thigh before quickly pulling away, taking his hand with him.

"Wille?" Simon asked, a concerned look on his face.

"Sorry," Wilhelm mumbled, his face red. Although he had spent all week thinking of this moment, of when he'd finally be able to kiss Simon again, being so close to him was overwhelming. It made him feel dizzy.

"It's okay," Simon assured. "Do you want me to stop?"

Wille shook his head no.

"Do you want to kiss me again?"

Wille nodded, burying his face in his hands, mortified that he couldn't even say the words out loud.

"Why are you embarrassed?" Simon asked softly, cupping Wille's face so gently that he felt he could cry.

"I-" Wille sighed, not knowing how to verbalize everything he was feeling. "This is new to me."

"That's okay," Simon promised. "We don't have to do anything you don't want to."

Wille groaned, falling backward onto the bed, "But I do! Want to, I

mean."

Simon laid beside him, turning and looking at him so earnestly that Wille felt it all come spilling out, "I just- what if I do something wrong and I don't know where to put my hands or- I don't know it's silly."

"It's not silly if it's how you're feeling," Simon said softly. "Have you- have you never kissed anyone before?"

Willie shook his head, "No I have but- it would be at a party or something. Usually drunk, and not with someone who-" He paused.

"Not with a guy?" Simon prompted.

"Um, no that may have happened once," Wille admitted, "But again, I was drunk." Before he could stop himself he added the words that had been on the tip of his tongue, "and not with someone who mattered."

Wille closed his eyes, sure that Simon was judging him, but when he opened them he saw Simon looking at him with a shy smile.

"I like you too, Wille," Simon whispered. "You don't have to be embarrassed. Remember the movie night? You do know what you're doing."

Wille blushed, remembering Simon's quiet moan against his lips.

"You've just gotta get out of your head," Simon encouraged. "Do what feels natural. None of it will be wrong, it's just you and me and I'm

not judging.”

Wille took a breath and nodded, rolling to the side so his whole body was facing Simon, their noses brushing against each other. He slowly reached for Simon’s hand, taking it in his. Simon smiled and guided Willie’s hand to his waist, pausing to look at him for approval. Wille nodded, this time finding himself being the one to lean in. He tried to shut off his mind, which became significantly easier when he felt Simon’s hands back on him, teeth scraping against his bottom lip.

Wille bunched Simon’s shirt in his hand, daring to let the other one wander up his side until he slid his fingers into Simon’s hair. They pulled each other closer until they were nearly on top of each other. Wille made up his mind and rolled onto his back, bringing Simon with him, who laughed at the sudden movement. Simon pulled away to take a breath, beaming at him, and Wille couldn’t help but smile back.

“I don’t know what you were so worried about,” Simon teased, breathing heavily. “You seem to be handling yourself pretty well.”

Wille took in Simon’s swollen lips and heavy breathing, eyes focused intently on him. Seeing Simon like this, *wanting* this, erased any traces of doubt in his mind as he pulled the boy down into another kiss. Wille wasn’t sure how long they spent on the bed, hands wandering as they kissed. Eventually, they jumped apart at a knock on the door, Linda calling out that dinner was ready. They both sat there, getting their breathing back under control and Wille couldn’t help the laugh that came out at forgetting that there were others in the house. Simon looked at him, maintaining a serious expression only for a moment before he started laughing too. He stood up and looked in the mirror, fixing his hair to hide that moments ago Wille had been running his fingers through it. Feeling bold, Wille fixed a piece himself before stealing a quick kiss from Simon.

“Okay,” Simon laughed. “Let’s go Romeo.”

—

Wille didn't have a lot of experience at normal family dinners, his were normally spent at far ends of the table with small talk that he didn't care for. He would eat quietly, his presence rarely acknowledged except by Erik- unless it was his mother correcting him on his mannerisms. Eating at Simon's was a completely different experience. They teased each other, took bites too big for their mouths, and Simon even threw a piece of bread at Sara across the table. It was chaotic in the best way and Wille never wanted to leave. After getting over his initial shyness, he even found himself joining in the banter about which soft drink was superior and how ridiculous their math teacher was. When he snorted at Simon's terrible impression of their most recent lesson, he tensed for a moment to look at Linda, and found that rather than judging him for it, or even acknowledging it at all she just looked at her son fondly as he continued the story. It felt like he fit in perfectly, Simon's family creating a little space just for him.

"I love your family," Wilhelm declared after they had finished eating and cleaned up.

"Not too un-royal for you?" Simon teased.

"I'm serious!" Wille replied, grinning. "Do you think mamma would notice if I stayed here forever?"

"I think there might be some flaws in that plan," Simon laughed, guiding Wille back to his room. "I'm pretty sure she would realize if her son suddenly went missing."

"Maybe," Wilhelm pondered, although part of him wondered how

much she would care at all beyond the scandal it would cause.

“Do you want to try gaming?” Simon asked, picking up a controller and offering it to him.

“I don’t know how to play,” Wille admitted, worried that he wouldn’t be good at it.

“I’ll teach you.”

After a few rounds even Simon had to acknowledge that Call of Duty was not Wilhelm’s thing. He kept accidentally dying and could barely make a shot by the time Simon had wiped out the computer.

“I’m really bad at this,” Wilhelm stated, grimacing as his character died yet again.

“That’s okay,” Simon laughed. “I won’t hold it against you.”

“Maybe you’re just a bad teacher,” Wille teased.

Simon rolled his eyes as he focused on finishing the round. Wille had given up on respawning, so he put down the controller. Instead, he decided to watch Simon, who had his tongue slightly stuck out as he focused on the screen, brows furrowed. He couldn’t help but wonder what it would take to break that concentration, and with a rush of confidence that he got from Simon’s presence he moved behind him, snaking his hands around his waist.

“Wille?” Simon’s voice raised, his eyes not leaving the screen. The change in his tone the only indicator that he was affected.

Wille slowly pressed his lips to the back of Simon’s neck, Simon’s breath hitching. Wilhelm took the sound as a sign to keep going, placing kisses along Simon’s neck, sucking gently so he wouldn’t leave a mark. Simon sat very still, not moving.

“Fuck,” Simon muttered. Willie hummed in response, moving his lips up to Simon’s ear. “I died,” Simon continued, clearly shocked at having lost so soon.

“What a shame,” Wille murmured, breathing into Simon’s ear. “Guess you’re done with the game then.”

Simon turned to face him, gaping at Wille’s actions, before seeming to make up his mind and put the controller down, “Do you have a suggestion for something to do instead?”

Wille smiled, a shy smile that was quickly becoming the one he associated with Simon as the two of them fell back onto the bed. If they spent most of the night kissing, who could blame them?

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Later, after it had gotten dark out, Linda knocked on the door. They pulled apart and made sure they were decent before Simon called for her to come in.

“I thought you might want to set up the air mattress before it got too late,” she explained, placing a pile of blankets on Simon’s desk chair.

“Thanks mamá,” Simon got up to help as she pulled the air mattress out of the box and pressed the button for it to inflate.

“Thank you Linda,” Wilhelm made sure to add, grateful that she’d thought of him at all.

When the air mattress was all set up, she wished them both goodnight, giving them both a hug before leaving the room. Wille couldn’t remember the last time he’d gotten a hug like that, and not for the first time he found himself jealous of the close relationship Simon and his family shared.

“Do you want to watch something?” Simon asked.

Wille agreed, and Simon left him to scroll through Netflix while he went to make popcorn. As the screen loaded, Wille’s eyes fell on one of the first shows to pop up, *Schitt’s Creek* . Wille had never seen it, but the name had come up within the past few weeks after he’d begun googling everything he could about sexuality and gay relationships. Somewhere between the “How to know if you’re gay” and “gay celebrities” search he’d seen a gif of a two men, arms around eachother with the name of the show underneath.

“Have you ever seen this?” Wille asked as Simon returned to him watching the small preview Netflix was playing.

Simon shook his head, “I think I saw one episode at Rosh’s house one time, we can try it!”

Simon pressed play and moved back to sit beside Wille, pulling the blanket over the two of them as they leaned back against the pile of pillows on the bed. When Wille leaned forward to grab popcorn, he saw Simon's arm move out of the corner of his eye, and felt it against his back when he lay back down.

"Is this okay?" Simon asked quietly, expression unsure. Wille nodded as his heart raced, leaning into the touch.

As the episode went on, Wille adjusted his position to rest his head on Simon's shoulder, their fingers intertwined. By the third episode, Wille had given up on trying to maintain composure, and had let himself melt fully into Simon's side. It felt warm and safe, and he couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so comfortable. On episode four, Wille let himself look up at Simon, watching him as he laughed at something on the screen and blushing when Simon caught him staring. The fifth episode ended with Wille practically on top of Simon, no longer able to see the screen as Simon ran his fingers along Wille's back, his face pressed into Simon's neck, eyes slowly closing.

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When he opened his eyes again, Wille noticed there was still a dim light in the room. He turned his head to see Netflix paused, the text across the screen asking if they were still watching. Simon's eyes were closed, his arms still wrapped around Wille and his breathing steady. Wille wasn't sure what time it was, and he wondered if he would be able to move to get his phone without waking Simon. He started to slowly slide Simon's hands off his waist, and had just about untangled himself when Simon groaned in his sleep, turning over and pinning Wille beneath him. Fuck. Wille was debating how to best deal with the situation when he felt eyelashes flutter against his neck, and Simon moved a hand to rub at the sleep in his eyes.

"What time is it?" He mumbled, blinking slowly

“I don’t know,” Wille answered, breathless at how close they were.

Simon reached over for his phone, squinting at the light as the screen read 3:45am. Simon groaned as he put the phone back down and turned back to burrow his head into the crook of Wille’s neck, “It’s too early.”

“We can go back to sleep,” Wille yawned, speaking quietly to avoid waking Linda or Sara. Simon nodded, arm coming up around Wille’s shoulder. They lay in silence for a few minutes, but Wille could tell that Simon was still awake.

“Simon?” Wille whispered, and Simon hummed in response.

“I’m glad I’m here,” he said quietly, voice barely audible.

Simon lifted his head to look at Wille, face silhouetted by the faint light, “me too.”

Simon leaned down to kiss him and Wille welcomed the touch, wrapping his arms around him. He felt like he couldn’t get close enough, mind going blank when Simon slid his hand under Wille’s shirt, pressing into his bare back. Before he could second guess himself, Wille let his hands do the same, sliding up Simon’s chest, gasping as Simon moaned into the kiss. The sound spurred Wille on and he tugged at the bottom of Simon’s shirt, starting to lift it before looking at him, trying to wordlessly ask if it was okay. Simon answered him by sitting up and pulling his shirt off himself, smirking at Wille as his eyes roamed across Simon’s chest.

“Can I take yours off?” Simon asked, hand roaming against Wille’s skin. Wille nodded and arched his back off the bed, giving enough room for his shirt to slide off. Simon leaned back down, and Wille felt

like he was floating at the feeling of Simon's skin against his. Simon kissed down his neck, sucking gently as Wille ran his nails along Simon's back, wanting to pull him closer. He let his hand move down farther, resting it on Simon's lower back. Wille gasped when Simon grabbed Wille's ass in response, his hips bucking up. Simon moved his leg between Wille's, muffling his moans with his mouth as they began to move together. Wille thought about the days after their first kiss where he had tried to pretend it hadn't happened and felt annoyed at himself that he had delayed this, this heavenly feeling of Simon against him, grinding his hips down.

Simon's hand hovered around his waistband, and Wille nodded, his hand grabbing at Simon's pants as they stripped to their underwear. Then, all coherent thought was gone as Simon pressed his hand against Wille through thin fabric. All Wille could do was shudder, arching into the touch. He felt like his skin was on fire but he never wanted to put it out. He pulled Simon back into a desperate kiss, needing to feel Simon's lips against his.

Wille ran his hand down Simon's chest, letting it slide into Simon's boxers and relishing in the soft moan Simon made against his lips. He knew he was way out of his area of expertise, before Simon he'd never even thought about it before, touching another boy like this. All he knew was he wanted to make Simon feel as good as he was making Wille feel, and so after wrapping his fingers around him he gave a gentle tug, making Simon gasp into his ear. Simon moved his hand from over Wille's boxers, sliding it inside and removing the last barrier between them as Simon took his length into his hand.

Wille brought his free hand up and tangled it in Simon's hair, meeting him in a kiss, hand moving faster between each other as they both began to speed up their pace. Everything started to feel blurry and Wille was seeing stars as Simon bit down on his shoulder, muffling his moan as he came, going soft in Wille's hand. The sensation drove Wille over the edge, gasping out before they collapsed against each other, panting as they came down from the high.

"That was," Wille breathed out, not sure how to finish.

“Yeah,” Simon sighed in agreement. “I’ll just get a cloth.”

Wille mourned the lack of contact as Simon peeled himself away, slipping on a pair of sweatpants before sneaking out the door.

Wille stared at the ceiling, trying to collect his thoughts, suddenly aware of the stickiness on his hand. He looked at it for a second, contemplating, before raising it to his mouth. He was curious, and let his tongue dart out to lick his finger. He pulled it away when he heard the gasp from the door, Simon having returned with his mouth gaping open.

“Are you trying to kill me?” He asked, breathless. “Fuck Wille, that was hot.”

Wille’s heart raced, proud that he was able to cause Simon to have that reaction, that he’d had Simon gasping and moaning above him. He smiled, feeling shy as Simon walked back over to the bed, gently wiping the washcloth along his stomach and thighs, before wiping off his hands. Simon threw the washcloth into his laundry basket, sliding into the bed beside Wille, pulling the covers back up around them.

“You’re beautiful,” Wille whispered, tracing along Simon’s cheek as he settled in beside him.

“You are,” Simon replied earnestly, pressing a kiss to Wille’s jaw as their eyes closed, falling back asleep together.

Chapter End Notes

I have never written a sex scene before so ahhh I'm sorry if it

sucks.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Thank you so much everyone for your comments!!! I really appreciate them and hope you enjoy this next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wille woke up to the smell of bacon. He was never able to smell the kitchen from his room at home, or from his dorm, and for a moment it was disorienting until he remembered exactly where he was. Simon was curled around him, shoulders moving ever so slightly with his breath. He was beautiful. He heard a cupboard door slam from the kitchen, and Simon stirred in his arms, eyes slowly blinking open.

“Hi,” Wille whispered, running his thumb along Simon’s jawline.

“Hi,” Simon smiled. “How did you sleep?”

“Good, and you?”

“Good”

Simon ran his hand along Wille’s chest, “What do you want to do today?”

“Whatever you want,” Wille replied, not adding that he didn’t care what they did as long as he could spend the time with Simon. “What do you normally do on the weekends?”

Simon shrugged, “Hang out with Ayub and Rosh, homework, practice

music. What do you usually do?"

"I'll read or call Erik, watch movies, sometimes I'll go for a run. I don't mind if you want to spend time with your friends, I like them."

Simon grinned, "we can but I'm warning you they're going to be a pain. Rosh was already bothering me over text yesterday about how obvious I was being that I like you, they're going to try to tease me as much as possible without you realizing."

Wilhelm tried not to overthink it, the fact that Simon liked him enough that his friends would tease him about it, that he was telling him he liked him.

Wille blushed, "Erik may know about you. Well not you specifically, but when I said I wasn't going home this weekend he asked me if I'd met someone."

Simon grinned, "Met someone, hey?"

Wille buried his face in Simon's chest, "Ugh yes. I'm never going to live it down." Wille tried to look annoyed, something that might as well have been impossible when he saw the smile Simon was giving him. He was radiant. He leaned in to kiss him, their arms tightening around each other,

They were forced to pull apart when Simon's stomach growled, causing Wilhelm to burst out laughing.

"Hey!" Simon exclaimed, giving him a gentle shove. "Leave me alone, it's not my fault if I'm hungry!"

Wille just grinned, giving Simon a peck on the lips before getting up to get dressed, Simon following suit. Simon led them out of his room towards the kitchen, where Sara and Linda were already at the table.

“Good morning,” Linda greeted, a smile on her face. “How did you both sleep?”

“Good mamá,” Simon answered, leaning in to kiss her forehead before stealing a piece of bacon off Sara’s plate, ignoring her protests.

“Was the air mattress okay Wilhelm?” Linda asked.

“Um, yes, thank you,” Wille stuttered, ignoring Simon’s smirk and praying that the blush in his cheeks wouldn’t give away the fact that he hadn’t, in fact, even set foot on the air mattress.

If Linda suspected anything, she didn’t show it, for which Wilhelm was grateful. Breakfast was even more casual than dinner had been the night before, Simon piling food on their plates before stating that they’d eat in his room.

“Wanna watch something while we eat?” He asked, turning on the tv.

Wille nodded, he’d never been allowed to eat in bed before, the concept shouldn’t have been so exciting. Simon hit resume on the episode they’d left off on the night before, and they spent the rest of the morning stealing bites of food from each other’s plate, legs pressed against each other under the covers. Wille never wanted to leave.

—

In the afternoon, Simon got a text from Rosh inviting them to go to the lake. Wille agreed, borrowing trunks from Simon, and they found themselves on the back of their bikes, reminding Wille of the time he had snuck out to see Simon for the first time. Rather than going to the main entrance, they passed the parking lot and took a smaller trail to a more secluded area of the lake. Wilhelm wasn't sure if this was usual, or if they were doing it because he was there, but he was grateful for the extra privacy. They put their bags down by a small dock and stripped to their swimsuits. Rosh jumped in ahead of them, her head going underwater, yelling at them to come in when she resurfaced. Simon walked ahead and dipped his toe, yelping as he pulled his foot back.

"What the fuck!" He yelled, "It's so cold!"

Rosh rolled her eyes, "It's not bad once you're in the water you big baby. Just jump in."

"I'm not being a baby!" Simon exclaimed, "It's cold!"

"I'll push you in," Ayub offered as he stepped onto the dock.

"Don't you dare," Simon glared, and Wille couldn't help but think about how cute Simon looked with the pout on his face.

"You need to protect me!" Simon demanded, turning to Wilhelm.

"Me?" Wille laughed, "What am I supposed to do?"

“Don’t let them push me in,” Simon pouted.

“PUSH HIM IN,” Rosh yelled from the water. Ayub ran past them and did a cannonball, water splashing up from around him and getting them wet.

“I hate you both,” Simon exclaimed, scoffing as Ayub flipped him off.

Simon stood at the edge of the dock, still hesitating, when Wille grabbed him from behind, wrapping his arms around him and pulling them both over the edge into the water.

“Wille what the fuck!” Simon cried out as Rosh and Ayub cheered.

Wille did his best to look innocent, choosing to deny that his decision had anything to do with wanting an excuse to have Simon in his arms, even just for a minute. They swam around for a bit, joking and splashing, before Rosh suggested a chicken fight.

Simon groaned, “No way Rosh, you always get way too competitive.”

“Do not!” She protested. “Come on, Ayub and I will be one team, you and Wille can be another!”

Wille pretended he didn’t see the pointed look Rosh gave Simon. Now that Simon had mentioned it, Wilhelm could notice all the subtle moments where Rosh and Ayub tried to push them together. Not that he minded the excuses to be close to him.

Simon finally relented and Wilhelm found himself facing Ayub, Simon sitting on his shoulders. Simon had been right, Rosh was extremely competitive, and it wasn't long before Simon was falling off backwards, nearly pulling Wilhelm back with him. Simon resurfaced, spitting out water, before declaring that he was done with the whole thing and wading back to shore. Wille probably couldn't have been more obvious when he said that he was done as well and was going to dry off. When he got back onto the dock, Simon was shivering, a towel wrapped tightly around his shoulders. Wille grabbed his own towel, and then sat beside Simon, feet hanging off the dock. By the time Rosh and Ayub had gotten out of the water, Simon and Wilhelm had dried off, so Simon told them he was showing Wille around the lake, dragging him off before they had a chance to answer. As soon as they were out of sight and hidden in the trees, Simon stopped, pulling Wille down to him for a kiss. Wille felt his back hit a tree as Simon pressed further into him, arms drawing him close. Wille felt breathless, so absorbed in the moment with Simon that at first he didn't realize that Ayub and Rosh were calling for them. They reluctantly pulled away before heading back, packing up their stuff and going back to Simon's for dinner. Wilhelm couldn't stop smiling from his spot on the couch against Simon, with Ayub and Rosh bantering with Sara and Linda. After eating, they all played a board game together and Wille couldn't remember the last time he'd laughed so hard. By the time everyone said goodnight, Wille was struggling to keep his eyes open, and as he fell asleep in Simon's arms, the air mattress again unused.

—

Sunday morning, Wille and Simon repeated their previous routine. Breakfast in bed and binging Netflix, followed by a lazy makeout session after Simon shamelessly draped himself across Wilhelm. Wille knew he'd have to head back to the school soon, and he groaned into the pillow, not ready to leave the bubble they'd created.

"What are you doing after school tomorrow?" Wilhelm asked as he helped Simon deflate and fold up the air mattress.

“Choir practice, it will probably go late, sorry,” Simon apologized, and Wille could tell that he also wished they could spend the time together.

“That’s okay!” Wille rushed to reassure him, “I’ll still see you in the morning at rowing practice?”

“I’ll be the one flailing in the boat,” Simon joked, and Wille couldn’t help but smile.

“I’ll see you tomorrow Simon.”

“Bye Wille.”

Wilhelm tried not to be too disappointed as he got on the bus back to Hillerska, the weekend had been better than he could have imagined.

He was back in his dorm room, working on the homework he’d put off to see Simon, when Erik facetimed him.

“Hey Erik,” he waved, balancing his phone on his desk so he could still work on his schoolwork.

“Doing homework?” Erik asked, a smirk forming on his face, “Don’t tell me you stayed back all weekend to catch up and still haven’t finished.”

Wilhelm rolled his eyes, his face turning red as he mumbled for Erik to shut up.

“So?” Erik began, continuing when Wille gave him a questioning look. “How was your weekend?”

“Good,” Wille admitted, unable to stop the small smile on his face at the thought of Simon.

“Good huh?” Erik teased, “That explains the hickie.”

Wille dropped his pencil, eyes widening as his hand reached up to cover his neck, “What!?!?”

Erik cackled, “I’m kidding, but apparently I’m not that far off the mark.”

Wilhelm felt it face burn, “You’re the worst”

“My little brother,” Erik continued, ignoring him, “It was really a good weekend then hey? When do I get to meet this mystery girl?”

Wilhelm froze, for a second it had felt like Erik just knew, and he wouldn’t have to say it. But of course Erik thought it was a girl.

“Wille?” Erik’s tone changed to one of concern, “I’m sorry, was it something I said? I know I’m teasing you a lot, it’s just nice to see you so happy.”

Wille swallowed, feeling like he had a rock moving down his throat, “They aren’t- I’m not- I mean-”

“Hey, hey,” Erik rushed to reassure him, “It’s okay. I’m sorry for pushing you about it. You can tell me when you’re ready.”

Wille wanted to tell him, wanted to be able to gush about Simon, about how he made him feel, but the thought of it changing something, of Erik seeing him differently, petrified him.

He nodded, “Okay. I do want to talk to you about it, but it’s complicated, and I just- I can’t right now.”

“Okay,” Erik replied, and Wille was grateful when he dropped it, moving onto other topics like school work and the latest palace drama. By the time Erik hung up, Wille felt like himself again, able to brush aside the anxiety, at least for the night.

—

A few days later, Wille **finally** had some time alone with Simon, the two of them sneaking off to his dorm room after classes ended. They had Netflix open on Wilhelm’s laptop, both only paying half attention with Wille’s head on Simon’s lap, Simon playing with his hair. When on screen, David tries to talk to a high school student about being gay, Wilhelm rolls onto his back, looking up at Simon.

“How did you come out?” He asks, the words falling out before he can stop himself.

“It was never a big thing with my family,” Simon shrugged, “One day we were eating dinner, and I just told them I was gay.”

“Were you scared?”

“Terrified,” Simon admitted, “But then my parents said they loved me and Sara flicked spaghetti at me and that was that.”

It was quiet, Wille contemplating Simon’s answer as he felt Simon’s fingers continue to run through his hair.

“Are you thinking about it?” Simon asked, breaking the silence.

“I’m not- I’m not ready to be out in public. But sometimes I think maybe Erik” Wille replied.

“Are you scared?” Simon asked.

“Terrified.”

Wille was grateful when Simon didn’t press him anymore, and pulled him down for a kiss. One that ended much too soon when Sara texted saying she was done at the stables and ready to go home.

—

There was another party being thrown on Friday. Wille wondered if the staff were really that oblivious or if they just didn’t care, but either way he found himself dragged out of his room by August. He knew that Erik and August were friends, and that August had had a rough time with his family, but it was hard to remind himself of that when August kept making stupid comments that made his face look

entirely too punchable. August was going on about finding a girl for Wille to hook up with when Simon came in, a small smile on his face when his eyes met Wilhelm's. Wille downed his drink, making a weak excuse as he left the couch they were sitting on, making his way towards Simon.

"Hi," he grinned.

"Hi," Simon replied, grinning back. "How's the party?"

"Better now that you're here." His eyes flicked to Simon's lips, knowing he had been too obvious when Simon laughed.

"Shut up," he mumbled, embarrassed at having been caught.

"You know," Simon said casually, scanning the room. "It looks like pretty much the whole school is here."

"Yeah," Wille nodded, not sure where Simon was going with this.

"I bet there's no one in the dorms."

Wilhelm's heart sped up at what Simon was implying. He considered his options, he could stay here, trying to avoid August and making small talk. Or, he could sneak back to his room, and have Simon naked beneath him. As if it was even a choice.

"Give me like, ten minutes," he replied, breathlessly. "I'll meet you outside?"

Simon nodded, walking back towards the exit, turning to look at Wilhelm before he crawled out the window. Wille's breath caught, he was so far gone for this boy. He stumbled his way back to August, breathless.

"Where did you disappear to?" August prodded when Wille approached him.

"Uh, bathroom," Wille mumbled, "I threw up."

"Shit!" August exclaimed, a look of concern on his face. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Wille answered quickly, "I'm just going to sleep it off."

"Do you want me to come with you?"

"No, that's okay," Wille hoped he wasn't being too obvious at just how much he didn't want August to come. "I'll be fine, enjoy the rest of the party."

He turned to leave before August could answer, making his way through the crowd, letting out a sigh of relief when he breathed in the fresh air. He saw Simon leaning against a tree near the path back to the dorms, and felt giddy with excitement as he walked towards him. The path was empty as they walked, and Wille couldn't resist pulling Simon into a kiss, feeling him smile against his lips. The walk back to the dorm took longer than usual, with them each interrupting it by pulling each other into the cover of the trees to kiss, laughing as their hands wandered. When they finally got to Wille's dorm room, Simon immediately began tugging at his shirt as the door closed behind

them.

“Hold on,” Wille laughed, making sure that the door was locked and the curtains were closed. He turned back to see Simon lying on the bed, looking up with him, eyes dark.

“Come ON, Wille,” Simon grumbled impatiently, pulling Wille down on top of him, reaching his hands up under his shirt.

Willie fumbled with Simon’s belt as soon as his shirt was off, groaning in frustration after a third attempt of failing to undo it.

“Want help?” Simon laughed.

“Why is this so difficult?” Wille complained. “Belts are stupid.”

“I didn’t know you had a personal vendetta against belts,” Simon teased, his laugh catching in his throat as Wille cupped him through his jeans.

“Take it off,” Wille demanded.

“Bossy,” Simon shot back, but complied, undoing the buckle and shimmying them off as Wille stripped his own pants. They both moaned when Simon pulled Wille back down into a kiss, Wille’s weight pushing Simon into the bed.

“Can I try something?” Wille asked quietly, running his hand along Simon’s side.

“Yeah,” Simon mumbled, gasping as Wille began to kiss his way down Simon’s chest.

“Is this okay?” He asked, when he got lower, pressing his lips against Simon’s hip bone.

Simon nodded, bucking his hips ever so slightly.

Wille wasn’t fully sure what he was doing, he only knew that he’d had far too many cold showers after multiple dreams of his mouth on Simon after their weekend together. He hooked his fingers into the waistband of Simon’s boxers, pulling them down. He looked up at Simon whose head had fallen back on the pillow, hands gripping the sheets.

“You’re beautiful,” Wille murmured, before hesitantly licking up Simon’s erection.

“Christ Wille,” Simon moaned, arms covering his mouth to stifle the sounds. That was all the encouragement Wille needed to take him in his mouth, moaning around him when Simon grabbed his hair. He moved slowly at first, but began to bob his head more eagerly as Simon began to writhe underneath him.

“Wille,” Simon panted, “I’m almost, I’m going to-”

He cut himself off with another moan, as Wille pulled himself off with a pop, replacing his mouth with his hand as he pumped Simon through his orgasm.

Wilhelm felt the tension leave Simon's body, hands wrapping around him as Simon desperately pulled him closer, panting.

"Was that okay?" Wille asked shyly, once Simon's grip had loosened.

"Was that okay?" Simon gaped at him. "Fuck Wille, you really have no idea what you do to me do you?"

Wille just blinked at him, so Simon continued, "that was more than okay. You're amazing."

Wille let out a sigh of relief he didn't realize he'd been holding as Simon's hand moved lower.

"Can I?" He began to ask, "Wanna make you feel good too"

"Yes," Wille gasped, as Simon pulled his boxers down. "Yes please."

Simon smirked as he flipped them over, pinning Wille down into the mattress, settling between his legs before moving downward. Wille barely had any time to process before Simon's mouth was on him and the whole room was spinning.

"Simon," Wille whispered, basking in the feeling of the two of them alone together, it felt like no one else existed.

"Simon," Wille let out again, this time a warning, letting him know that he was getting close. Instead of pulling off like Wille expected him to, Simon took him in further, looking up at him through his

eyelashes and fuck if that wasn't the hottest thing Wille had ever seen, sending him over the edge.

His whole body shook as Simon moaned around him, swallowing, and god what did Wille ever do to deserve this, to deserve him. When he was finished Simon crawled back up, tucking himself into Wille's side.

"God Simon," Wille whispered, "That was, I have no words."

Simon blushed, a small smile on his face as he wrapped his arms around Wille's chest.

"Have you ever done that before?" Simon asked, tracing shapes on Wille's arm.

"No," Wille breathed out, "have you?"

"No, I'm glad it was with you."

"Me too."

They lay in bed for a while, before finally getting up to switch off the lights, falling back into each other's arms to sleep. Wille was half asleep, eyes closed and breathing steadying when he heard Simon whisper, clearly not meant for him to hear, "I want every first with you."

Chapter End Notes

Me two days ago: i dont think I would ever write smut
me now: ANYWAYS HERES A SECOND SEX SCENE

Ok so I'm not planning on ending every chapter with smut, but it just felt right to put it in there, sorry not sorry

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There were two things Wille noticed as soon as he woke up. The first, was that Simon was beautiful when he slept, light rays dancing over his skin. The second, was that his body had clearly noticed it as well, already half hard. He was spooning Simon from behind, and he wondered if he would be able to move over before he woke up without him noticing. He was pondering what to do when Simon shifted in his sleep, pulling Wille in closer and wiggling his hips. Simon was going to kill him without even waking up. Wille tried to distract himself by thinking about things he hated, long meetings, the essay he had due, August yelling at them during rowing. He felt like he was slowly regaining control of his body when Simon shifted again, rubbing up against him. This was torture. He laid as still as possible as Simon moved again, he was pretty sure he would spontaneously combust if Simon didn't stop. He closed his eyes, trying to steady his breathing when he felt Simon shake in his arms. When he opened his eyes he saw Simon smirking, eyes still closed but clearly not asleep. He was laughing at him.

Wille withdrew his arm, blushing, "Oh fuck you, you were doing that on purpose weren't you!"

Simon opened his eyes and let himself laugh out loud, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

"You're such an ass," Wille buried his head in the pillow, embarrassed.

"I thought you loved my ass," Simon teased, and Wille stuck up his middle finger in response, not looking back up.

Simon laughed again, and as much as Wilhelm wanted to dissolve into the bed to escape this moment, he couldn't help the flutter he felt in his chest at the sound.

"You know," Simon began, running his fingers up Wille's back. "I could help you with that."

When Wille didn't respond Simon began kissing up his spine, Wille was sure he had goosebumps. He finally rolled over and Simon didn't hesitate before kissing him, fingers curling in his hair.

Simon sighed happily as he practically crawled on top of Wille, tightening his grip around him. Wille sucked on his bottom lip and Simon moaned, grinding his hips against him as his hand began travelling lower. Wille gasped when Simon wrapped his hand around him, moving painfully slowly. Wille bucked his hips up, deepening the kiss, when-

Someone jiggled the door handle and Simon all but jumped off him. They both stared at each other, unsure of what to do.

"Wille?" August's voice came through as he knocked on the door. "Are you awake?"

"Uh yep, yes, I'm awake." Wille responded, voice hoarse.

"Are you feeling okay after last night?" August asked.

"Yeah, better." Wille replied, staring wide eyed at Simon who was still frozen in place at the other end of the bed.

“Can I come in?” August asked.

“Um, I’m still just waking up. I can meet you for breakfast,” Wille replied, knowing August wouldn’t leave him alone until he saw him.

“Okay,” August responded. “I’ll see you soon.”

They didn’t move until they heard his footsteps walk away, and Wille let out a sigh of relief. Simon giggled, only laughing more when Wille shot him a look.

“I guess that’s my cue to leave then,” Simon sighed, beginning to pick his clothes up off the floor.

“I wish you could just stay in bed with me forever,” Wille blurted, before he had the time to think about what he was saying.

Simon smiled, making the blush Wille knew was rising on his cheeks worth it, “me too.”

He stepped forward, jeans on but still undone, and pulled Wille into a kiss. Wille wrapped his arms around him, pulling him closer when Simon pulled away. When Wille protested Simon laughed, “August is waiting for you, you know he’s not going to go away until you go out.”

“Fuck August,” Wille mumbled, pulling on his own clothes.

“Ummm no thanks,” Simon replied, before smirking again, “I’d rather keep that between you and I.”

Wille rolled his eyes, “You’re ridiculous.”

“I mean he is weirdly obsessed with you though,” Simon continued, “Maybe he’d be secretly into it.”

“Ohmygod STOP,” Wille exclaimed, “He’s my cousin!”

Simon shrugged, “Isn’t there lots of inbreeding with royalty?”

“I hate you,” Wille glared. “I was worried about getting through breakfast with a boner but you’ve effectively turned me OFF.”

“Well maybe,” Simon laughed, pulling his jacket on, “If you sneak away later we can remedy that.” He gave Wille a quick kiss on the lips before picking up his bag.

Wille sighed, throwing on a sweater over his t-shirt. “I’ll go out first to make sure the coast is clear? Then I’ll text you so you can leave.”

“Ok,” Simon smiled, “One more kiss for the road?”

Wille rolled his eyes, pulling Simon in for a kiss before leaving. As he suspected, August was waiting for him not far down the hall.

“Were you talking to someone?” August asked, getting up from

leaning on the wall.

“Hmm?” Wille asked.

“I thought I heard voices.”

“Oh, um Erik called me.”

They rounded the corner to the dining room and Wille quickly texted Simon.

WILLE

Clear

SIMON

I’m beginning to feel like your dirty mistress

WILLE

Maybe you are

SIMON

Wow

Youre lucky the sex is so good or id be tattling to your hypothetical wife

WILLE

So good hey?

SIMON

Shut up

“Wille?” August asked, pulling him out of his thoughts.

“Oh, sorry,” Wille replied, putting his phone away before August could ask who he was talking to. Breakfast was fairly uneventful, August prattling on about the rest of the party. Wille just had to nod or mmhmm at what he said, grateful he didn’t have to speak much himself. He wasn’t paying much attention, thoughts drifting back to Simon until he heard August mention Felice.

“-was looking forward to hooking up with her last night but she spent the night hanging out with that non-boarder girl.”

“Sara,” Wille replied. He’d heard rumours that August and Felice had gotten together but he hadn’t put much stock in them; he was surprised to hear that they were true. He probably would have realized sooner if his thoughts had revolved around more than Simon this past week.

“Right, Sara, anyways we’re supposed to meet for lunch but apparently Sara slept over so she wants to bring her. What’s with girls always bringing their friends to things anyways?”

Wilhelm shrugged, which August took as permission to keep talking. “She’ll be a total third wheel. I know she’s kind of dull but can you come and I don’t know, tell her her hair looks nice or something, just keep her distracted so I can get time with Felice?”

“Uh, I don’t know if that’s a good idea,” Wille replied, wanting to avoid the whole situation.

“That’s not a no!” August exclaimed, standing up and slapping him on the back. “See you in the courtyard at 12!” He left the room before Wille could get a word out.

WILLE

So fun story

August is trying to get me to go out with your sister

SIMON

????

WILLE

Felice wants to hang out with her more than him

So he wants me to distract her

SIMON

of course she does

Sara is so much cooler than august

I dont know what Felice sees in him

WILLE

I didn’t even realize they were together

SIMON

Yeah according to sara they hooked up on parents day or something

WILLE

Oh

SIMON

Oh?

WILLE

Ummm so i didnt mention it earlier

But felice kissed me

On parents day

SIMON

OH????

WILLE

When i went to check up on her during lunch

I think she misunderstood

I just kind of stood there cause i didnt know what to do

I didnt kiss her back

I promise

SIMON

Its ok wille

I believe you

WILLE

Im sorry i didnt tell you earlier

I didnt know how to bring it up and i felt bad

Like maybe i led her on

SIMON

I mean i cant blame her for being into you

Youre kind of a catch

WILLE

Ugh i drove her straight to august

SIMON

What were you supposed to do?

Lie to her?

WILLE

No

Youre right

I shouldve talked to her about it though

We used to be friends

Id kind of been hoping we could be again

SIMON

Its not too late

You can talk with her while youre on your DATE WITH MY SISTER

WILLE

Ughhh he didnt even give me a chance to say no

SIMON

Its FINE

Take sara on a date before ME

WILLE

What about last weekend

SIMON

doesnt count

I expect dinner and flowers and to be WOOED

WILLE

Prepare to be wooed then

SIMON

I better be swept off my feet

Considering youre about to go on a date with my sister

WILLE

Not a date!!!

SIMON

Wow i really am your dirty mistress

Im warning sara that youre a player

You better not put any moves on her

WILLE

The only person i want to put any moves on is you

SIMON

You better

Now stop flirting with me and go talk to felice

Before you make things worse by going on a date with my sister after rejecting her

WILLE

Youre right

ABOUT TALKING TO FELICE NOT THE DATE

—

Wille decided to go to Manor House right away, wanting to get the awkward conversation over with. He heard laughs from behind the door as he knocked, and Madison swung it open and stared at him, not saying anything.

“Uh, could I talk to Felice?” He asked, uncomfortable from her stoic expression. Felice stepped into the frame.

“Hi Wilhelm,” she said, eyes looking around nervously, “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah,” he nodded, “I was just, hoping we could talk.”

She nodded, stepping out of the room and closing the door behind her.

“I wanted to say that I’m sorry, about what happened on parents day.” He started, “I hope that I didn’t, I never meant to do anything to lead you on.”

“You didn’t,” Felice said quietly, looking at the floor. “I’m sorry for just kissing you without warning.”

“I was hoping we could still be friends?” Wille asked, and Felice finally looked up and smiled at him.

“Yeah, I’d like that,” she replied.

“So, um, August asked me to go to lunch with you guys,” he blurted. “Well, told me to more like it.”

“Why?” She asked, looking confused, “No offence.”

“He wants me to keep Sara busy so he can have time with you.”

She rolled her eyes, “he’s so ridiculous. He should have just told me that.”

“I just wanted you to know, so it wasn’t me just showing up and stuff. Sara’s cool but I’m not, I’m not interested in dating her, just in case August makes any stupid comments.”

“Sara is cool,” Felice grinned, and Wilhelm felt relieved. The two of them seemed okay again, any tension gone.

—

When Wille walked into the cafe, August was already sitting at a table, and he waved him over. Wilhelm sat down, unwrapping his scarf as August talked about how the owner used to do business with his dad. Sara and Felice walked in shortly after to Wille’s relief. He knew August was his cousin, and he really did try with him, but he’d much rather they be in a group setting then be stuck with him one on one. August insisted on going up to the counter with Felice, leaving Wille and Sara alone at the table together.

“How are you?” he asked.

“Good,” she replied, “and you?”

“Good,” he nodded. “Um, I’m sorry to ask, but could you maybe not say anything to August about how I was at your house last weekend?”

“Why?” Sara asked, narrowing her eyes.

“Because,” Wille began, not sure of how much he should say to Sara. “I told him I went home.”

“Okay, why?”

“He’s kind of a pain sometimes,” he admitted, glancing up to make sure August was still too far away to hear him. “I didn’t wanna deal with him all weekend, and…”

“And you wanted to hang out with Simon” Sara responded, it wasn’t a question.

“Yeah,” Wille breathed out, feeling his chest tighten because he was not ready to be having this conversation.

“I don’t know what’s going on,” Sara said, pulling him out of his spiral, “But he really likes you, so don’t mess it up. I don’t care if you’re the prince.”

“Okay,” Wille nodded, he admired how protective she was of Simon.

“I don’t get why she's dating him,” Sara turned to look at Felice in August, changing the subject. “She used to complain about him all the time.”

“Me neither,” Wille admitted as the pair began to walk back to the table.

Thankfully Felice and August carried most of the conversation, so Wilhelm didn’t have to do much besides sit there and nod, similar to breakfast. When they were finishing up, August asked Felice to head back to the school with him.

“Oh,” Felice replied, turning to glance at Sara, “I told Sara I’d walk her home.”

“Wille can do that,” August interjected, “Right Wille?”

Wille nodded, and Felice turned to him.

“Are you sure?” she asked.

“I can walk home by myself,” Sara interjected.

“No,” Wille replied, maybe a little too quickly, eager at the chance to see Simon, “I can walk you, I don’t mind.”

“Great,” August smiled, before anyone could add anything else, “It’s

settled then.”

They quickly said their goodbyes and Wilhelm and Sara began the walk.

“You don’t actually have to walk me home,” Sara said when they were alone.

“I don’t mind,” Wille reassured, “Besides, uh, if Simon’s free we’d maybe hang out, play games or something.”

He chose to ignore the knowing look she gave him. They walked in silence for a few minutes before Wille asked her about Rousseau, and Sara happily chatted the rest of the walk back. Sara opened the door, motioning for Wille to come in, before yelling out, “Simon, Wilhelm is here!”

Simon popped his head around the corner, a smile spreading on his face when he saw Wille, and Wille couldn’t help but smile back.

“Hi,” he greeted, going to the entrance to meet him as Sara went to her room, “I didn’t expect to see you here.”

“I- uh, walked Sara home,” Wille replied, suddenly nervous. He hadn’t asked Simon before coming, he shouldn’t have just shown up.

“After your date, you mean?” Simon teased.

“Not a date,” Wille muttered. “Is it okay that I’m here? I can go-”

“No,” Simon interrupted. “I’m glad you’re here. I just uh- didn’t think you would get away from August today so Rosh and Ayub are coming over to game. You can join us though!”

“I don’t want to interrupt your time with your friends,” Wille began.

“I want you to,” Simon replied.

“Are you sure they won’t mind?”

“They liked you,” Simon reassured, “Besides, we have 15 minutes before they get here. If you want to *keep me company* in my room.”

Wille rolled his eyes, “Using my own words against me? Rude.”

“Not as rude as going on a date with my sister,” Simon laughed, grabbing Wille’s hand to lead him to his room.

“Not a date!”

—

Not wanting to risk being caught, they agreed to keep their clothes on. That didn’t, however, stop Simon from being a little shit and letting his hands wander as they fell back onto the bed. Wille had never before imagined that being touched *over* his clothes could be so hot.

He thought everything Simon did was hot though, so maybe it didn't count. It would've been embarrassing just how needy he felt if it weren't for Simon panting below him, clearly feeling the same way.

"Hello," a voice called from outside, the sound of the front door opening and closing. Wille rolled off Simon and moved to the other side of the bed. Simon sprung up and grabbed a gaming controller, tossing it to Wille as he fumbled to turn the system on.

There was a knock on the bedroom door shortly after.

"Come in," Simon called out, and Wille couldn't help but snicker as Simon moved a pillow onto his lap to hide the bulge in his pants. Simon glared at him as Rosh and Ayub came into the room.

"Oh, hi Wille," Ayub greeted, "We didn't know you'd be here."

"He stayed after dropping Sara off from their date," Simon responded.

"It wasn't a date!" Wille groaned, tossing a pillow at Simon.

Rosh looked between the two, then decided it was better not to say anything as she grabbed a controller, "What are we playing?"

"Not Call of Duty!" Wille begged, and it was Simon's turn to snicker.

"He's terrible at it," Simon explained as he booted up a game on the console. It turned out, Wille wasn't much better at Halo, but he found he didn't mind the teasing as they fell into a comfortable routine,

spending the next few hours in Simon's room. Eventually, he had to leave so he could catch the last running bus back to Hillerska. Simon walked him out, fiddling with the drawstring of his hoodie by the door as Wille put his scarf on.

"I had fun," Wille told him, "I like your friends."

"I'm glad," Simon grinned. He looked back to make sure the room was empty. "Can I kiss you goodbye?"

Wille nodded, leaning down as Simon put his hand gently on Wille's cheek.

"Have a safe drive back," Simon whispered, with their foreheads still leaning together.

"Goodnight Simon," Wille whispered back, kissing him once more before heading to the bus stop, heart full. He found a seat, pulling out his phone to see Erik had texted.

ERIK

Has your week been ok?

When you started there you texted me every day and now I feel like i never hear from you

WILLE

Im sorry!!

Im not ignoring you

Promise

ERIK

I know

Probably too busy hanging out with your crush

WILLE

Shut up

ERIK

I know youre not ready to talk to me about it

But when you are

Im here

WILLE

I do want to talk to you about it

I just

Im scared

ERIK

Wille, whatever it is im never going to judge you for your feelings

I love you little brother

WILLE

I love you too you loser

Im sorry im being difficult about it

ERIK

Do they make you happy

WILLE

Yes

ERIK

Then thats all that matters

And hey if you wanna tell me about it without giving details thats fine

I wont press anymore

We can just give them a nickname

WILLE

A nickname?

Like what

ERIK

Idk

Frodo or something

WILLE

Frodo????

ERIK

i just remember you being really into lord of the rings when you were younger!!!!!

Its the only characters name i remember!!!

I could never sit through those movies

WILLE

Ok fine

Frodo then

ERIK

Were you just with frodo then?

WILLE

Yes

This is ridiculous by the way

Youre ridiculous

ERIK

What did you two do together?

WILLE

We played video games with their friends

I suck at them

ERIK

Hahahhhahaha

Im not surprised

Tell me more about them

WILLE

Shut up

Um they sing

They're really talented, they've got an amazing voice

its what made me notice them in the first place

ERIK

Are they in the choir?

WILLE

Im not giving you any identifying features

ERIK

Ok ok sorry

WILLE

They said i need to take them on a proper date

I have no idea what to do for it

ERIK

MY BABY BROTHERS FIRST DATE

WILLE

Hey! I couldve gone on dates before

ERIK

You wouldve told me at some point

I know you too well

Do you want help planning

WILLE

…

Maybe

Erik began bombarding him with date ideas, everything from realistic (fancy restaurant) to ridiculous (reenacting the entire Lord of the Rings trilogy). Wille tried not to read too much into the fact that Erik chose a male character's name, or that he wasn't using gendered pronouns. He told himself it could just be a coincidence, after all, how would Erik even know? He decided to brush it off for now and by the time he got back to his dorm room he had a tentative idea of what he wanted to do with Simon, now all he had to do was ask.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to all my readers who were hoping for more smut this chapter lol! It didn't quite fit in with what I wanted to get done

but I promise there will be more to come! Date time next chapter >:)

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wilhelm spent the first half of the week anxiously planning and trying to work up the courage to ask Simon out officially. It wasn't for lack of opportunity, every night they would watch Netflix together, texting or voice chatting their thoughts, and they'd stolen kisses in between rowing practice and walks through the trees. It was ridiculous, he'd had Simon's dick in his mouth but he couldn't even form the words to ask him on a date. Finally, on Thursday, Wilhelm walked up beside him in the hallway after class was dismissed.

"Hey," Simon grinned at him and they walked towards the lockers.

"Hey," Wille couldn't help but smile back, despite the ball of anxiety in his stomach. "So, uh, what are your plans this weekend?"

Simon's eyes flicked up to meet his, "That depends."

"On?"

"What yours are."

Wille breathed in quickly and stepped forward, wanting to to be closer to Simon, before becoming aware of himself and the people around them, stepping back.

"I was thinking," Wille began, "if you're free. Maybe we could hang out tomorrow?"

“Yeah?” Simon replied, “What did you have in mind?”

“Well, uh, you said you wanted to be wooed so, it’s a surprise?”

Simon bit his lip, “So this is a date?”

“Yes,” Wille nodded, “I mean, if you want it to be”

Simon beamed at him and it was all Wille could do to not kiss him on the spot.

“Ok,” Simon smiled. “It’s a date then.”

“Great.”

“Great.”

They were brought out of their bubble when Sara walked up to them, “Simon, are you going to sit with Felice and I during workies?”

“Uh, yeah,” Simon stuttered, breaking their gaze. He turned to follow her, before looking back at Wilhelm, “are you coming?”

Wilhelm nodded, clearing his throat as he followed behind them, pulling up a chair at the table beside Felice.

“Hi Wilhelm,” she acknowledged, turning a page in her textbook.

“Hi Felice,” he greeted, pulling out his own books. Simon sat down in the seat beside him and he tried to focus on the words, distracted by the feeling of Simon’s leg bumping against his. He finally gave up after rereading the same sentence three times, letting himself look up at Simon, who had his brows furrowed as he erased it work, sighing in annoyance.

“I hate math,” he declared, dropping his pencil.

“Do you want help?” Wille offered, using the excuse of looking over the paper to move closer. Simon turned the sheet towards him and leaned back.

“You’re using the wrong equation,” Wille pointed out after skimming the work.

“Oh,” Simon blushed. “I guess I’m just distracted today.”

Wille couldn’t help but smirk at that, pretending as if he hadn’t given up working because his thoughts were filled with Simon.

“Oh really?” he asked innocently, “What about? Maybe I could help?”

“I don’t think so,” Simon countered, giving him a pointed look.

“Are you sure?” Wille grinned.

“Positive,” Simon breathed out.

August chose that moment to pull a chair up to their table, throwing his arm around Felice.

“What are we talking about?” He asked.

“Math,” Wille mumbled, turning back to his book, tuning August out as Simon pushed his foot with his, starting a game of footsie under the table. He didn’t get much work done but he couldn’t help the smile on his face as he headed back to his dorm for the day. It took him a while to fall asleep that night, the excitement and anxiety for the following day keeping him up.

—

Wilhelm felt like the teachers were purposefully drawing out class on Friday. He hadn’t seen Simon yet that morning, having to wait till lunch, and his nerves were starting to get the better of him. When Simon sat down across from him in the dining room, Wille almost choked on the bread he’d just taken a bite of. Simon was wearing EYELINER. Not very much, it wasn’t noticeable unless you were really paying attention, but there it was. Wille had spent far too much time looking at Simon’s eyes not to notice. Wille wasn’t going to get anything done for the rest of the day. Simon looked nervous at his reaction, mumbling under his breath, “Is it too much?”

Wille frantically shook his head no, and Simon smirked at his reaction. The rest of the afternoon felt like torture, but nothing was as bad as workies, where Wille had to sit beside Simon and his eyeliner in silence for an hour without touching him. Felice’s other friends also sat at their table today, Fredrika and Stella, and when Simon excused

himself halfway through to go ask a teacher a question about the work, the two turned towards Sara.

“So he’s your brother right?” Fredrika asked as soon as Simon was out of earshot.

“Yes,” Sara replied, not looking up from her book.

“I didn’t really notice before but he’s kind of hot,” Fredrika continued as Stella giggled, “Is he single?”

Sara paused, and Wille looked away quickly when Sara’s eyes darted to meet his.

“I don’t know,” she answered finally.

“Do you think he’d be interested?” Fredrika asked, not getting the hint.

“He’s gay,” Sara replied flatly, turning back to her work, clearly done with the subject.

Fredrika didn’t say anything else to Sara, but he heard her whisper “GBF!” to Stella as Felice rolled her eyes.

When work time was over and they were packing up their bags, Fredrika went up to Simon.

“Hey Simon,” she greeted.

“Uh hi?” He asked, clearly confused as to why she was singling him out.

“We should hang out sometime,” She suggested, “Are you busy this weekend?”

“Uh, yeah,” Simon responded, still looking like he had no idea what to say. “I’ve got plans.”

“Well when you don’t have plans let me know,” Fredrika replied, not missing a beat. “I feel like we could be great friends.” She turned around, linking her arm with Stella as she they left the room.

“Did I miss something?” Simon asked, turning to face them.

Felice rolled her eyes, “Fredrika is being stupid. I think she’s got it in her head that you’re going to be her new GBF.”

“GBF?” Simon asked.

“Gay best friend,” Felice grimaced, “Sorry.”

Simon turned towards Sara, narrowing his eyes.

“What?” she asked, “She asked if you would be interested in her so I told the truth. I didn’t think it was a secret.” She bit her thumb, a

habit Wille recognized as one he did himself when he was anxious.

“It’s not,” Simon sighed, putting his arm around her shoulders. “Don’t worry about it.”

“She’ll get over it in a few days,” Felice reassured, “She just watched Mean Girls yesterday so she’s gotten it in her head.”

Felice and Simon started to walk to the choir room together, saying goodbye to Sara and Wilhelm as they headed to practice. Wille watched Felice’s interactions with Simon, and was relieved to see she didn’t act any different around him. It was reassuring to know that she didn’t think anything of it. Wille said goodbye to Sara, before heading to his room to grab supplies. It was time to get ready for their date.

—

An hour and a half later Simon texted that practice was done and Wilhelm asked him to meet by the boathouse. It was starting to get dark earlier, something that worked to their advantage to avoid being caught. Wille was jiggling his leg, and nearly jumped out of his skin when he felt a hand touch his shoulder. He turned to see Simon grinning, and decided the best way to handle the situation was to kiss the smirk of Simon’s face. Simon didn’t seem to be complaining and immediately wrapped his arms around Wille pulling him closer.

“I’ve been wanting to do that all day,” Simon sighed as they rested their foreheads against each other.

“Me too,” Wille whispered, “Your eyeliner has been driving me crazy.”

“I hadn’t noticed,” Simon laughed, which told Wille that he had, in fact noticed, that Wille’s breath got every time Simon looked at him that day.

“So what’s the plan?” Simon asked, stepping back and lacing their fingers together. “Don’t tell me your idea of a romantic date is hanging out at the boathouse.”

Wille rolled his eyes, keeping Simon’s hand in his as he began to lead them through the trees. “I don’t remember promising romance.”

“You said you’d sweep me off my feet,” Simon pouted, “It’s IMPLIED.”

Wille led him to a secluded area on the edge of the lake, where he’d hidden a boat he’d stolen from the boathouse earlier.

“We’re rowing?” Simon asked, raising his eyebrow.

“I thought you could use the practice,” Wille teased, moving his other hand to help Simon into the boat.

“Shut up,” Simon mumbled, sitting down as Wille got in. “You’re the one who keeps accidentally splashing everyone with the paddle every time we’re on the lake.”

“Maybe I’m doing it on purpose just to bug August,” Wille replied, offering a paddle to Simon.

“No thanks,” Simon replied, a cheeky grin on his face. “This is your

date and I'm still waiting to be wooed so I don't think I'll do any work."

Wille rolled his eyes, using the paddle to push them away from the edge before he began to row.

"I'll be honest," Simon began, "I have no idea what we're doing."

Wille just smirked, it was nice to have the upper hand sometimes.

"You're not going to tell me are you?" Simon asked, sighing when Wille shook his head no.

Simon leaned back, and they sat in comfortable silence as they moved through the water.

"We're going to the island?" Simon asked as they got closer to shore. The lake had a few smaller patches of land throughout it, but no one ever really went on them. They were mostly just used as points of reference for rowing.

Wille didn't answer as they pulled up alongside the land, grabbing a branch to pull the boat up against it.

"You first," Wille motioned, and Simon got out of the boat. Wille followed, tying the boat to the tree. Simon had already started walking inward, mumbling about how Wille probably took him somewhere secluded to murder him, then abruptly stopped.

"Wille?" He asked, turning to look at him. "You did this?"

Simon had found the flat area where Wille had laid out a blanket with a lantern, and containers of food.

“Um, yes?” Wille replied, suddenly very nervous. It was too much, too cheesy, Simon probably hated it. He felt his cheeks redden, ready to turn around and hide in the trees to hide the panic that was starting to build up.

Simon burst into a smile, “I love it”

Wille froze, “You do?”

Simon rolled his eyes, “Of course I do.” He walked purposefully towards Wille and pulled him into a kiss, before taking his hand and walking towards the blanket, yanking him down with him.

“It’s not too much?” Wille hesitated. “I know it was a little weird getting here but I figured there was no risk of being interrupted and I wanted to do something special for you because I really like you and I’d hoped you would like it but-”

Simon cut off Wille’s babbling with another kiss.

“It’s perfect,” he replied earnestly.

Wille reached for the containers, offering one to Simon. “I got empanadas from that restaurant by your house. Sara said they were your favourite.”

Simon looked at him with an expression Wille couldn't make out, "What the fuck Wille? I like you so much?"

Wille couldn't help but blush. Simon opened the container, a grin on his face as he took a bite.

"Get over here," Simon mumbled, pulling Wille beside him and leaning against him. They fell into a comfortable banter as they ate, legs intertwined. When they finished they laid down on their backs, wrapping the extra blankets around them as they huddled together, looking up at the stars.

"I almost forgot!" Wille exclaimed, sitting up. He reached into his bag and pulled out a small handful of flowers he had picked earlier.

"You got me flowers?" Simon asked softly.

"You said you expected dinner and flowers," Wille blushed.

Simon pulled him back down, peppering his face with kisses. Wille couldn't help but laugh, pushing his face into Simon's neck.

"Did I pass?" Wille asked grinning.

"Consider me swept," Simon replied, kissing him again. "I don't know how I'm ever going to top this."

“Well you better figure it out,” Wille teased, “Because you’re planning the next one.”

They made out for a while, just the two of them under the stars. Wille didn’t think he could ever feel happier than this moment. Eventually as it got colder out, they agreed it was time to pack up and head back before their fingers went numb. Simon agreed to help row on the way back to get them across the water faster, and after they had snuck the boat back into place, he went around the side of the building to wait for Wille to open the window.

As much as he didn’t get it, Wille was grateful at that moment that Felice and August were together. It made it so much easier to slip back in unnoticed when August was distracted. He made it to his room without problem, sliding open the window for Simon to climb in. After making sure the door was locked and the window closed, Wille turned to Simon.

“So,” he asked grinning. “What do you want to do now?” He pulled Simon to him by his waistband.

Simon pretended to think about it for a moment, “I don’t know, maybe I should see if Fredrika is free.”

Wille rolled his eyes, pulling Simon in for a kiss. As Simon returned it he walked him backwards until his legs hit the bed and they tumbled down, never losing contact. Wille kissed down Simon’s neck, Simon gasping as Wille gently sucked on a spot near his collarbone, moving his hands up his shirt.

“We need more days off school,” Simon declared, unbuttoning Wille’s top. “I hate having to wait until the weekends to do this. Especially when you keep looking at me during workies, it’s not fair.”

“You’re one to talk,” Wille shot back, sliding off Simon's shirt. “You wore freaking eyeliner today.”

Simon smirked.

“Shut up,” Wille replied, kissing down Simon’s chest and sucking on his nipple.

“So I should wear it more often?” Simon asked, arching his back at the sensation.

“I don’t think I could physically handle that,” Wille admitted as he moved back up to Simon’s lips, gently biting down.

“Does it make you too *horny* ?” Simon teased, running his nails along Wille’s back.

Wille refused to dignify that with a response, instead focusing on removing Simon’s pants. Thank GOD he wasn’t wearing a belt this time.

“Wille?” Simon asked, holding Wille’s face to look into his eyes. “I know I’m teasing you, but if it did I wouldn’t complain. I um- I like knowing I turn you on.”

“You just- you look so hot.” Wille blurted out, blushing as Simon grinned.

“Just for you,” Simon whispered, rolling them over so Wille was on his back.

“You planned such a nice date for me,” Simon breathed into his ear, and Wille couldn’t help but shudder.

“So now,” Simon continued, kissing his way down Wille’s chest, pulling Wille’s pants down. “I’m going to take care of you. Okay?”

“Okay,” Wille nodded, his whole body hot.

Simon mouthed him through his boxers, and Wille definitely did not whimper, if anyone ever asked.

Simon pulled down the boxers, giving painfully slow kisses up his length.

“Simon,” Wille moaned. Simon continued to do light touches, fingers travelling up his thighs, barely touching his skin. He sighed in relief when Simon finally took him in his mouth, only to groan in frustration again as Simon sucked slowly.

“Please,” Wille whimpered, not able to take it anymore.

Simon moved his mouth off, looking up at him, “Please what?”

“Touch me, do more, anything,” Wille gasped.

“As you wish, your highness,” Simon smirked, and if his thoughts had been more coherent he would have glared. Simon was such a little shit.

He did as Wille asked though, wrapping his lips around him again and bobbing his head down, taking him all the way in. Wille moaned as Simon moved his hands, one wrapping tightly around his thigh and the other moving to pump at the base of Wille’s cock while Simon diverted his attention to the head. Wille’s head rolled back, seeing stars as Simon kissed his way up his chest, hand still moving in a steady rhythm. Wille clawed at Simon’s back as Simon began to speed up, rubbing his thumb over the slit as Wille’s hips bucked.

“You’re doing so good,” Simon whispered in his ear. “So good for me baby.”

The words pushed Wille over the edge, his whole body tensing as he came.

Simon loosened his grip, gently moving his hand up and down as Wille panted, waiting for the world to stop spinning.

“Fuck,” he breathed out, when he was finally able to speak again.

“That was so hot,” Simon whispered, fingers curling in Wille’s hair.

They lay in silence as Wille slowed down his breathing, heart still racing.

He glanced down, then looked at Simon, “You’re not even naked!”

Simon laughed, “Do you want me to be?

“Yes,” Wille complained, hooking his fingers in Simon’s boxers to pull them down. “I haven’t gotten to suck you off yet.”

“Christ Wille,” Simon gasped at the words, bucking his hips.

Wille kissed his way down slowly, teasing Simon for the way he was teased earlier.

“Wille,” Simon whined, “I want your mouth on me. Now.”

Wille had planned to tease him more but how the fuck was he supposed to say no to that? He eagerly wrapped his lips around Simon, tongue darting out before he began to bob his head. Simon squirmed underneath him, hands gripping Wille’s hair and pulling, making Wille moan around him. Wille sped up, taking Simon in further so he was nearly gagging but too far gone to care. He could feel when Simon was close, shaking beneath him and he sucked harder, digging his thumb into Simon’s hip bone. Simon moaned and shuddered as Wille swallowed, throat burning.

Simon’s head fell back as Wille pulled off him, wiping himself off before crawling back up beside him. Wille reached for his water bottle, drinking some and giving it to Simon before wrapping himself around him.

“If it keeps getting this much better each time,” Simon panted, “I’m never leaving your room.”

Wille hummed in agreement, nuzzling into Simon's neck. After they'd cuddled for a while, Wille grabbed his laptop and they put on Netflix, Wille sitting between Simon's legs leaning back on his chest. They stayed that way until they both started to fall asleep, so Simon closed the laptop and they laid down, spooning each other as they closed their eyes.

Chapter End Notes

> I feel like each time I write about the two of them hooking up it gets more explicit, apparently i have no shame. Thank yoou so much to everybody who has commented and liked my story so far, it means so much and really encourages me to keep going!!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wille woke to his phone ringing, arm fiddling around on the table before grabbing it. He answered it yawning, still half asleep, “Hello?”

“Hey Little Brother,” Erik’s voice greeted over the phone. “Did I wake you up?”

Wille groaned, unwrapping himself from Simon’s arm to go to the other end of the room, trying to avoid waking him.

“Yes,” he mumbled.

“Sorry,” Erik replied, and Wille could practically hear his grin. His phone buzzed, signalling that Erik was video calling him and he contemplated whether it would be better or worse to answer it.

“If you don’t answer me I’ll have to assume you’re doing something indecent,” Erik teased, and Wille rolled his eyes as he accepted the call, back to the wall.

“Good morning,” Erik laughed, taking in Wille’s bedhead. “How was your date?”

Wille blushed, eyes darting over to Simon who had rolled over in his sleep.

“Were they sufficiently wooed?” Erik teased, grin widening at Wille’s silence. “You’re blushing! Come on, give me something.”

“Ugh fine, yes it was good, it was… nice.”

“Nice?” Erik raised his eyebrow, taking in Wille’s small smile. “You’re whipped!”

Wille’s jaw dropped, and he exclaimed a bit too loudly, “Am not!”

Erik just laughed, and Simon chose that moment to wake up, yawning and stretching his arms out and Wille couldn’t help but stare. Simon raised an eyebrow at him as Wille realized Erik was talking,

“Sorry, what?” Wille asked, tearing his eyes back to the screen.

“I said,” Erik rolled his eyes, “that as your big brother I expect more details. I know you’re still being secretive and that’s fine but give me *something.* ”

When Wille didn’t say anything Erik waggled his eyebrows, “Did you take them back to your room after?”

“That’s none of your business,” Wille replied, feeling his face grow hotter.

“Wilhelm, how scandalous!” Erik exclaimed. “If someone had told me a month ago that my little brother would be sneaking someone to his room to make out with, I wouldn't have believed it.”

Simon snorted, clearly thinking about how they had done much more than make out over the course of the night.

Wille glared at him to shut up but it was too late, Erik had clearly heard, and his jaw dropped.

“Wait, is someone else there?” Erik asked, eyes big. “Did they spend the night?”

“Umm I’ve gotta go,” Wille replied, stumbling over his words.

“WILLE DID YOU HAVE SEX!” Erik yelled as Wille snapped his phone closed.

He dropped his phone beside him and sat on the edge of the bed as Simon laughed, crawling up the bed to him.

“Good morning,” He smirked, hand wrapping around Wille’s waist as he kissed his cheek.

“Erik is never going to let me live this down,” Wille buried his face into Simon’s shoulder and groaned.

“It’s his fault for asking, you don’t have to be embarrassed, Wille.”

“Sorry,” Wille mumbled, relaxing into Simon’s side as Simon ran his fingers through his hair.

“For what?” Simon asked, confused.

“Erik knowing we had sex.”

Simon tilted Wille’s chin up and kissed him.

“Wille, you don’t have to apologize,” Simon reassured, “it’s okay if you did want to talk to him about it, I wouldn’t mind.”

“How can you be so casual about it?”

Simon shrugged, “I guess it’s how it was always addressed growing up. Not that it was talked about a lot, but never as if it was bad. Plus Ayub and Rosh have no shame.”

“In the palace it was very much don’t ask don’t tell sort of thing,” Wille pondered, “Anytime someone else talked about it around me it would be someone like August making a crude comment which just made me uncomfortable.”

“I can see how it would feel strange to talk more openly about it,” Simon acknowledged. “It’s okay if you’re not comfortable with that, but maybe, at least I’d like you to be able to talk to me?”

Wille shrugged, and Simon kissed his forehead, “Can you try? It doesn’t have to be a lot or anything, but we should make sure we’re on the same page. Or I could talk and you could nod yes or no.”

Wille nodded, letting Simon pull him in closer, burying his face back in his neck. He hated that it was something that gave him anxiety, but he was so grateful to Simon for being patient with him.

“Has everything we’ve done so far been ok?” Simon asked and Wille nodded.

“Is there anything you didn’t like?” He shook his head no.

“Have you been uncomfortable at all?” Another no.

“And you?” Wille mumbled.

“The same,” Simon reassured, rubbing Wille’s back.

“Do you get nervous about it while we’re doing things?” Simon asked.

Wille shook his head, “it’s easier, when we’re in the moment. I get out of my head.”

“Will you tell me if you ever are uncomfortable?”

Wille nodded and Simon smiled.

“Ok,” he kissed Wille again before pulling away, “you have terrible morning breath by the way.”

Wille cupped his hand in front of his face, breathing out, “Shit, sorry”

Simon laughed, “It’s okay. Mine’s probably not much better.”

Wille blew on Simon’s face, “What does it smell like?”

“Gross Wille,” Simon scrunched his nose, covering Wille’s mouth with his hand, resisting as Wille tried to move it.

Wille pushed his weight against Simon, rolling them over and trying to pin down Simon’s arms. Simon flayed around trying to throw him off, laughing when Wille’s arm slipped, finally giving him the upper hand. They rolled around more, trying to pin the other down, when Wille rolled too far and felt flat on his back on the floor. He gasped as he felt the air knock out of him, breathing deeply to recover.

“Fuck Wille,” Simon exclaimed, immediately kneeling down beside him. “Are you okay?”

“Need… a minute,” Wille breathed out, and Simon nodded, placing his palm on Wille’s cheek. If Wille wasn’t already winded he would’ve gone breathless just from the concerned look Simon was giving him. He couldn’t remember a time where someone besides Erik cared so much about his well being, about Wilhelm, not just the prince. Wille closed his eyes and leaned into the touch.

“Okay,” he nodded when he felt he could breathe again, taking Simon’s offered hand to get back up. Simon’s phone buzzed, and Simon looked at him after checking it, “my mom wants to know when I’m coming home.”

Wille frowned when Simon moved away from him.

“You could always come back to Bjärstad with me,” Simon offered as he started to get dressed.

“As much as I would love that, I actually have a lot of homework that I know I wouldn’t get done if I went,” Wille sighed.

“Me too,” Simon acknowledged, “Mama probably thinks I’m suddenly being assigned so much more when really you’re just too distracting in workies for me to get anything done.”

“Maybe tomorrow?” Wille asked.

“It’s a date,” Simon grinned.

“Well, it IS your turn to plan one.”

“Hey! You had a whole week to plan,” Simon exclaimed.

“Fine,” Wille smiled, kissing Simon. “Next weekend then.”

“I’m going to knock your socks off,” Simon grinned, kissing Wille again before picking up his bag.

Wille couldn’t resist kissing him again, pulling him back in everytime Simon started to pull away.

“Wille,” Simon muttered, “As much as I like kissing you, I’m going to miss my bus.”

“Sorry,” Wille blushed.

“I’ll see you later,” Simon replied affectionately, kissing Wille’s cheek before sneaking out of the room.

Once he had gone Wille flipped open his phone to see multiple texts from Erik, the first from right after Wille had hung up on him.

ERIK

WILLE???

YOU DIDNT SAY NO

DID YOU HAVE SEX??

ARE YOU BEING SAFE??

There was a gap of about ten minutes between his next texts.

ERIK

Sorry, you don’t have to tell me anything

If you want to talk I’m here

I didn’t mean to embarrass you

Wille sighed, he knew that Erik was just looking out for him. As much as he didn’t want to have this conversation with his brother he knew Erik would just worry if he didn’t respond.

WILLE

sorry for hanging up on you

I was caught off guard

ERIK

Sorry if i was being too much

WILLE

*Youre always too much *eye roll emoji**

ERIK

Hey!!!

WILLE

I didnt mean to worry you

ERIK

Its okay, i know i was being pushy again

but i hope you know you can come to me Wille, about anything

WILLE

I know

I just feel weird talking about it

ERIK

My reaction probably didnt help

We dont have to talk about it if you dont want to

Its just strange to think that you have all this stuff happening in your life that suddenly im not a part of

Not that you owe me anything

Wille felt bad. He knew that he hadn't been talking to Erik as much recently, before Hillerska he always told Erik almost everything.

WILLE

Im sorry, i know ive been more distant and not talking about things as much

ERIK

Youre allowed your privacy Wille

WILLE

Yeah but youre you

I always talk to you

ERIK

Youre finding other people you can trust

Thats a good thing

You deserve that

I dont mean to pry

I know we havent really talked about it before but

My first time i wasnt ready, and it was fine, but i regretted it after

I dont want that for you

WILLE

I didnt know that

What happened

sorry you dont have to answer

ERIK

Nothing bad!

Just the typical everyone else is doing it

A lot of dumb comments from my schoolmates about really being a man after

just wasn't for the right reasons

WILLE

Thats bullshit

Them not you

ERIK

Anyways my point being youre my baby brother and its my job to look out for you

Has anyone even given you the sex talk before

God knows our parents wouldn't have

WILLE

I took health

Im good

And uh i was okay

I mean i dont regret anything

ERIK

Good

WILLE

Ugh just ask your questions

This is your one time pass

After this were never talking about it again

ERIK

Yeah?

WILLE

YES BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND

ERIK

Ok

Was that your first time?

WILLE

No

ERIK

When???

WILLE

…

Parents day weekend

ERIK

And youre being safe?

WILLE

I can promise there will be no accidental pregnancies

ERIK

You really like them dont you?

Ive never seen you like this with anyone before

WILLE

Yeah

I really do

ERIK

I really am happy for you

I know youre not ready yet

But when you are, id love to meet them

WILLE

Ok

Not ready yet, but yes

I think you'd really like them

ERIK

Plus i have to give them the talk

WILLE

The talk?

ERIK

You know, the "im the crown prince and if you hurt wilhelm youll suffer" talk

WILLE

Please dont

ERIK

Nope its happening

WILLE

When you finally start dating im never going to leave you alone

ERIK

Finally??? Ive dated!

WILLE

Never anyone youve brought home!

ERIK

*Awe you wanna bring frodo home? *smirk**

WILLE

We're really back to the nickname?

I didnt say that! I just meant no one ive met

ERIK

Suuureeeee

Ugh i have to go i have a meeting

Im glad we got to talk though

Maybe you could come up one weekend?

Ill use my princely charm to convince the headmistress

WILLE

Me too

Not next weekend

The weekend after?

ERIK

Why youve got plans with frodo next weekend?

WILLE

Ohmygod just go to your meeting

—

Wilhelm spent the rest of the day doing schoolwork, determined to be done so he could see Simon the next day. He went to the library for a while to get out of his room, and saw Felice sitting at one of the tables. He asked if he could join her, and they sat in silence as they worked. Wille was glad that they'd been able to move past the kiss, it was nice to have another person in the school who actually treated him as a friend instead of someone to kiss up to. An hour or so had passed when she looked up from her work.

"Do you have any plans for the rest of the weekend?" She asked casually, typing on her calculator.

"Um, not really," Wille replied, "Simon invited me to Bjärstad but I

don't know."

He tried to seem as casual as possible, not wanting to give off just how much he was anticipating the next day.

"Why not?" Felice asked, "He seems cool. Sara always talks about how great he is."

"Uh yeah," Wille backtracked, "He's cool."

Felice narrowed her eyes at him, "Are you- does it bother you that he's gay?"

"What?" Wille asked surprised, "No, why? Does it bother you?"

"No," she shook her head. "I've just seen you two hang out a lot but now you seem like you don't want to, I thought maybe that was why."

"No," Wille repeated, "I've just got a lot of homework this weekend."

"I was going to meet Sara for lunch tomorrow, you and Simon should join us."

"Ok, yeah, maybe" Wille replied, "Um, I've still got to finish my homework though."

They fell back into silence as they finished up their work. Saying goodbye after talking through plans for the next day.

—

Wilhelm met Felice and Sara by the entrance. Sara had come earlier in the morning to ride Rousseau, and they were waiting for Linda to come pick them up. They exchanged small talk about riding when Linda pulled up, Simon sitting in the front seat. They piled into the back, greeting Linda as the car pulled away.

“Are you coming over after Felice?” Linda asked as she turned onto the main road.

“Oh um, I don’t know,” Felice replied, looking at Sara.

“Do you want to?” Sara asked, smiling when Felice nodded.

“You too Wilhelm,” Linda added, looking at him through the rearview mirror, “You’re both welcome for dinner.”

“Thank you Linda,” Wille replied. Simon turned on the radio, set to a Spanish channel, and began singing along. Sara joined in and Felice and Wilhelm looked at each other, having no idea what the words were.

Linda dropped them off on the main street, telling them to have fun and let her know when they were on their way back. They went to Gorda, the restaurant Wille had gotten the empanadas from, and got a table in the back corner. Wilhelm picked up the menu, trying to focus as he felt Simon’s leg against his, pressed into the small booth. Sara and Simon ended up ordering for them since they ate there regularly, and they fell into a discussion about the most recent school drama of Nils trying to win over Madison.

“It’s ridiculous,” Felice laughed as they ate, “She’s told him she’s not interested but he’s convinced they’re going to get together.”

“Remember the morning after they hooked up?” Simon asked, turning to Wille, “He was going on about how they were a couple.”

Felice snickered, “Madison said she was just bored.”

Felice’s phone buzzed, and she looked at it before putting it back down.

“Is everything okay?” Sara asked.

“It’s August,” Felice sighed, “he keeps asking where I am. I already told him we were hanging out today and he’s annoyed.”

“What? You’re not allowed to hang out with friends?” Simon scoffed.

“He’s been… a little possessive,” Felice admitted.

“Don’t take this the wrong way,” Simon began, “But what do you see in him”

“He’s been interested for so long,” Felice started, “I don’t know I figured it was time I at least gave him a chance. It’s not so bad most of the time.”

“Why do you stay with him if parts are bad?” Sara asked.

“It’s complicated,” Felice bit her lip.

“Felice,” Wilhelm interjected, “August is my family, but if you’re not happy with him, don’t force yourself.”

She shrugged, clearly not wanting to talk about it anymore so they moved onto discussing the food, August forgotten as they left the restaurant. Sara and Felice walked ahead, arms linked as they chatted. Wilhelm kept his hands in his pockets, knowing if they were out they would find their way to Simon’s. The two of them walked in silence, stealing glances at each other, just enjoying the company. When they got to the house, Sara dragged Felice to her room.

“Wanna play Call of Duty?” Simon asked, turning towards Wille.

Wille groaned, “I really don’t.”

Simon laughed, leading Wille into his room, putting his arms around his shoulders after he closed the door. Wille leaned in to kiss him.

“Netflix?” Wille asked, flopping on Simon’s bed. As much as he liked kissing Simon, he didn’t want to risk anything with Felice in the other room. Simon turned on Schitt’s Creek, which had quickly become their show, and jumped onto the bed beside Wille. He laughed when the motion made Wille bounce a little off the mattress, and tucked himself under his arm, head on Wille’s chest. Wille moved his hand into Simon’s hair, mindlessly playing with the curls. He loved the feeling of running his fingers through them and it had started to become a soothing action for him. They watched a few episodes, occasionally stealing lazy kisses for the rest of the afternoon until they were called out for supper.

—

After they ate Linda offered to drive them back to the dorm. When they arrived Wille got out of the car as Felice hugged Sara goodbye. His phone buzzed and he pulled it out to see Simon had texted.

SIMON

I wish no one else was here so i could kiss you goodbye

Wille looked up, stomach turning at the look Simon was giving him. The moment was gone all too soon when Felice stepped out of the car and they both said goodbye, thanking Linda for the ride. As they walked up the path towards the dorms, Wille realized Felice was shivering. He took off his jacket and put it around her shoulders.

“Thanks Wilhelm,” Felice smiled. “Have a good night!”

“You too.”

—

The week went by fairly uneventfully. Wilhelm tried to actually focus in class and get all his work done. He knew Simon was planning something for the weekend and he didn’t want to have to worry about school work. They still played footsie during workies and would use any excuse to bump into each other, savouring the contact, but they hadn’t had any time just the two of them all week. That being said, Wille was *very* relieved when Friday finally rolled around and he was packing his bag to go to Simon’s. Wilhelm found himself once again grateful for Felice’s relationship with August, because August almost

seemed to be avoiding him. They'd barely spoken at all that week, most of their conversation being when August had given him back the jacket he'd leant Felice. Wilhelm resisted the urge to roll his eyes as he insisted to August that they were just friends and no he wasn't interested in her like that. At lunch he overheard August telling Nils about his plans to have Felice in his room that night, and he and Simon smirked at each other, knowing that Felice was having a sleepover with Sara and Madison. The rest of the day went by painfully slowly, Wille counting down the hours. Finally, he found himself getting on the bus with Simon, this time not hesitating as he took the offered earbud, hooking their pinkies together out of the sight of the other passengers. He felt guilty pulling his hand away when Rosh and Ayub got on, but Simon had told him he understood and that he didn't want to pressure him to come out. Wille didn't even know what he would come out as, it made his head hurt too much to think about it. He just knew that he liked Simon, a lot. More than he'd ever liked anybody.

"Hey Wille," Rosh and Ayub greeted as they sat down, not looking surprised to see him. Wille was surprised at how effortless it was to chat with them, grinning as they launched into telling a story about how Simon once called their teacher at Marieburg the wrong name for the first month of school.

When they got into the house, Wille realized it was empty.

"Where's your mom?" He asked as he took off his coat.

"She's visiting my aunt this weekend," Simon grinned. Wille's eyes widened as he realized that with Sara at Manor House they would have the place to themselves for the full night.

He was sure his smile was just as big and goofy as Simon's, "What are the plans for the night?"

“Well,” Simon grabbed his hand and led him to the kitchen. “I thought I could make you dinner?”

Simon pulled out a chair for him, motioning for Wille to sit as he began to pull ingredients out of the fridge. “Is pasta okay?”

“Pasta is perfect,” Wille replied, heart melting because Simon wanted to **cook** for him.

Wille offered to help, but Simon shooed him away, so he decided to just be a distraction instead. He wrapped his arms around Simon from behind, kissing his neck.

“Wille,” Simon sighed, “I’m cooking.”

“I can see that,” Wille murmured, not moving away and smiling as Simon tilted his head back to kiss him. Simon turned back to the pot, stirring the sauce.

“Ok,” Simon turned after Wille gently bit down on his shoulder. “You can cut the tomatoes.”

“I thought you didn’t want me to help?” Wille asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Well you need something to keep you busy since you seem so hellbent on distracting me,” Simon shot back, fighting the smile on his face.

“Fine,” Wille sighed, stealing one more kiss before Simon grabbed a cutting board and set it up. He showed Wille what to do before going back to the pot. Simon finished up and grabbed plates, serving them both and setting them on the table.

“I’ll be right back,” Simon kissed him on the cheek before leaving the room. Wille sat down, and Simon returned a moment later with a bottle of wine.

“Fancy,” Wille grinned, as Simon poured them, “I thought you didn’t drink?”

“It’s non alcoholic,” Simon explained, showing him the label. He picked up his glass holding it towards Wille and they clinked them together.

“To date number two,” Simon smiled as they had a sip. Wille couldn’t help but reach across the table and take Simon’s hand. They slipped into comfortable conversation as they ate, Simon beaming when Wille took a bite and praised the food. Simon slipped away a few times, saying he needed to check on something, and Wille couldn’t help but wonder if there was something else in store. After they’d finished eating, Simon put their plates in the sink, then shyly took Wille’s hand and led him to the bathroom.

“I thought maybe, if you want, we could have a bath?” Simon asked, the door opening to show the tub full with water. “You just mentioned earlier this week how your shoulders were sore from rowing, so I thought it might help. I added some salts.”

Wille pulled him in for a kiss, he was so gone for this boy.

“You’re really trying to one-up me aren’t you?” Wille asked when they

pulled away.

“I did promise to knock your socks off,” Simon grinned, “This just guarantees it, unless you’re planning on keeping them on in the tub.”

Wille rolled his eyes, pulling his socks down, “Consider them knocked off.”

Simon pulled him back down into another kiss, fingers bunching at the bottom of Wille’s shirt as he lifted it over his head before kissing his collarbone

“Dinner, wine, and a bath. Who knew you were such a little romantic? I’m surprised you didn’t pull out candles,” Wille teased, pulling off Simon’s shirt.

“Um,” Simon blushed, pointing to a spot behind Wille where a candle was sitting with a pack of matches. “I only had the one.”

Wille stared at him for a moment before whispering, “You’re something else Simme.”

They finished getting undressed and Simon dimmed the lights and lit the candle as Wille stepped into the tub.

“Um, how do you want to do this?” Wille asked, unsure of how to sit down.

“I was thinking maybe you could sit against me?” Simon suggested, “I

could hold you?”

Damn if Wille’s knees didn’t go weak at that, nodding enthusiastically as Simon stepped into the tub beside him and they sat down. Simon had his back against the wall and Wille sat in between his legs, sighing in content when Simon’s arms wrapped around his chest, leaning his head back on Simon’s shoulder. The warm water felt amazing on his sore muscles, and he loved the feeling of their skin touching under the water. He let his eyes close, basking in the moment as Simon gently kissed his cheek, fingers intertwining. They stayed in until the water got cold, finally unwrapping themselves from each other when they both started to shiver. Simon drained the tub and then turned on the shower so they could rinse off, wrapping the two of them together in a fluffy towel when they were done. Simon laughed when Wille yawned, and led them to his bedroom, arms still wrapped around each other. He pulled the sheets back and they both climbed in, pulling the blankets tightly around them. Wille turned to face Simon, noses touching with their chests nearly pressed together.

“I like you so much Simon,” Wille whispered, unable to hold in all the emotions he was feeling.

“I’ve never felt this way before,” Simon whispered back, taking his hand, “about anyone.”

Wille bridged the gaps between their lips in a desperate kiss, trying to convey everything he was feeling. They were both too tired to do anything more than sneak sleepy kisses, hands running along the other’s body as they looked into each other’s eyes. They fell asleep, tangled up together, warm in the space they’d created.

Chapter End Notes

> Thank you so much for all the lovely comments, they make my day!! I'm not sure how I feel about the conversation with Erik but ugh i'm in love with these boys falling in love. Coming soon, Wille goes home for the weekend to see Erik! Also I have a reason for mentioning Schitt's creek more than once, it will come up

again, in case you couldn't guess from the title lol

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> This is my longest chapter yet, there was a lot I wanted to have happen during this time!!
> Gets ~steamy~ at the beginning for you smut fans, some morning sex with communication because its important to talk about things w your partner!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wilhelm was used to waking up early. There was no sleeping in at the palace, and his body was accustomed to getting up at the same time everyday. Once he started sharing a bed with Simon he slept for longer, his body not wanting to get up from the comfort of Simon's arms. Still, he'd always woken up before Simon, so it surprised him when he woke up the next morning to an empty bed, Simon not there. He heard a noise from the kitchen, and got up to go to it. He was just opening the bedroom door when Simon called out, "No, stop!"

Wille froze, "Simon?"

"Sorry, just, can you not come out yet?" Simon asked. "I'll be there in a minute."

"Okay," Wille replied, confused but going back into the room. He decided to crawl back under the covers, pulling out his phone to scroll through instagram. He tapped on Felice's story to be greeted with a picture of her and Sara. They had their middle fingers up and it was captioned "BOY BYE! WHEN YOUR EX TRIES TO KISS YOUR BFF!" Wille took a minute to understand exactly what she meant, August had tried to kiss Sara? She could be talking about Madison but it made more sense with Sara being in the picture. Whatever August had done he'd clearly messed up, Wilhelm didn't feel bad for him. He was honestly relieved that Felice had ended it, she clearly wasn't happy with him. He was pulled out of his thoughts by the door opening, and Simon entered carrying two plates.

“Good morning,” He smiled shyly, seeing Wille on the bed.

“Morning,” Wille greeted, “What’s this?”

“I was trying to surprise you with breakfast in bed,” Simon blushed, putting the plates on the end table before crawling in beside Wilhelm.

Wille grinned, “Thank you.” He kissed Simon’s cheek as Simon passed him a plate with pancakes and syrup.

“How did you sleep?” Simon asked, before taking a bite.

“Good,” Wille replied, “I uh- I sleep better when I’m with you.”

Simon looked radiant as he bit back a smile, looking affectionately at Wille.

“How did you sleep?” Wille asked.

“The same,” Simon answered. “Sara isn’t going to be back till early afternoon so we have the morning to ourselves.”

“About Sara,” Wille began, remembering Felice’s story, he pulled it up and passed Simon his phone.

“What the fuck?” Simon exclaimed after looking at it. “He tried to kiss

Sara?"

"I think so, at least that's what it seemed like." Wille said in between bites.

"He's got his head so far up his own ass," Simon rolled his eyes, "Thank god Felice finally dumped him."

"How are you almost done eating?" Wille asked, realizing that Simon only had half a pancake left while he was still on his first one.

Simon responded by stuffing the entire pancake half in his mouth, and Wille laughed as he struggled to chew it. By the time Simon managed to finish it Wille had finished his first pancake, then had to put his plate down because he was laughing too hard. Simon finally gulped down the last piece, getting a drink of water.

"You've got syrup dripping down your chin," Wilhelm laughed, touching it with his finger. He realized he'd made his own finger sticky, so he absentmindedly brought it to his lips, sucking the syrup off. He looked up to see that Simon had been staring at him, but quickly looked away when Wille caught him. Wille looked at Simon, who'd had some of the syrup spill on his stomach. Before letting himself think too much about it, he leaned down, licking the syrup off.

Simon gasped, biting his lip when Wille looked up at him. Wille moved up to kiss Simon, their lips sticky with syrup as Simon opened his mouth for him. Wille felt his chest stick to Simon's as he moved on top of them, but found he didn't mind the sticky feeling, even though it would be a mess to clean up after. He sighed into the kiss as Simon's hands ran up his back, sinking into him. He felt his body react, moaning into Simon's mouth as he felt him pressing back against him, already hard. They hadn't worn anything when they'd fallen into bed the previous night, and Simon wasted no time grabbing Wille's ass,

pulling his hips down against Simon's.

"I know you said it was easier for you in the moment," Simon murmured into Wille's ear as his hand gripped Wille's thigh. "Can you tell me what you like?"

Wille hesitated, so Simon continued, "I can start. You licking the syrup off your fingers really did something for me, and licking up my stomach."

Wille moaned as Simon squeezed tighter, and he found himself telling him, "That. I like the pressure, you pulling me closer."

Simon kissed down Wille's neck, "I like hearing you moan, when you let me hear you, to know that I'm the reason why."

Wille let out another moan, rewarded by feeling Simon twitch against him, encouraging him to respond, "I like leaning over you, and seeing the way your hair falls around your head like a halo, feeling you move underneath me."

Simon pulled him back down into a desperate kiss, fingers tightening in his hair.

"My hair," Wille gasped, "I love it when you pull my hair."

"Me too," Simon breathed out, moaning when Wille ran his fingers through his hair and gently pulled. "And when you bite down on my shoulder." Wille bit down in response, sucking the area gently afterwards.

Wille's hand traveled down Simon's chest, finger circling his nipple, "Is that okay?"

"Yes," Simon moaned, "Love it when you ask if things are okay, knowing how much you care and want to make me feel good."

Wille moved his head down, replacing his finger with his tongue as Simon grabbed at his back.

"Scratches," Wille breathed out after pulling away. "When you scratch down my back. Feels good." He gasped as he felt Simon's nails on his back. He grinded his hips down, "I love the feeling of you pressed against me, can't get enough."

"Wille," Simon moaned, bucking his hips. Wille moved his hand down, wrapping it around Simon, slowly moving it up and down.

"When you touch me," Simon gasped, "So good, please, please baby."

Wille's hang tightened at the word, moving his hand faster, "I like it when you call me that," he admitted. He started kissing his way down Simon's chest. He hovered over his hand, looking up at Simon, "I love feeling my mouth around you."

"Fuck," Simon groaned, shaking underneath him.

Wille couldn't wait any longer, and wrapped his lips around Simon bobbing his head and moaning as Simon pulled on his hair and started babbling, "So hot when you moan around me, you're so good, make

me feel so good baby."

Wille pulled off, painfully hard as he looked into Simon's eyes, choking out the words, "I want you to fuck my mouth."

Simon's eyes widened, nodding frantically as Wille took Simon back into his mouth, moaning when Simon bucked his hips. He wrapped his arms around Simon's thighs, digging his nails in as Simon thrusted into his mouth, sweat glistening on his chest. Simon's breathing became more frantic, moaning Wille's name, accompanied with baby and please. Wille thought he could come from this moment alone, Simon writhing underneath him, crying out for him. He loved the feeling of Simon pushing himself into his mouth, at Simon's mercy.

"Gonna come," Simon panted, legs wrapping around Wille's shoulders, and Wille pushed his head down to meet Simon's hips as they moved up. Simon arched his back, pulling Wille's hair as he came into his mouth, the moment so intimate Wille followed after him, clawing at the sheets as his body spasmed. Simon was shaking below him, and Wille gently moved his mouth off, arms weak as he crawled up beside Simon, collapsing onto his chest. It was quiet as they both regained their breath, Wille could feel Simon's heart race.

"Did you," Simon gasped, noticing Wille was limp, "Did you get off from that?"

"Yeah," Wille murmured.

"Jesus," Simon breathed out, "that's so hot, you're so hot."

Wille wasn't sure how long they laid there, he felt like he still had no control over his body, shaky from the orgasm. He felt ready to go back to sleep, tired and sated. He had just started to slip into

unconsciousness when Simon moved underneath him.

“Wille?” He asked quietly, brushing Wille’s hair back.

“Mmmm,” Wille hummed, burying his face in Simon’s neck.

“As much as I love this, I don’t know when Sara is coming back and we both need a shower before then,” Simon said gently, “plus I definitely need to change my sheets since you came all over them.”

“Sorry,” Wille blushed.

“Don’t be,” Simon kissed him, “I was very into it.”

Simon kissed gently down his neck before looking back up at him, “Shower?”

Wille nodded and let Simon lead him to the bathroom, they took turns standing under the faucet, lathering each other with soap and trading sloppy kisses. After they dried off and got dressed, Wille went to the kitchen to reheat their leftovers while Simon threw his sheets in the laundry. They ate in the living room, facing each other cross-legged on the couch.

“Erik asked me to come home next weekend,” Wilhelm said after a few minutes of eating in silence.

“Just because or for something specific?” Simon asked.

“Just because,” Wille answered, wiping sauce off Simon’s chin with his thumb. He laughed affectionately, Simon really was a messy eater. “We haven’t seen each other in a while since I didn’t go home on parent’s day weekend.”

“Shit, I’m sorry I’ve been keeping you from seeing your brother,” Simon frowned.

“You don’t have to apologize for anything Simon,” Wille placed his hand on Simon’s knee. “I wanted to spend that time with you, I don’t regret it.”

Simon smiled and put his hand on top of Wille’s lacing their fingers together, “I’m glad.”

They pulled their hands away a moment later when the door opened and Sara walked in, surprised to see the two of them on the couch, “Oh hi Wilhelm.”

“Hi Sara,” Wille greeted, turning to sit normally on the couch.

“How was the sleepover?” Simon asked, mimicking Wilhelm’s movements.

Sara’s face lit up, “It was so fun! I wasn’t sure about Madison but she was really nice too.”

“Did something happen with August?” Simon blurted out, “We saw Felice’s instagram story.”

Sara made a face, “He kissed me in the stables a few days ago.” Simon’s jaw dropped but Sara ignored him and continued, “He came looking for Felice and when she wasn’t there he kissed me? It was so weird, I didn’t know what to do so I just stood there and started laughing. I told Felice last night and she made that post.”

“Thank god she dumped his sorry ass,” Simon said finally, after they sat in silence for a moment.

“What did you do last night?” Sara asked them.

Wille contemplated what to answer, there wasn’t exactly a platonic way to say they took a bath together.

“Just hung out,” Simon shrugged, “had dinner, watched a show.”

Sara nodded, “I’m going to put my stuff away.” She got up and brought her backpack to her room. Wille decided he should probably check his messages, he’d been ignoring his phone since they first saw Felice’s story that morning, too distracted by Simon. He went to Simon’s room, groaning when he saw texts from August asking where he was. He realized he’d have to head back or deal with a bunch of questions, and packed up his bag. He had just stepped back into the living room where Sara and Simon were talking when Sara pulled on his shirt revealing his shoulder and exclaimed, “Simon is that a hickey?!”

He froze, and Simon’s hand shot to pull the sweater back up over his shoulder, his eyes flicking to Wille’s as he stammered, “Uhhhh.”

Sara followed his gaze, seeing Wille standing there. He was sure his

face was beat red. If Sara had any doubts about the nature of their relationship there wasn't any now, clearly making the connection. She looked between them, before mumbling that she'd be in her room. She walked out, leaving Simon and Wille standing there staring at each other. Wille walked to the couch to sit down, hand pressing on his chest. Simon sat beside him, rubbing circles onto his back.

"Sara won't say anything," Simon assured him, "I'm sorry."

Wille shook his head, Simon's apology bringing things back into focus, "You don't have to apologize Simon, I'm the one who left a mark."

"Still," Simon placed his head on his shoulder, "I know you haven't been ready for people to know."

"I-," Wille began, not sure what to say. He felt guilty that Simon was hiding him from everyone. He knew he was close with his sister, and how much he hated hiding it from Erik. Simon wouldn't be keeping it from Sara if it was someone else, if it wasn't Wilhelm. He hadn't been ready to tell anyone, not ready for Simon to tell Sara, but now it was too late. She knew, and Simon trusted her, there was no going back. Wilhelm wasn't surprised at the anxiety building inside him, what did surprise him was a partial sense of relief. One person they wouldn't have to act around anymore, someone for Simon to talk to, not having to keep it to himself.

"If you want to talk to Sara about it, about us, I understand," Wille said finally, resting his head against Simon's. "I can't ask you to hide it from her."

"Are you sure?" Simon asked, looking at Wille for any hesitation.

"Yeah," Wille nodded, "It was one thing to just not say anything, but I

can't ask you to lie to her about it. I talk to Erik about you, even if he doesn't know who you are, it's only fair you can talk to someone too."

Simon looked relieved at the words, pulling Wilhelm into a kiss, "Thank you Wille."

Wille's phone buzzed again and Wille groaned, "Now that Felice has dumped him August is back to hounding me."

"Damn," Simon mumbled, "I liked that he was out of our hair for once."

"Me too," Wille replied, kissing Simon again before standing up. "I should head back before he decides to track down my phone."

Simon stood up with him, hugging him goodbye, having one last kiss before he left.

When Wille got off the bus at Hillerska, he jogged around and dropped his bag outside his window. He did some jumping jacks and sprints, hoping he was sweaty enough to look like he'd just gone for a jog. He went back to the entrance, stopped by August as he walked past the common room.

"Wille," August called, motioning for him to come over, "Where have you been?"

"I went for a run," Wille replied, wiping his forehead with his sleeve for effect, "I lost track of time."

August raised his eyebrow but thankfully didn't press any further, "Party tonight, you in?"

Wille nodded, knowing he was expected to go.

"We'll keep it lowkey," August continued, "Boys night out!"

Wille excused himself, saying he needed to change from his run, successfully pulling his bag through the window without being caught. He spent the rest of the day doing homework, being dragged out of his room later in the evening by August, where they snuck out of Forest Ridge to the same old building all the parties were at. It seemed to be just the boys from Forest Ridge there that night, some chatting while others were around the table playing cards. August pulled Wille's arm, leading him towards the card table and handing him a drink. Wille didn't mind all the boys at Forest Ridge, and found himself chatting with Henry as they played, August refilling his drink. After a while of sitting through August ranting about how he'd never been that into Felice anyways and that there were plenty of girls at school who wanted to hook up with him, Wille excused himself from the game, stumbling to a seat in an empty corner. He pulled out his phone and pulled up Simon's number.

WILLE

Simmmeeee

I miss you

Was so nice being with youu last nifhgt

SIMON

I miss you too ❤

Are you ok?

WILLE

Mmm fine

Better now that im tocking to you

Tocking

Talking

SIMON

Are you drunk??

WILLE

August ithrew a party

Because felice dumped jhim

Not drunk

I think

Maybe a little

SIMON

Have you been drinking water?

WILLE

Some

SIMON

Drink some water

WILLE

Always taking caree of me

My simmmmeee

So nice

and pretty!!!!!!

Wanna kisss u

SIMON

maybe when youre sober

WILLE

I like our dates

Can we have them every week

Always wamna be with u

SIMON

Youre a sappy drunk

WILLE

Just for u

SIMON

Are you back in your room?

WILLE

No

Too far

SIMON

Can you text me when youre back?

So i know youre safe?

WILLE

Ok

Ill go back now

Wille decided to get up, joining a group of the boys who were leaving as he stumbled his way back to the dorm room. Once he was back, he drank a cup of water then crawled into bed.

WILLE

Iam back now!

In bed its warm

I had water

Wish u were here with me

wann a cuddle

Wilhelm squinched his face when Simon didn't reply right away. He decided to have another glass of water, smiling when he saw Simon's name pop up on his screen.

SIMON

Wille??

Are you ok?

Did you make it back?

WILLE

Yes?

I just said

Wille was very confused, he had just said he was back. His eyes widened when a notification from Erik appeared at the top of the screen.

ERIK

???

I dont think this was meant for me

Shit. He'd texted Erik instead, he suddenly felt a lot more sober.

WILLE

Fuck

ignore that

Im drumk

ERIK

Were you meaning to text frodooooo?

WILLE

GOODNIGHT ERIK

ERIK

Glad you drank some water

Talk to you in the morning

Wille went back to his text thread with Simon.

SIMON

You didn't say?

WILLE

I ACCIDENTALLY TEXTED ERIK THAT I WISHED HE WAS IN BED WITH ME

I ASKED HIM TO CUDDLE

SIMON

HAHAHHAHAHHAHAHAHHA

PRICELESS

WILLE

NOOOOO

HE WILL NEVERT FORGET

SIMON

Nevert

WILLE

Dont make fun ofme :(

I don want to cuddle u anymore

SIMON

I thought you wanted to cuddle Erik?

WILLE

NO

Only u

I lied

I do want to Cuddle u

So much

So warm

My simme

I reaaaallllllllllllllly like u

Soooooo much

SIMON

I like you too Wille

Get some rest okay?

We can talk in the morning ❤

WILLE

❤

a rainbow!!!!!!!!!

❤🔥

<#

<3

Nailed it

–

Wille groaned when he woke up, the sun too bright, groaning again in embarrassment when the memories from the previous night came back to him. He went to the bathroom to brush his teeth, mouth feeling disgusting, at least he didn't throw up. He went to grab breakfast, which was mostly empty. He guessed most people were still passed out in their rooms. He sighed as he pulled out his phone, time to do damage control. He texted Simon first, assuring him that he was okay and apologizing for the previous night. Then he pulled up his most recent text from Erik, who had messaged him that morning.

ERIK

Are you alive?

WILLE

Ughhh it was august's fault

He kept giving me drinks

ERIK

Did you get your night time cuddles with frodo? 😏😏😏

Wait is that a euphemism for something?!!!

WILLE

Ohmygod NO

ERIK

sorry but you drunk texting me asking me to cuddle is priceless

didn't realize you missed me so much

WILLE

STOP

ERIK

don't worry little brother

when you're here next weekend if you want to cuddle you can just ask

WILLE

If you don't stop i'm not coming

ERIK

ok fine sorry

i'm looking forward to see you

WILLE

ugh i'm looking forward to seeing you too

ERIK

hey can i ask you a question?

WILLE

what?

ERIK

do you think frodo will be jealous that you asked me to cuddle

WILLE

IM CANCELLING MY TRIP

—

Simon had teased him for the full week, but Wille found he didn't mind. He was embarrassed at first, but mostly he was glad he could joke about it with Simon. When August had found out Wilhelm was going to the palace over the weekend he had tried to snag an invite. Wille told him it was for official business, and they wouldn't have any time to hang out, a lie which Erik thankfully backed him up on.

Erik insisted on picking him up, and Wille couldn't help but crush his brother in a hug when he saw him. They bantered about their family, school, and Erik's crown prince duties. Erik didn't bring up Wille's love life, and Wille was grateful that Erik was giving him space about it. He seemed to sense that having the conversation in person was much different than over the phone where Wille could hang up if he got too overwhelmed. Their parents were out of state for meetings the full weekend, but Wille wasn't very disappointed, he just wanted to spend the time with Erik. They ordered pizza and played cards, before finally falling asleep watching a movie. The next morning, Erik had a meeting, so after making himself some breakfast Wille texted Simon to see if he was free. They decided to text and watch Schitt's Creek together. David and Patrick had finally gotten together and both he and Simon were excited to finally get to the gay love story. The next episode had just started when Erik came into the room.

"What are you watching?" He asked, making Wille jump.

"Uhh, just this tv show, I can turn it off," Wille replied, reaching for the remote.

"You can finish the episode!" Erik sat down beside him. "Can I watch with you?"

Wilhelm nodded, wrapping the blanket around him, turning back to his conversation with Simon.

WILLE

uhh so erik just came in and is watching the episode with me

just so you know i prob won't reply as much

SIMON

Ok, i can always let you go!

WILLE

i already offered to turn it off and he said we could finish it

i feel so weird sitting beside him when i know there are gonna be gay scenes

SIMON

it's not gonna be anything explicit

maybe it would be a good way to gage his reaction

WILLE

maybe they won't do anything gay this episode

SIMON

what's the worst that could happen

WILLE

he reacts badly

he thinks it's gross or something

SIMON

has he ever done or said anything to indicate he might think that way

WILLE

no

SIMON

from everything you've told me about erik there's a very good chance he's supportive of the gay community

didn't he literally do volunteer work at the queer shelter last year?

WILLE

yeah but that was different

i think our pr people set that up

SIMON

baby you're overthinking it

WILLE

ok well now i'm overthinking THAT

SIMON

i thought you liked it when i called you baby 😏

WILLE

you're killing me

SIMON

Every time David and Patrick were on screen together Wille felt tense, eyes flicking between Erik and the show. They had almost made it through the full episode when David called Patrick his boyfriend, mid rant. He kept his eyes glued to Erik, who showed no response.

SIMON

omg they're boyfriends now

patrick is so cute about it

WILLE

ugh i wish i could enjoy this cute moment but im too busy stress watching erik

NO REACTION TO THEM KISSING

HES GIVING ME NOTHING

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO DECIPHER WHAT HES THINKING

Wille's looked back to Erik, who had been scrolling on his phone throughout the episode with no clear reaction. As the credits rolled he exited the show, turning to face Erik.

"What do you want to do today?" Erik asked, smiling at him.

Wille shrugged, still too in his head to think clearly.

“We could go for lunch,” Erik offered, “I’ll drive?”

Wille nodded and they headed to the garage, Erik grabbing the keys.

“Do you watch that show a lot?” Erik asked, turning the keys in the ignition.

“A bit,” Wille replied, biting his nail. “What did you think?”

“It was good,” Erik shrugged, “The ending bit with David was cute.”

Wilhelm’s thoughts spun around in his head, he thought it was cute so he must be okay with it, right? He pulled out of the garage, and they discussed what they wanted for food, settling on take out. Wille ordered off his phone and they had one of Erik’s bodyguards pick it up so they could avoid being seen. Soon enough they were back on the road, Erik taking the familiar path to a lookout they’d always stop at. When they arrived they sat on the hood of the car to eat.

“Ok,” Erik began as they pulled their food out of the take out bags, “I’ve held off on asking, but don’t think I haven’t noticed you smiling at your phone this whole trip.”

Wille heart rate sped up and he found himself biting his thumb again.

Erik's gaze softened when he noticed, "I know that you like your privacy, and that it's something new and special to you, but it worries me to see how anxious you get when it comes up. I feel like there's something more to it."

Wille looked at the ground, he couldn't look in Erik's eyes.

"Are you in some kind of trouble?" Erik asked hesitantly. "Have you been hurt?"

Wille shook his head.

"I don't like to see you so upset," Erik said softly, "Is it something I've done?"

Wille shook his head again, "I'm sorry, I- I'm just worried you'll see me differently."

He tried to avoid Erik's look of concern as Erik placed his hand on his shoulder, "Wilhelm, whatever it is, I promise it won't change things. I know you little brother, whatever it is I know who you are, and I love you."

Wille felt his eyes start to tear up, shaking as Erik pulled him into a hug. He sniffled as he clutched onto Erik's jacket, not wanting to let go.

"I-," Wille began, his voice catching.

He took a breath as Erik pulled him tighter, “It’s a boy. I’ve been seeing a boy.”

Erik pulled back and Wille stared at the ground, scared to see whatever expression was on his brother’s face. Erik placed a hand on Wille’s chin and lifted it up to look at him, “Wille, it’s okay. It doesn’t change anything, I mean it.”

“You don’t- you don’t think it’s wrong?” Wille blurted out, his biggest fear coming to light.

Erik immediately shook his head, “Of course not, it’s nothing wrong, you could never be wrong.”

Erik pulled him into another hug, “Thank you for trusting me.”

Wille focused on his breathing, calming down his racing heart.

“Did you know?” He asked quietly.

“No,” Erik replied, “There was a moment I thought maybe, where I said girl that one day when we were talking and you shut down. I thought maybe then, after that I was careful not to use pronouns, but then August mentioned you’d seemed interested in this girl you went to lunch with one time and had been spending time at her house.”

Wille couldn’t help but laugh, “That’s uh- that’s his sister.”

Erik laughed at that, “So what’s his name?”

“Simon,” Wille whispered, it didn’t feel real that he was talking to his brother about this.

“Simon,” Erik repeated, “Can I see a picture?”

Wille looked at him, surprised.

“What?” Erik asked, “I just want to see the boy who stole my little brother’s heart.”

Wille blushed, but pulled out his phone and opened Simon’s instagram, handing it to his brother.

“Hey I recognize him!” Erik exclaimed, “He was in the choir the day I dropped you off, he was a good singer.”

“Yeah,” Wille smiled, proud of Simon’s talent.

“He’s cute,” Erik teased, handing Wille back his phone. “When do I get to meet him?”

Wille shrugged, “I don’t know.”

“When I drive you home tomorrow?” Erik asked.

“Um maybe, I don’t know, I’d have to ask.”

“Look at you blushing!” Erik laughed.

“Shut up,” Wille muttered, although he felt like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. He never could have imagined this, being able to talk to Erik about it with no judgement.

They finished eating and got into the car to head back to the palace. Wille pulled out his phone, excited to tell Simon.

WILLE

i told Erik

SIMON

how did it go?!?!?

WILLE

he’s okay with it

i cried a lot

he wants to meet you

SIMON

Wille i’m SO proud of you

i know how scared you were

i’m so glad that it went well

WILLE

i couldn't have done it without you

knowing you had my back however it went down

SIMON

always ❤

but don't discredit yourself, you could have done this without me

i'm so fucking proud of you baby ❤❤❤❤

Wille smiled at his phone, he felt so lucky to have Simon.

"Texting your boyfriend?" Erik teased as they pulled into the garage.

"He's not my boyfriend," Wille bit his lip, "We haven't, we haven't talked about it."

Erik looked over at him, jaw dropping, "You're sleeping with him but you haven't asked him to be your boyfriend?"

"What?" Wille blushed, sinking down into the seat.

"Nothing bad!" Erik rushed to reassure him, "I'm just surprised, you seem pretty serious about him."

"I am," Wille fidgeted with his zipper, "I just, he hasn't brought it up."

“Maybe he’s waiting for you to,” Erik suggested. “You should talk to him about it.”

“Ugh,” Wille groaned, “I know you’re right, I just feel like it would be unfair of me to ask that of him when I’m asking him to keep it a secret. He says it’s okay, that he doesn’t want me to feel forced to come out, but I just feel bad.”

“If he says it’s okay you have to trust that, or at least talk to him about it,” Erik encouraged. “When or if the time comes when you’re ready to come out, I’ll be right here to support you.”

“Thank you,” Wille said quietly, grateful that he had Erik’s support.

“I’ll run around waving a gay pride flag if that makes you happy,” Erik joked.

“I don’t- I don’t know that I’m gay,” Wille stuttered, “I don’t really know what I am. Just, not straight I guess.”

“That’s okay, you don’t need to have a label. However you identify, I’ll be with you every step of the way.”

Chapter End Notes

> Erik knows!!!! I almost ended up splitting this into two chapters and saving the scenes with Erik but I know how excited ppl were to see him! Thank you to everyone for reading to this point, the comments and the kudos. You truly keep me motivated to keep writing!
>
> Drunk Wille was not planned for this story, yet somehow he snuck his way in there lol, woops

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The rest of the day went by in a blur. Erik had asked about meeting Simon the next day when he dropped Wille off at Hillerska, Wille still couldn't believe that he could finally be open with Erik about this part of his life. Wille had texted Simon to ask, but knew he was at one of Rosh's games and wouldn't reply for a while. After saying goodnight to Erik and heading back to his room, Wille was scrolling mindlessly through instagram when Simon responded.

SIMON

ahhh he wants to meet me tomorrow???

WILLE

if you want

you can say no

SIMON

i'm freaking out a little bit

HES THE PRINCE

WILLE

im a prince?????

SIMON

no you're Wille

it's different

WILLE

i don't know if i should be offended or not

SIMON

it's a good thing

i'm comfortable with you

i don't think about that when we're together

WILLE

to me he's just Erik

SIMON

ok so that's the other thing is it's your brother

i have to make a good impression

how much does he know about me

WILLE

he knows that you're in the choir

he thinks you have a nice voice

he knows that you live at home and not at hillerska

SIMON

he doesn't know that i regularly badmouth the monarchy does he

WILLE

he'd probably think it's funny but no

although you've done it considerably less since we started dating

SIMON

is that what we're doing?

WILLE

I mean we've gone on dates

what would you call it

Wille thought about his earlier conversation with Erik, about how he had to be open with Simon about what he was feeling.

SIMON

I mean,

dating i guess

WILLE

what if

what if i didn't just want that

SIMON

?

you don't want to date anymore?

WILLE

NO

I MEAN NO THATS NOT WHAT I MEAN

NOT NO TO DATING

I MEAN

UGHHH

I don't want us to JUST be dating

SIMON

what do you want

WILLE

i don't want to see anyone else

i feel like it's been implied

but i should make that clear

SIMON

i don't want to see anyone else either

WILLE

i only want you simme

and i know it's not fair of me to ask when i'm asking you to keep it a secret

i won't ask more than you're willing to give

and i respect whatever your answer it

SIMON

wille stop beating around the bush

WILLE

ok ok!!!

so uhhhh

simon

i was wondering

SIMON

yes

WILLE

you didn't let me finish

SIMON

well you were taking forever to get to the point

WILLE

you don't even know what i was going to ask!!!

you could've just agreed to dropping out of school and getting a ridiculous tattoo

SIMON

were you going to ask me to drop out of school and get a ridiculous tattoo

WILLE

…. no

SIMON

were you going to ask me to be your boyfriend

WILLE

i-

SIMON

uhhh please say yes or this will be very awkward

WILLE

yes

i was going to ask that

if you want

SIMON

finally making an honest man out of me

i thought i would be your dirty mistress forever

WILLE

so that's a yes?

SIMON

i already said yes you dork

although it's very unfair that you asked me when you're too far away for me to kiss

WILLE

i want to kiss you too

SIMON

😊

you know

technology is a wonderful thing 😊😊😊😊

WILLE

uhhhh simon what are you implying

SIMON

hear me out……

phone sex

WILLE

NO

SIMON

baby :(

WILLE

i cant

too embarrassing

im sorry

SIMON

i'm just teasing wille it's ok!!!

we don't have to do anything

you'll just have to make it up to me in person tomorrow 😎😎😎😎

WILLE

i should have known you only want me for my body

SIMON

don't forget the fame

i can't help it if my boyfriend is hot

WILLE

SIMON

i'm really glad you asked me ❤

WILLE

me too ❤

SIMON

❤

a rainbow!!!!!!!!!

❤

<#

<3

Nailed it

WILLE

i take it back

SIMON

hey who's the better cuddles?

me, erik, or sara?

WILLE

CANT BELIEVE IM SINGLE NOW

SIMON

nope sorry you're not allowed to break up with me

you're my boyfriend now

no take backs

WILLE

i am ❤

SIMON

❤

WILLE

 goodnight simme

SIMON

goodnight wille

—

They agreed to go see Simon before heading back to Hillerska to avoid the press. Simon had invited them for lunch, and Wille was buzzing

with nerves. He was excited for the two most important people in his life to meet, but as much as he hoped they would get along he didn't know what to expect.

Wille had agreed for Simon to tell Linda about them, unsure of how they would've explained Erik's suddenly interest in meeting Simon, and she was already suspicious with how often they spent time together. Linda was ecstatic, later that morning she'd stolen the phone from Simon while they talked to say she was proud of him and so happy he and Simon had each other. Wilhelm had nearly cried, he'd never experienced such motherly affection before.

SIMON

mamá is freaking out

she is not happy that i invited the crown prince over with not enough notice to clean

Wille smiled at the text, picturing Linda ranting at Simon in spanish as she cleaned

"Texting your not boyfriend?" Erik teased.

"Actually," Wille replied blushing, "he's not my not-boyfriend anymore. He's just my boyfriend."

"Look at you go!" Erik grinned, free hand ruffling Wille's hair as they drove. They fell into discussion about other things, before they turned down the familiar road to Bjärstad. Wille's stomach started to turn, "Promise me you'll behave?"

Erik raised an eyebrow at him, "What do you think I'm going to do?"

“I don’t know,” Wille bit his thumb, “he’s just really nervous, and I want you two to get along, and I’m kind of freaking out.”

“Hey,” Erik said gently, “He makes you happy, so I already like him. I’ll be on my best behaviour, promise!”

They parked a few blocks away from Simon’s house, not wanting to draw attention to it, and got into the back of the black SUV Erik’s guards drove. They were dropped off at Simon’s, and Wille’s heart raced as he knocked on the door. Simon opened it a moment later.

“Hi,” he said, smiling at Wille.

“Hi,” Wille smiled back, taking in Simon standing in front of him, looking far too cute in his hoodie.

Erik cleared his throat behind him.

“Right,” Wille shook his head, pulled back to reality, “Uh Simon this is my brother Erik, Erik this is Simon.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” Erik smiled, holding out his hand.

“You too,” Simon replied, shaking it.

“Simon?” Linda’s voice called from inside, “Are you going to make your guests stand outside all day?”

Simon rolled his eyes, calling back, “No mamá.”

He stepped aside to let them in, taking their coats.

“Hi Linda,” Wille greeted, smiling at her.

“Hola cariño,” She replied affectionately, pulling him into a tighter hug than normal.

“Linda this is my brother Erik,” he began after they pulled away, “Erik this is Simon’s mother, Linda.”

“It is a pleasure to meet you, your highness,” Linda greeted, bowing her head.

“Please, call me Erik,” Erik flashed her his signature crown prince media darling grin and she blushed.

“Please, sit down, make yourself at home,” she motioned to the couch. “Lunch is almost ready.”

“Thank you,” Erik sat down on one of the chairs. Wille sat down on the couch, and Simon sat beside him. They sat close to each other but not touching.

Erik raised his eyebrow at them, “Wilhelm, you two can act normal around me. Unless you always sit awkwardly beside Simon like this,

though if that's the case I don't know how you got him to agree to date you."

Simon laughed and Wille found himself relaxing at the sound.

Erik stood up, "I'm going to the bathroom, when I get back you better have dealt with your nervous energy because you're starting to stress ME out."

"Down the hall," Wille stuttered, face red. As soon as Erik was out of sight he threw his arms around Simon, burying his face in his neck.

"I missed you," Wille mumbled, sinking into the feeling of Simon's arms around him.

"I missed you too," Simon said quietly, kissing the top of Wille's head.

Wille pulled away to kiss Simon properly, feeling his boyfriend smile into the kiss. He laced his fingers with Simon's, resting his head on his shoulder. Erik came back into the room, grinning when he saw they'd moved closer on the couch, legs pressed together holding hands.

"Finally," he exclaimed, and Wille's head shot up, whacking Simon's nose.

"Shit are you okay?" Wille blurted as Simon raised his hand to hold it.

Simon nodded, blinking quickly, "Yes, just took me by surprise."

Erik laughed, “Wille, how are you so bad at this?”

Wille turned to glare at him, and Simon laughed as he wrapped his arm around Wille's, taking his hand.

“Is he always like this?” Erik asked Simon.

“He’s not normally quite this bad,” Simon grinned, “he has whacked me with an oar during rowing on multiple occasions though.”

“Hey!” Wille exclaimed, face red. He was torn between wanting them to stop making fun of him and being relieved that they were getting along.

“It was funny that one time you hit August though,” Simon snickered.

“What’s been going on with August?” Erik asked, “He’s been all mopey in his texts recently.”

Wille rolled his eyes, “It’s his own fault. He was going out with Felice for a couple weeks but was kind of a jerk about it, always needing to know where she was and getting mad if she hung out with other people. Then just over a week ago he was looking for Felice in the stables and Simon’s sister Sara was there, her and Felice are really good friends. August kissed Sara, and of course she told Felice so Felice dumped him publicly on instagram.”

Erik’s eyes widened, “How is it that you have a secret boyfriend and yet August has the most relationship drama?”

Wille felt a thrill run up his spine at Erik calling Simon his boyfriend. He shrugged, “anyways that’s why he insisted on partying last weekend and why he was giving me drinks.”

Erik smirked, “Ah yes, when you wanted to cuddle me.”

Simon laughed as Wille threw a pillow at Erik, “shut up.”

“You should see the texts he sent me,” Simon grinned, “It took him three tries to spell the word ‘talking’ correctly.”

“Little brother,” Erik’s eyes glinted, “Have you not been paying enough attention in school?”

“I hate you both,” Wille stated, saved when Linda called that lunch was ready.

Wille sat beside Simon at the table, smiling when Simon wrapped their ankles together.

“Thank you for the food Linda,” Erik said to her as he sat down.

“Of course,” Linda smiled, “You are welcome here anytime.”

“Linda’s food is better than the palace,” Wille grinned, rewarded by Linda smiling affectionately at him.

“Thank you also, for looking after my baby brother,” Erik added after witnessing their interactions.

“It’s a delight to have Wilhelm here,” Linda replied, “I’ve grown quite fond of him from all the time he’s spent here.”

Wille blushed, and Erik beamed at her.

“Just how much time are you spending here Wilhelm?” Erik asked after taking a drink of his water.

“Oh just about every weekend,” Linda answered for him, “Simon’s always happier when he’s here.”

This time it was Simon’s turn to blush as he muttered, “mamá.”

“Yes Simme?” She asked, looking at him innocently before turning back to Erik, “I don’t know who they thought they were fooling with all their little smiles and blushing at each other across the room.”

Simon’s jaw dropped as Erik burst out laughing. Wille wanted to disappear into his chair, he was sure his face was completely red. Erik finally took pity on him, changing the subject to ask about Linda’s work and Sara.

“We weren’t that obvious,” Simon mumbled under his breath for Wille to hear.

“No,” Wille agreed, although he wondered if they really were.

They were just finishing eating when the front door opened and Sara's voice rang through the house.

"Mamá?" She called out, voice getting louder as she walked towards the kitchen. "Why are there people in suits outside the house?" She walked into the room, freezing when she saw Erik.

"Hi mi amor," Linda greeted. "Wilhelm's brother Erik stopped by for lunch. How was your time with Felice?"

Wille appreciated how casually she said it, as if it was every day the future king of the country came over for lunch.

"Uh, good," she stuttered.

"Uh Sara, this is Erik," Simon introduced, "Erik this is my sister Sara."

"A pleasure to meet you Sara," Erik nodded, "Sorry about the suits, it was that or they come in the house."

She didn't reply as he continued. "Can't have anyone try to assassinate me over lunch," he joked.

"A pleasure to meet you," she said finally, doing a slight curtsy as she tipped her head. She turned towards Linda, "I need to go put my stuff away."

Linda nodded as Sara turned to leave, looking back to glance at Erik before exiting the room.

Simon began collecting the plates and Erik stood to help him, waving his arm in dismissal when they told him not to worry about it.

After setting them down in the sink he sighed, “It was really lovely to meet you both, thank you for having me. Unfortunately I should get going so I can make it back to Stockholm before it gets dark.”

“Of course,” Linda replied, “We were happy to have you, thank you so much for coming.”

Wille walked him to the door, Simon trailing behind them.

“It was nice to meet you Simon,” Erik grinned, pulling Simon into a hug, “You’ll have to keep me updated on every embarrassing thing Wille does.”

Simon laughed, “I will.”

Erik turned to Wille, “Do you want a ride back to Hillerska or are you staying here?”

“We can give you a ride late if you want,” Simon offered and Wille nodded.

“I think I’ll hang out with Simon for a bit before heading back,” Wille said to Erik.

Erik smirked, “Is that what the kids are calling it these days?”

Wille punched his arm and Erik laughed before pulling him into a tight hug.

“I’m proud of you,” he said quietly, just for Wilhelm to hear. Wille felt his eyes tear up as he tightened his grip around Erik. “Thank you for coming to spend time with me, it was really good to see you.”

“It was really good to see you too,” Wille responded. He pulled away and looked at Erik, “Thank you for everything.” He hoped Erik understood what he was trying to say, thank you for accepting me, thank you for not treating me any differently, thank you for being my big brother.

“Drive safe,” he said instead.

“Always do,” Erik shot back, waving as he got into the back of the SUV and it pulled away. Wille’s phone dinged a moment later.

ERIK

I like him

You better keep him

WILLE

I plan to

—

After helping Linda with the dishes, the two of them sat on the couch, catching each other up on their weekends. Sara came out shortly after, looking around like she was making sure Erik was gone.

“You didn’t tell me the crown prince was going to be here,” she glared at Simon as she sat down on the armchair.

“I didn’t know you were going to be here!” Simon exclaimed, “I thought you’d still be with Felice.”

He turned to Wilhelm, “Sara had a HUGE crush on Erik growing up.”

Sara’s eyes widened, “Simon that was a secret!”

“No it wasn’t,” Simon snickered, “You had a magazine poster of him on your wall when you were in year 5.”

“Wait,” Wille interrupted, “It wasn’t that one with the cartoon hearts around him while he held a puppy was it?” He remembered all the girls in his school asking him to get Erik to sign it when it came out.

“No,” Sara mumbled as Simon nodded laughing.

“Yes it was!” Simon teased.

“Do you want me to call him back?” Wille grinned.

“Shut up,” Sara blushed.

“If you change your mind I’ve got an in with the prince,” Simon winked. Sara kicked his leg before pulling a blanket around her shoulders and turning away, pulling out her phone.

Simon laughed before standing up, taking Wille’s hand to lead him to his room. Wille sat on the bed as Simon closed the door, grinning when Simon planted himself on his lap, knees on either side of his legs. He wrapped his arms around Simon’s waist, tilting his head up to meet Simon’s lips in a kiss.

“I like your brother,” Simon said after they pulled away.

“He liked you too,” Wille smiled, “He said I should keep you.”

“You better,” Simon whispered, leaning down to kiss Wille again. They stayed wrapped up together, kissing and talking until it got late and Wille had to go back to the school.

—

They barely managed to get anytime alone together that week. Since Wille had spent the weekend with Erik, August made it his mission to tag along wherever he went, dropping Erik’s name constantly in conversation. Wilhelm discovered that sitting beside Felice was a very effective way to keep August away, so he always went to workies as early as possible to get a spot at her table. He felt slightly guilty at the way August’s face would fall when he came into the room and noticed, but then he would say something particularly stupid at dinner and he wouldn’t feel that bad anymore. Simon and Sara joined them

at the table, Wille smiling to himself as Simon knocked their knees together.

“We’re invited to sleep at Ayub’s this weekend,” Simon said quietly once Sara and Felice were caught up in their own conversation.

“We?” Wille asked, surprised they thought of him.

Simon blushed, “They may have noticed that I’m more likely to say yes if you’ll be there too.”

“Careful,” Wille grinned, “Someone might think you like me or something.”

“Never,” Simon fake gasped, the smile returning to his face as he looked down at his textbook.

“When?” Wille asked.

“Saturday, Rosh is also going.”

“Okay, sounds fun!” Wille was excited that Simon’s friends liked him enough to invite him. He enjoyed hanging out with them and he definitely wasn’t complaining about the excuse to spend more time with Simon. Simon smiled at him and squeezed his leg under the table before getting back to his work.

Chapter End Notes

> Simon and Erik have officially met! I love Linda and Erik taking a moment to acknowledge that those two are NOT subtle at all.

Next chapter is a fun lil sleepover with Rosh and Ayub, maybe some classic teen party games like truth or dare? Not sure about that part yet.

Whenever I upload the next chapter or look at the clock and see just how much time I've spent on this fic i always think of Hamilton "why do you writer like your'e running out of time". I usually get too excited to upload to proofread so apologies in advance for any typos, i normally read through and fix them within a day

Simon's POV telling Linda he's dating Wille

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> I know I mentioned at the end of the last chapter they might play a game like never have I ever, I tried writing it but I feel like I couldn't get it to fit naturally so maybe another time!
>
> The Schitt's creek episode I reference that they watch in this chapter is Open Mic - if you watch Schitt's creek you know exactly what episode I'm talking about 😈

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Erik video called Wille Friday afternoon while he was packing his bag.

"Hey little brother!" Erik greeted.

"Hey Erik!" Wille smiled. They had started talking more regularly again, it was easier now that he wasn't keeping any secrets anymore. He hadn't realized how much he missed casual calls with his brother.

"Packing for Simon's?" Erik teased, "I hope you're packing protection."

Wille flipped him off and Erik laughed.

"For your information," Wille casually began, "I'm not going to Simon's."

"Oh?" Erik raised his eyebrow. "Where are you going then?"

“A friend’s,” Wille answered.

“What’s their name?”

“Ayub.”

Erik narrowed his eyes, “you’ve never mentioned them before.”

“Fine!” Wille exclaimed, “they’re Simon’s friend, happy?”

Erik grinned, “So Simon will be there?”

“Yes,” Wille rolled his eyes.

“Look at you!” Erik beamed, “Having a boyfriend is doing wonders for your social life.”

“I can make my own friends!” Wille protested.

“Who?”

“Uh,” Wille hated that he was struggling to think of people. He’d had friends at his old school, at least he’d thought he did. No one had reached out since he moved to Hillerska though so he wondered if they ever really were. “Felice.”

“One person,” Erik teased.

“Leave me alone,” Wille grumbled, “I got Simon on my own didn’t I?”

Wille did not like the smirk on Erik’s face, “I have no idea how you managed that considering you told him you weren’t like that and asked him to forget about it.”

Wille’s jaw dropped, “I did NOT tell you that.”

“No,” Erik looked far too satisfied, “you didn’t.”

“Have you been talking to Simon?!” Wille exclaimed, too scared to know the answer. Erik waggled his eyebrows and really that said it all.

“Well you weren’t giving me any more details on how you got together!” Erik defended himself.

Wille buried his face in his hands, “I can’t believe he told you that.”

Erik just laughed.

“I have to go,” Wille glared at him, “I’m going to be late.”

“Have fun at your sleepover!” Erik waved.

“Bye,” Wille grumbled as he hung up. As embarrassed as he was he was glad that Erik had so seamlessly accepted Simon. He just wished it didn’t result in them deciding to swap embarrassing moments.

Wille met Simon by the bus stop, grinning when he saw him. Sara wasn’t there yet, she must have still been finishing up at the stables.

“Hey baby,” Simon greeted when Wille got closer.

“Simon!” Wille protested, “you can’t just *call* me that when we’re in public.”

“There’s no one around,” Simon raised his eyebrow motioning around him. “Do you not like it?”

“That’s not the problem,” Wille blushed, “it’s just… a lot. It’s different when I know we’re alone.”

“Okay?” Simon replied. Wille could tell he didn’t get it but he was grateful he wasn’t pushing it. Wille didn’t know how to tell him that it made him dizzy, and that he didn’t want anyone else to see just how much it affected him. There was also the matter that Simon had mostly only called him that in bed, which he was refusing to think about when the bus was pulling up.

“Is Sara coming?” Wille asked.

“Nah she’s staying back to ride, mamá is picking her up later,” Simon replied as he got onto the bus, Wille followed and they went back to what had become their regular spot in the back.

“So you’ve been talking to Erik?” Wille asked once they were settled.

“He messaged me on instagram,” Simon said casually, as if he hadn’t just revealed he’d been talking to Wille’s brother, the crown prince, over instagram.

“I think you two are conspiring to kill me,” Wille sighed, leaning against Simon. He’d ridden this bus route with him enough times now that people didn’t pay as much attention to him, and it was nice to feel like they had some semblance of privacy.

Simon laughed, squeezing Wille’s leg as Rosh and Ayub got on.

“What’s up?” Ayub greeted as he sat down beside them. “Ready to get your ass handed to you in FIFA?” He asked, turning to Wille.

“FIFA?” Wille asked.

“It’s a video game,” Simon explained, laughing at Wille’s pained expression.

“You know I’m terrible at video games,” he groaned.

“I know,” Simon grinned, “We won’t hold it against you.”

“I will,” Rosh added deadpan, and it took Wille a second to realize she wasn’t serious.

It felt strange to not get off at the stop by Simon's house, instead staying on until a few stops later.

"My dad works nights," Ayub explained as he unlocked the door, "so no one else will be here."

Wille just caught a brief glimpse of the upstairs as they went down into the basement. There was a small living room with a bathroom and bedroom attached to it.

"Make yourself at home," Ayub called out as he walked into the bedroom, closing the door behind him. Rosh turned on the tv and grabbed controllers and Simon flopped onto the couch, patting the spot beside him for Wille to sit. By the time Ayub came back out in a hoodie and sweats, Rosh had started the game and Simon was trying to explain to Wille the controls. Wille gave up about half an hour in, instead sitting back and watching them play, enjoying seeing Simon joke around with his friends.

"One day we'll find a game you're good at," Simon promised him, and Wille just rolled his eyes. He was pretty sure it was a lost cause at this point. They'd ordered pizza earlier and finally decided to stop playing when it arrived. Rosh turned on Netflix to watch while they ate.

"Any requests?" Rosh asked, turning on Netflix.

"Schitt's Creek!" Simon exclaimed, "Wille and I are on season four."

Rosh shrugged, tossing him the remote. Wille grabbed them both slices before sitting beside Simon. Simon turned on the next episode, they hadn't watched together since the time with Erik. The first

episode went by fairly uneventfully, they ate their pizza and traded occasional comments. Wilhelm and Simon were squished together on the couch with Ayub sitting on the other side, and Rosh was in her own chair, legs thrown up over the side. Wilhelm wished that he'd had a moment alone with Simon between school and now, because being so close to him without being able to even hold his hand was torture. It didn't help that everytime David and Patrick were together on screen he imagined what it could be like for them to be open like that. He almost felt like he wouldn't mind if Ayub and Rosh knew, Simon trusted them, and Wille liked them. It wasn't even as big of a secret anymore now that Linda, Sara, and Erik knew. It didn't stop the anxiety in his chest when he thought about saying anything, especially since he was the reason they'd been keeping it a secret. He knew it wasn't fair to Simon and surely his friends would see that too. He'd brushed it aside, choosing to instead focus on the episode. And then the song happened. Onscreen Patrick got on stage and dedicated a song to David, and Wille really wasn't expecting much. Except then it turned out to be a love song, and really sweet and romantic. Wille was sitting beside his boyfriend while they watched the most romantic scene he'd seen between two boys and it was overwhelming. He wanted *that* with Simon. He felt like he had that with Simon.

Before he could overthink it he reached out and took Simon's hand, lacing their fingers together. It was a small gesture, their hands were already close to each other anyways, but the small smile on Simon's face made it feel like the most important thing in the world. It reminded him of the movie night when he'd first held Simon's hand. This time though, instead of running off, when Ayub had turned his head and noticed them Wille gripped tighter. Simon smiled wider at the gesture. He didn't let go until the credits came onscreen and Rosh paused it, claiming that she needed some air, pointedly telling Ayub to go with her. Wille realized they were intentionally leaving him and Simon alone together, and he wondered if he'd made a mistake. They were quiet until they heard the door shut upstairs, then Simon turned to Wille with a small smile on his face.

"Sorry," Wille apologized quickly, "I should have asked."

"Hey," Simon smiled, leaning their foreheads together. "You don't

have to ask to hold my hand."

"But they could see," Wille replied nervously, "was that okay?"

Simon nodded, leaning in to kiss him, keeping his hand on Wille's neck when he pulled away, "Does that mean you're okay with them knowing?"

"I guess," Wille hesitated, "I'll be honest I didn't think it through much more than knowing that I really wanted to hold your hand."

"Sap," Simon grinned, leaning into him.

"I know that you trust them, and I trust you," Wille began, "so if you want to tell them you can."

"I think I have to now," Simon laughed, "There's no way they won't grill me about it the second they get me alone."

"You should go talk to them, I'm sure they're waiting for you."

"Are you sure?" Simon asked, looking at Wille for any signs of doubt.

"I don't know how comfortable I'd be being super affectionate around them," Wille confessed, "but I like you, maybe it's time they finally knew your feelings aren't one sided."

Simon pulled him into another kiss, "I'll be right back. Are you going

to be okay here on your own?”

Wille nodded, squeezing Simon’s hand as he walked away towards the stairs. Wille pulled out his phone, trying to distract himself as he bit his thumb. A few minutes later Simon came back downstairs, Wille was relieved to see he was smiling. Simon sat down right in Wille’s lap, wrapping his arms around him as he kissed his neck.

“They said it was about time,” he laughed, “they’re happy for us, they like you.”

Wille relaxed, some of the tension he’d been holding fading from Simon’s presence. They cuddled for a minute before they heard the door upstairs open and Simon moved off his lap to sit beside himself. Rosh yelled from the top of the stairs, “Is it safe to come down or are you two making out?”

She didn’t wait for them to answer, instead coming straight down. Simon rolled his eyes and muttered, “Why even ask?”

Ayub followed her down.

“Movie?” He asked.

“Let’s pull out the futon first,” Simon answered, “more comfy.”

Ayub directed Wille to the hallway cupboard to get blankets, and he came back to the couch pulled out into a bed. It was squished with all four of them on it and Rosh sighed, “Simon I get this is new for you but for the love of god just get into Wille’s personal space so the rest of us can have some room please, this is only really big enough for

three people.”

“Fuck off,” Simon muttered but moved from his place on the bed.

Rosh rolled her eyes but she and Ayub adjusted so there was more room between them. It left almost no room for Simon, who sat in front of Wille as Ayub and Rosh turned their attention to the screen, flipping between movies.

“Is this okay?” He asked quietly. Wille thought back to how he’d said earlier he wasn’t comfortable being too affectionate in front of them. He still wasn’t, but Simon was looking at him so earnestly that he couldn’t say no. He also couldn’t resist the chance to have Simon close to him so he nodded, lifting up his blanket so Simon could squish in with him. Simon was practically in his lap, but he wasn’t complaining. They finally picked an old thriller and settled in. About halfway through Wille could tell that Simon had fallen asleep. He’d been tracing patterns into Wille’s arm and suddenly stopped and his breathing got deeper. Ayub and Rosh both noticed shortly after, and took a close up picture of Simon’s face. At one point he adjusted from his position on his back to his side, hand gripping Wille’s shirt as he buried his face into his chest. When the credits rolled Simon was still fast asleep, and Wille was unable to move from under him. Rosh and Ayub were getting off the bed to leave when the movement made Simon stir. He blinked his eyes halfway open and sat up, looking around before he seemed to remember where he was.

“I’m assuming you two are staying in this bed,” Rosh asked him when she noticed he was awake. He nodded, yawning again and moving over, lying down with his head on the pillow.

“Goodnight,” he mumbled.

“Goodnight sleepyhead,” Ayub teased. Simon flipped him off before

using the same hand to tug on Wille's shirt, pulling him down to the bed.

"Cuddle," Simon mumbled, ignoring Rosh's snicker as she clearly heard him. Ayub and Rosh went to Ayub's room, shutting the door behind them leaving Simon and Wille alone.

"Simon," Wille said gently as Simon tried to move on top of him, "I need to change."

Simon groaned as he moved away. Wille got up quickly before Simon could grab him again.

"I don't want to sleep in jeans," he murmured, "I don't think you do either."

Simon sat up at this and moved to the edge of the bed, fumbling around for his bag. Wille grabbed it for him and handed him his sweatpants. By the time he had changed Simon had barely gotten his shirt off and was falling asleep sitting up. He gently put his hand on his shoulder, "Simme are you going to change?"

"Too tired," Simon mumbled, and Wille thought it might have been the most adorable thing he'd ever seen. "Help me?"

Wille nodded, helping Simon out of his jeans and replacing them with sweats.

"Do you want a tshirt?" Wille asked and Simon shook his head no as he crawled back under the covers, patting on the bed beside him. Wille climbed in and Simon immediately wrapped his arm around his

stomach, falling quickly back to sleep with his face buried in Wille's neck. Wille traced circles onto Simon's back until he found himself falling asleep soon after.

—

When Wille woke up the next morning Simon was still wrapped around him. He couldn't help but smile. He was used to them being wrapped up in eachother, always finding excuses to touch, but hadn't realized Simon could be so clingy when he was tired. He loved it. Shortly after Rosh came out of Ayub's room yawning.

"Has he moved at all since last night?" Rosh asked when he saw Simon.

"Barely," Wille said quietly, not wanting to wake him.

She looked between the two of them before responding, "he really likes you, you're all he ever talks about anymore."

Wille's heart raced, he knew Simon liked him, but hearing that he was on Simon's mind as much as Simon was on his made him feel warm inside.

"I get if you're not ready to be out or whatever, and like it's not anyone's business anyways" Rosh continued, "but Simon has a big heart and he loves really deeply, so don't fuck this up."

Wille nodded, "I know I come with a lot of complications, but I would never do anything to hurt Simon."

Rosh looked satisfied with the answer, leaving to go upstairs to the kitchen. Simon stirred in his arms, looking up at him and blinking, “What time is it?”

Wille shrugged, “sometime in the morning.”

Simon put his head back down, hand grazing under Wille’s t-shirt to draw figure eights.

“I don’t wanna get up,” Simon grumbled, “can we just stay here?”

Wille smiled, “I think Ayub would kick us out eventually.”

“He wouldn’t,” Simon said into Wille’s shirt, “I’ve stayed here way too many times now.”

Ayub chose that moment to open his door, glancing at the two of them before heading to the stairs, “Are you coming to get food?”

“No,” Simon pouted, “I’m going back to bed.”

Ayub laughed as he went upstairs.

“We should eat something Simon,” Wille laughed as Simon refused to unwrap himself from Wille.

Simon lightly bit down on his shoulder, “done.”

Wilhelm rolled his eyes, “you know that’s not what I meant.”

“I can think of some other things I’d put in my mouth,” Simon said cheekily as he pinched Wille’s hip.

“Cold pizza?” Wille asked, trying to change the topic because he refused to get hard on a futon at Ayub’s house.

“Mmmm, I think my idea is better,” Simon hummed.

Wille gulped, “Simon this is not happening right now.”

“I was talking about pop tarts,” Simon scoffed, “get your mind out of the gutter.”

“You’re the worst,” Wille groaned as Simon laughed, getting up and throwing on the sweater Wille wore the previous night. It was so unfair of Simon to do that and then wear Wilhelm’s clothes. Frankly, it should be illegal.

“Let’s go have breakfast,” Simon offered his hand out for Wille to take. As they were starting to climb the stairs Simon turned back to him, “then maybe later we can have dessert.”

He ran up the rest of the stairs, leaving a flustered Wilhelm standing there, needing to compose himself before going to the main floor.

Chapter End Notes

I've been thinking there are some moments where it could be good to see Simon's point of view, so I'm considering making this a series and adding a second work for chapters of Simon's thoughts during different points in the story.

Please tell me if this is something you would want and what scenes you would like to see!!!!

The moments I've thought of so far to maybe write are Erik messaging Simon on instagram, and Simon's talk with Rosh and Ayub during the sleepover

Update: Simon's messages with Erik Simon's talk with Rosh and Ayub

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

things get ~spicy~ again

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Wilhelm got to the kitchen Rosh and Ayub were on their phones eating leftover pizza while Simon opened a box of poptarts.

“Want some?” Simon asked as he put them in the toaster.

“Sure,” Wille nodded, sitting at the table and pulling out his own phone.

Simon put a plate in front of him, sitting beside him as he bit into a pop tart, immediately gasping about iit being too hot. Rosh and Ayub snickered as Simon glared at them, drinking cold water.

When Simon dropped a piece of icing on his lap, Wilhelm concentrated very hard on NOT thinking about the syrup he’d spilled two weeks ago. Almost as if he could read his mind, Simon turned to look at him. Wilhelm was pretty sure he knew exactly what he was doing as he looked into Wille’s eyes, licking his finger clean. Wille nervously glanced at Rosh and Ayub who were still looking at their phones. Wille went back on his own phone to distract himself. It only worked for a moment before Simon texted him.

SIMON

is something wrong? 😈

WILLE

no everything is great

SIMON

you seem distracted 😏😏

WILLE

you're such a little shit

you knew exactly what you were doing

SIMON

i have no idea what you're talking about 😇

if they weren't here rn would you kiss me

WILLE

they ARE here

SIMON

if they weren't though

just curious

id kiss you

wish it was you licking my fingers instead

Wille read the last text just as he took a sip of water. When he saw the words he choked on it, coughing frantically as Simon patted his back.

“Are you okay?” Ayub asked, a look of concern on his face when Wille had stopped coughing.

Wille nodded, “yeah, water just went down the wrong way.”

Simon snickered and Wille glared at him. They all went back downstairs, throwing on some morning cartoons. Wille dreaded looking when his phone buzzed again and he saw Simon smirk at him.

SIMON

drink went down the wrong way huh?

kind of wanna make a joke about that

WILLE

shut up

SIMON

i can think of some ways you could make me

WILLE

SIMON

SIMON

yes baby?

WILLE

ohmygod stop

SIMON

stop what?

WILLE

you're insufferable

SIMON

rude

Sara is going riding today

WILLE

Ok?

SIMON

my mom is driving her and then running errands

WILLE

so?

SIMON

soooo they'll be gone for a few hours

WILLE

….

when

SIMON

Idk soon i think

just thought you might find that interesting

WILLE

that is… interesting

SIMON

i have no idea how we could keep ourselves occupied just the two of us alone for that long

WILLE

i might have some ideas

SIMON

oh?

do tell

Simon was going to be the death of him. He hesitated on the best way to respond when Rosh's voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

“Are you two texting each other?” She asked accusingly.

Wille froze, meanwhile Simon just smirked, he was such a little shit.

“Ohmygod,” Rosh exclaimed, “stop flirting in front of us.”

“We weren’t doing anything,” Simon answered innocently.

“Show me your phone then,” Rosh’s eyes narrowed.

Simon abruptly stood, “you know what I don’t have to do shit.”

He picked up his bag, “If this is how you’re going to be Wille and I are leaving.”

He pretended to be upset but Wille could see the playful glint in his eyes.

“Good riddance,” Rosh laughed, throwing a pillow at him.

“Um, thank you for having me,” Wille blurted awkwardly, waving as Simon dragged him to the stairs.

“Be safe!” Ayub called after them as they went up. Wille assumed they were going to the front door but when they were on the main floor Simon turned and yanked Wille down into a kiss, sucking on his bottom lip.

“Simon,” Wille whispered, his voice sounding hoarse as Simon kissed down his neck, “your friends are downstairs.”

“Ugh,” Simon groaned, taking Wille’s hand as they walked to the door. He dropped it when they stepped outside and began walking to Simon’s. They were silent as they walked, not touching although Wille swore he could feel electricity between them. He stared at the ground, not trusting himself to look at Simon and not jump him right there. When they finally got to Simon’s Linda and Sara were just getting into the car.

“Hi Simon, hi Wilhelm,” Linda greeted as they walked up. “I’m just going out for a bit but will be back in a few hours. We’ll be back in time for dinner.”

“Okay, thanks Mama,” Simon replied, waving as he walked up to the front door. Wille followed him inside, dropping his bag in surprise when Simon pushed him against the door, effectively closing it. He felt Simon fumble beside him and heard the lock in the door click shut as Simon pressed up against him, slotting their mouths together. Wille brought his hands up to Simon’s hair, tugging on the curls as Simon moaned into his mouth, hand sneaking up Wille’s sweater and pressing his leg between his. They both jumped apart when they heard a key in the door, Simon fixing his hair as Sara stepped in.

“I forgot my helmet,” Sara said slowly, raising her eyebrow at the two of them standing in the entryway.

Simon nodded, stepping aside for Sara to pass, not saying anything. She returned a moment later from her room, helmet in hand.

“I’ll see you later,” she narrowed her eyes at them as they both

nodded, still silent. Wille didn't trust his voice. She gave them one last suspicious look, before leaving, shutting the door behind her. When they were both alone Wille wasn't sure whether to laugh or bury his face in his hands. Simon grinned at him, face red, as he locked the door again then took Wille's hand. He led them to his bedroom, shutting the door behind them. Wille put his bag on the ground, turning to face Simon, whose hands were already sliding back under his shirt. Wille pulled him in closer, kissing down his neck as he felt Simon lifting his shirt. He pulled back for a minute so he could pull it over his head, immediately moving back to the spot on Simon's neck he had left off.

"Wille," Simon gasped, "I swear to god you better not give me another hickey. Not where anyone can see at least."

Wille grinned, "better show me some skin where I can leave one then."

Simon's eyes widened as he took off his shirt, tossing it aside as Wille pulled him by his waistband to the bed, turning them so Simon fell onto it backwards. Wille climbed on, hovering over him as he kissed Simon rolling his hips down against him. Simon's hands grabbed his ass as Wille began kissing down his chest, hands unbuttoning his jeans. Simon lifted his hips for Wille to slide them down, removing his boxers at the same time. Simon tangled his fingers in Wille's hair as Wille continued kissing downward, focusing on his hip bone.

Simon gasped, biting back a moan, "What are you doing?"

Wille pulled off, admiring his handiwork as he replied, "You said I couldn't leave any marks where someone could see them. So I'm going to mark you up where they can't."

Simon's eyes widened as Wille moved his head back down, this time

focusing on Simon's inner thigh. Each time he left a mark he moved over slightly to leave another one nearby. He continued moving up Simon's thigh, getting close to but not touching his length.

As much as he wanted to suck Simon off, he also wanted to tease him for the way he'd been teased earlier. He continued kissing along his thigh, hands lightly wandering along Simon's chest, smirking when he felt Simon shudder beneath him.

"Baby," Simon moaned, "please."

Wille pretended not to hear him, gently biting Simon's hip.

"Please," Simon gasped, "need you, please baby."

Simon's pleading broke Wille's resolve as he moved his hand to grip Simon, kissing his way up from the base. Simon's head fell back as Wille wrapped his lips around him, moaning as he began to pump his hand. Simon squirmed underneath him as he he bobbed his head, hand moving faster.

"Wille," Simon panted, shuddering, "wait."

Wilhelm stopped immediately, looking up at Simon, "are you okay?"

Simon nodded frantically, "Yes, fuck, I just- wanna- wanna try coming at the same time."

Wille felt his mouth go dry as he nodded and moved back up to kiss him, arm wrapping around Simon's waist. Simon rolled them over so Wille was on his back, unbuttoning his pants and not even bothering

to take them off before sticking his hand in Wille's boxers. Wille felt his heart race as Simon began to pump him, kissing down his chest.

"You got me so close baby," Simon moaned, "wanna get there together."

Wille felt his hips buck up, his whole body on fire at Simon's words. Simon mimicked Wille's earlier actions, kissing bruises into his thighs and hip bones before finally taking Wille in his mouth.

"Simon," he panted, head rolling back at the sensation of his boyfriend licking up his cock while fondling him.

He bit down on his lip as his vision started to blur, "Simon, I'm so close."

He felt Simon move off him, pulling his clothes all the way off before covering him with his body. Simon kissed him, hand gentle on his cheek.

"Can you touch me again?" Simon asked quietly, desperately, looking at Wille through his eyelashes. Wille nodded, moving so they were lying facing each other before taking Simon in his hand, looking into Simon's eyes. Simon leaned their foreheads together as he put his hand back on Wille, moving slowly. Wille felt like he was floating, staring into each other's eyes, silence only broken by quiet gasps and moans and their hands moved. Wille felt the familiar tension start to build up again, and he quickened his pace on Simon.

"So close," Simon gasped, and Wille could only nod in response as Simon quickened his pace to match and Wille saw stars, feeling himself release. He felt dizzy and out of his body as he vaguely registered Simon going over the edge with him, feeling him come on

his stomach. They lay there panting, looking into each other's eyes. Wille reached for Simon's hand, wanting to hold his. His brain registered that it was sticky, and he brought it up to his mouth, licking up Simon's palm. Simon moaned, so faintly he almost missed it.

"You're amazing Simon," Wille whispered, not ready to break the quiet they found themselves in.

"Fuck Wille," Simon whispered in return, "You're amazing. I- god I like you so much."

Simon leaned in to kiss him and Wille wrapped his arms around him, taking him with him as he rolled onto his back, eagerly returning the kiss. They made out on the bed, eventually Simon reached for his phone to check the time.

"We have about an hour and a half," he kissed Wille's cheek, "should we go shower?"

Wille nodded, reminded of the sticky mess on both their stomachs, getting up to follow Simon to the bathroom. Simon turned the faucet on, pulling Wille in for another kiss as the water heated up. When they stepped into the shower Wille tilted his head back, closing his eyes feeling the water run through his hair. He opened them again to see Simon staring at him.

"Wille," Simon's voice cracked, "It's not fair."

Wilhelm tilted his head, confused as to what Simon meant.

"How am I supposed to get anything done," Simon continued, running

his hand down Wille's chest, "when you look like that"

"You're one to talk," Wille grinned, wrapping his arm around Simon's waist, "You're so beautiful, the most beautiful person I've ever seen."

Simon blushed, pulling Wille down into a kiss. When Simon pulled away, he unwrapped his arms from Wille, dropping to his knees.

"Is this okay?" he asked quietly, hand on Wille's thigh.

"Yes," Wille gasped out, feeling himself become hard again as Simon kissed along him. Simon was going to be the death of him. Wille leaned back against the shower wall for balance as Simon's hand slowly pumped him while Simon kissed along his pelvis, sucking on the marks he'd already left. Wille whimpered as Simon continued the slow pace, simultaneously being too much and not enough. He felt like his eyes were rolling into the back of his head as Simon's hand gradually picked up speed. Wille was pretty sure his legs were going to give out as he reached a hand out to steady himself. Simon wrapped his other arm around Wille, giving him extra support as Simon brought him to a climax. He was shaking when Simon stood back up and pulled him into his arms, holding him.

"Baby," Wille gasped into Simon's shoulder as he slowly came back to himself.

Simon smiled shyly, "you've never said that before."

Wille could only smile in response, still leaning slightly on Simon for balance.

“Are you,” he mumbled, hand trailing down Simon’s chest.

Simon shook his head, “I don’t know if we have time. Besides, I really wanted that to be about you.”

Wille still felt weak from coming again so soon, so he didn’t complain when Simon rubbed shampoo into his hair, washing it for him as he stayed leaning against him for support. He loved how Simon always wanted to take care of him, he loved how much Simon cared. Once they had both finished rinsing off they wrapped up in towels, blow drying their hair so it wouldn’t be obvious they’d had a shower together. It took a bit longer than Wille had expected, namely because they kept chasing each other with the hair dryer, but they were dry, changed, and cuddling on the couch when Sara and Linda returned.

Sara, thankfully, didn’t say anything about the earlier incident, going to her room to change after riding. After greeting them Linda went to the kitchen to start dinner. Wille sent a quick text to Erik to ask how his weekend was going, although he didn’t expect a response. Erik had invited August to stay with him for the weekend, saying that August needed both a reality check and some cheering up about his recent breakup with Felice. Even though he didn’t understand their friendship, Wilhelm was glad that it meant he got an undisturbed weekend with Simon. They all talked about their weeks over dinner, Wille never got tired of being at Simon’s house. Besides Simon being an obvious factor in his love for the place, his weekends in Bjärstad felt more like home than the palace in a lot of ways. Besides Erik, there wasn’t much about the palace that was very welcoming, and Linda treated him so kindly. Sometimes when he thought about her he wished that she was his mother instead of the queen, but immediately felt guilty for the thought. After dinner, they all watched a movie together, and Wilhelm’s heart felt full when Simon sat beside him on the couch, tucking himself under his arm. Linda looked at them fondly, and Sara didn’t bat an eye after making a comment under her breath about Simon being cheesy. In that moment Wille felt so sure about Simon, about his family, he felt like he could be happy here forever. Was that love?

—

After the movie they all said goodnight, and it wasn't until they were in Simon's room that Wille realized.

"No air mattress this time?" He grinned.

"Mama figured we wouldn't use it," Simon blushed, "I didn't think she would be okay with us sharing a bed but she said she figured we would anyway."

"I'm so glad she's ok with us," Wille breathed out, Linda's acceptance met so much.

"Me too," Simon smiled, "Although, I wish I could have avoided the second sex talk."

"What?" Wille gasped.

Simon groaned, "After I told her about you she insisted we have a talk."

"I don't think I even want to know," Wille stuttered, face hot.

"She was like I know you're a teenager and it's natural to experiment with your boyfriend," Simon made a face and Wille was sure he looked equally as horrified.

“It could have been worse I guess,” Simon shuddered, “She basically just said to make sure we were safe and that I could come to her if I needed.”

“I don’t want to think about Linda knowing we have sex,” Wille grimaced.

“Okay but you’re not the one who had to sit through that talk,” Simon got into the bed.

“Okay,” Wille agreed, climbing in beside him, “You had it worse.”

Simon hummed as he wrapped his arms around Wilhelm.

“Goodnight baby,” Simon kissed him before resting his head on Wille’s chest.

“Goodnight Simon,” Wille whispered back, running his fingers through Simon’s hair as they both fell asleep.

—

Sunday morning they fell back into their routine of eating breakfast in bed while watching Netflix, trading kisses as they ate. After lunch they played cards with Sara before working on homework. Wille was sitting at Simon’s desk, finishing up math when his phone buzzed. He opened it to see a text from Felice.

FELICE

August just apologized to me? Do you know anything about that?

WILHELM

No?? I can't picture him ever apologizing

What did he say

FELICE

That he was sorry for the way he treated me

And for kissing Sara

WILHELM

Ive literally never heard him say sorry before unless it was sarcastic

FELICE

Wtf

WILHELM

I know he was with Erik this weekend? Maybe Erik said something to him

What did you say back

FELICE

I just said thanks for the apology but that it didnt change things

“What’s up?” Simon asked, noticing Wille staring at his phone.

“August apologized to Felice,” Wille responded. It was weird, but maybe August was actually trying to make up for it. Wilhelm thought he had genuinely liked Felice before he acted so weird in their relationship.

“I bet Erik made him,” Simon snorted.

“Yeah, I wonder,” Wille replied, texting Felice that he thought that was the best response before turning back to his math. Even though he hadn’t finished his work, he decided to spend his last hour before going back to Hillerska doing what he did best, distracting Simon. Simon attempted to ignore him to work on school, not lasting for very long until he pulled Wille down onto the bed with him. His homework lay forgotten as they spent the time kissing, content in each other's arms.

—

Needless to say, Wille was in a good mood when he got to Hillerska, though this was quickly dampened by August waiting for him in the common room.

“Hey Wille,” August greeted, “Where have you been?”

“Out with a friend,” Wilhelm answered, hoping August wouldn’t press further. “How was the weekend with Erik?”

Mentioning Erik was the right choice, August quickly launched into

their weekend, effectively distracting him from asking any more questions about Wille's. Wille half listened as he pulled out his math to finish, happy to have an excuse to not talk much longer. Eventually August seemed to get the hint, leaving Wille to finish his homework in peace. He hesitated in the doorway, opening his mouth before closing it and leaving the room.

Chapter End Notes

> I've added this work to a collection, and created a new work in the collection for other POVs! Right now I have Simon's POV up there of his talk with Ayub and Rosh were he tells them him and Wille are together. I also have Simon's instagram messages with Erik that I will be uploading right away!

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

> Ok so for this chapter, canon divergence for Simon and August and Micke. Simon did get the booze for the initiation party, but August paid him back because everyone at forest ridge had to chip in for booze. August talked to Sara about buying drugs, but Simon doesn't get them for him.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday morning August kept looking at Wilhelm strangely, and it was starting to piss him off. He'd texted Erik asking if something had happened over the weekend and Erik just said August needed to talk to him about something. It was driving him crazy to not know what was going on, and he was incredibly anxious by the time it was lunch and he was walking into the dining room. He felt marginally better when he saw Simon sitting at his usual spot at the table, his boyfriend's presence somewhat calming him. He hesitated for a second, then went to sit directly beside him rather than his normal spot across from him. Normally he liked being able to look at Simon, but today he felt like he needed his physical presence to ground him. Simon raised an eyebrow as he sat down, but didn't say anything. A moment later they all stood to pray as the housemaster came in. Once they were seated again Simon murmured under his breath, "are you okay?"

"August is being weird," Wille mumbled, "Erik said he needs to talk to me but I have no idea what about."

He had begun to shake his leg, unable to keep still, and felt Simon's hand rest on it under the table. The touch helped bring him back to the moment, grateful for Simon knowing exactly what he needed. They ate mostly in silence, Simon keeping his leg pressed against Wille's as much as possible without betraying what they were doing. They had nearly finished eating when August got up and walked towards them. Wilhelm moved his leg away, mourning the loss of contact when August stepped behind him, "Can I talk to you?"

Wilhelm turned to look at him, August looked uncomfortable, “Okay.”

August shifted, “In private.”

Wille nodded, purposefully touching his leg against Simon’s again as he pulled out his chair, wanting the reassurance before walking into whatever the fuck this conversation with August. He followed August out into the hall, standing in silence as he waited for him to speak.

“I was-” August opened his mouth to start, but immediately stopped as a student walked by, waiting until they were out of sight again before continuing. “I wanted to apologize.”

Wille’s brow furrowed, he wasn’t expecting *that* , “For what?”

“I know you know what happened with Felice,” August replied.

“Felice and I are just friends,” Wille rolled his eyes.

“Not about that, about Sara,” August looked pained as he continued, “I know you know I kissed her, so I wanted to apologize… for that.”

Wilhelm was genuinely confused, why was August apologizing to him about that? He looked at August in silence, not knowing what to say. August sighed as he opened his mouth again, Wille could tell he would rather be anywhere than this conversation.

“I was jealous of you and Felice, and you’d been hanging out with Sara…” August trailed off.

Suddenly, it made sense. Wille thought back to how Erik told him August had said he was spending time with Sara, had implied that they were seeing each other. Wille could see August's expression the moment that he realized Wille had connected the dots.

"So you kissed Sara, not because she was Felice's friend, but because you thought I liked her and wanted to get back at me for being friends with Felice?" Wille scoffed, it wasn't a question. He realized that that's exactly what happened.

"I'm sorry," August said quietly.

Wille rolled his eyes, he was pissed. Obviously he wasn't into Sara like that, but August had thought he was, and he'd kissed her intentionally to try to hurt Wille.

"You should be apologizing to Sara," Wille replied coldly, "She's the one who you used for some stupid mindgame."

August looked unsure about what to say to that, so Wille decided to end the conversation for him, going back to the dining room. When he sat back down beside Simon he felt Simon's questioning gaze on him.

"Tell you later," he said quietly, pulling out his phone to text Erik.

WILLE

Talked to August

He apologized to me about kissing Sara?

ERIK

Good

He told me about it this weekend

I told him he was a fucking idiot and needed to apologize

WILLE

Of course hes apologizing cause you made him

Not because hes actually sorry

Obviously im not into Sara but he thought i was and did it intentionally to hurt me

Thats not fair to sara to use her like that

ERIK

I know

For what its worth i think he's genuinely sorry about it

WILLE

He's a prick

ERIK

I chewed him out about it

I think he actually didnt realize it was fucked until a laid it out in front of him

WILLE

I dont know if that makes it better or worse

ERIK

He's got some other stuff going on right now

Not an excuse, but i dont think he's thinking clearly

WILLE

What is it

ERIK

Not over text

I'll tell you next time we talk

Wilhelm was antsy the rest of the day. At least August was in a different year so not in any of his classes. As soon as they had free time he met up with Simon to go for a walk, wanting some time alone away from everyone else. While they walked he told him what had happened with August.

"Erik said he's got some other stuff going on," Wille rolled his eyes, "I don't get why he keeps making excuses for him. He wouldn't tell me what it was, said he couldn't tell me over text."

"I might have an idea," Simon bit his lip and Wille paused to turn towards him. "So you remember your initiation party?"

Wille grimaced and nodded, his initiation was something he wished he could forget. The only highlight had been hiding from August with

Simon. Simon had looked radiant with the glow stick on his head like a halo, it was the first time Wille thought about kissing him, the first time he'd had him close enough to kiss.

"I uh, I was the one who got the drinks for it," Simon continued, fidgeting with his hands.

"Why?" Wille asked, confused, "You don't even drink."

Simon sighed, "Sara wasn't friends with Felice yet and having a hard time, mama was really worried about her. August had asked me to get booze in exchange for an invite. Originally I said no, but then Sara got upset at dinner and so I told mama we'd got invited to a party. I agreed to get the booze in exchange for bringing Sara."

Wille nodded, it made sense, he knew how much Simon cared about Sara.

"You know how Sara has ADHD?" He asked, and Wille nodded. "A few days after he asked to buy some of her medication off her, I interrupted him and he asked if I could get him pills. I said no but he seemed pretty desperate, I think he might be using."

"Shit," Wille's eyes widened, "That must be what Erik was talking about."

Simon shrugged as they walked.

"Where uh- where did you get the booze for the party?" Wille asked, curious.

Simon paused, looking nervous again, “There’s something I haven’t told you about, about me.”

Wille felt the familiar rush of anxiety, but focused on Simon, who was looking very anxious himself.

“I know I haven’t talked much about my dad besides saying that he and my mom separated,” Simon looked at the ground as he spoke, “He’s an addict, he started using when I was 10, or at least that’s when I found out about it. He deals booze to high school kids, so I got it from him.”

Wille reached for Simon’s hand, wanting to provide him with some reassurance, grateful that they were hidden by the trees. He rested his forehead against Simon’s, “Thank you for trusting me with that.”

“Sara doesn’t know, we promised we wouldn’t have any contact with him anymore.”

“Do you want to have contact with him?” Wille asked gently.

“I don’t know,” Simon sighed, “Not before, but when I went back to give him the money for the booze he had cleaned and it seemed like he was trying. He was really happy to see me, I felt guilty for only going for the booze.”

“You don’t owe him anything Simon,” Wille kissed his forehead, “You cut off contact for a reason, if you want to see him it should be on your terms.”

Simon leaned into him, “How do you know exactly what to say?”

Wille smiled into his hair, “I don’t know, I just want to take care of you.”

Simon looked up and kissed him, eyes closing as they lost themselves for a moment. It was gone too soon before Simon pulled away, “We should get back before people notice we’re missing.”

Wille groaned, “The weekend with you was not enough, let’s run away together?”

Simon laughed, and Wille beamed at being the one to make Simon smile, “Maybe after choir practice, they’re giving me a new solo for Lucia.”

—

Wille was getting ready for bed on Thursday when his phone rang, Simon’s name popping up. He answered it quickly, it was rare for Simon to call him without texting first.

“Simon?” He asked as he lifted the phone to his ears.

“Hi,” Simon’s voice came across quietly, it sounded like he had been crying.

“Is everything okay?” Wille immediately was filled with concern.

“I went to see my dad,” Simon said quietly, not elaborating any further.

“What do you need?”

“Can I come over?”

“Of course,” Wille replied instantly, “I’ll unlock the window.”

“Ok,” Simon breathed out, “I’ll see you soon.”

Wille went to unlock the window after Simon hung up the phone, then quickly went to the kitchen to make some tea. He went back to his room with the mug, setting it down and fiddling with his phone until he heard the sound of his window sliding open, Simon crawling through. Wille locked the window behind him before sitting on the bed beside Simon, putting his arm around him. Simon leaned into the touch, pushing Wille down until he was on his back, Simon wrapped on top of him. He ran his hands along Simon’s back, rubbing circles as he felt wet spots on his neck. Simon was crying.

“Do you want to talk about it?” He asked quietly.

Simon shook his head no, “not right now, just- just this please.” He tightened his grip around Simon, pressing a kiss into his head. After some time had passed, Simon unwrapped himself from Wille, slowly sitting up, eyes red.

“Do you want tea?” Wille asked, reaching for the mug, “I don’t think

it's hot now anymore but I know you said your mom makes you tea when you aren't feeling well."

Wille wished he could make out the expression on Simon's face. He was looking at him softly as he leaned in to kiss Wille, "Thank you cariño."

"Cariño," Wille breathed out, "What does that mean?"

"It's like baby or sweetheart," Simon shrugged, taking a sip of the tea.

"Cariño," Wille whispered as Simon rested his head against him.

"I mean it Wille," Simon looked at him earnestly, "Thank you."

Wille rubbed his back as Simon put the tea down. He took a deep breath before speaking again, "I didn't tell him I was coming. When I got there he was drunk. I thought that maybe- he'd cleaned up last time I went so I thought maybe things were getting better, but I guess that was just cause he knew I'd be there."

"I'm so sorry Simon," Wille whispered, wiping a tear off his cheek.

"I shouldn't have gotten my hopes up," Simon sniffled, "this is exactly why Sara and I agreed not to talk to him. I feel like I betrayed her."

"He's your father Simon," Wille comforted, "Surely she'd understand?"

Simon shook his head, “she sees things too black and white. He was- he was shit to us, she wouldn’t understand why I’d even think about going back. Can I- can I stay here tonight? I don’t want to think about going home and facing her right now when I’m lying about it.”

“Of course,” Wille rubbed his arm, “you can always stay with me.

Simon kissed him again, pulling him closer as he wrapped his arm around his waist. He moved to sit on Wille’s lap, legs on either side of him as they kissed. Wille leaned into the touch, he knew it wasn’t going to go anywhere else tonight, but he was content to just be there with Simon. When Simon finally pulled away his lips were swollen and he was flushed, he was beautiful. They stripped to their boxers, Wille getting into the bed first and holding his arm out for Simon, who crawled in beside him. Wille kissed his forehead as Simon burrowed into his side, both quickly falling asleep in each other’s arms.

—

When Wille woke up, it was barely light out, and he reached for his phone to see it was 6 am. Simon was still asleep, lying on his stomach with his arm thrown around Wille’s chest. Wille was tempted to curl back up with him and fall back asleep, but at 6am breakfast was just opening, and he knew most people wouldn’t be awake yet. He decided to get up, carefully as not to wake Simon, and threw on some clothes. He slipped out quietly to go to the dining hall. As predicted, there was no one else around. He could hear the showers running, but the dining hall was empty when he stepped in. He worked quickly, making a sandwich for Simon and slipping it into his hoodie before grabbing his own food. He was just finishing his own sandwich when one of the second years stepped in. They waved awkwardly, still to early to try making conversation as Wille turned to go back to his room. Simon was still asleep, and Wille put the sandwiches on his desk before crawling back in bed. Simon reached out toward him, shifting closer to press against him.

“You’re dressed,” Simon mumbled as he reached his hand up the back of Wille’s sweater.

“I went to get breakfast,” Wille said quietly, “Wanted to go before everyone was awake so I could bring you something.”

Simon nuzzled into his neck, and Wille barely heard him murmur, “you’re the best boyfriend.”

Wille smiled at that, still feeling a rush whenever Simon called him his boyfriend, “You’re the best cariño.”

He felt Simon’s grin against his neck, “Your accent is terrible.”

Wille laughed, “I’m trying.”

Simon moved his head away to pull him into a kiss, “What’s for breakfast?”

Wille got up to grab the sandwiches, Simon grumbling about him moving but finally sitting up when Wille passed one to him. They ate mostly in silence, Simon still half asleep.

“How are you feeling today?” Wille asked as Simon started to look more awake.

Simon shrugged, “Better I guess, thank you for last night.”

“I didn’t do much,” Wille responded and Simon rolled his eyes.

“You were there for me,” Simon said earnestly, “You made me tea and you held me, and now this morning you made me breakfast.”

“I just wanted to take care of you,” Wille blushed.

“You do,” Simon smiled sheepishly before a full grin returned to his face. “I’m going to expect this all the time now.”

“Have I created a monster?” Wille laughed.

“Yes,” Simon shot back, “A very demanding monster who needs to be kissed and cuddled every night and fed breakfast in bed.”

“I wouldn’t complain,” Wille smiled, sure his goofy grin looked absolutely ridiculous but too happy with Simon to care.

“Sap,” Simon leaned in to kiss him.

“Only for you baby,” Wille winked and Simon’s jaw dropped.

“Get over here,” he grumbled, pulling Wille into a kiss, sandwich forgotten as he crawled onto Wille’s lap. He knelt with his knees on either side of Wille’s legs, mimicking their position the previous night, except this time more desperate. Wille pulled Simon closer, trying to hold in a moan as Simon shifted on his lap, pressing their hips together.

“I see why you didn’t want me calling you baby at the bus stop,” Simon breathed out, tracing his hand along Wille’s chest.

Wille smirked, he felt like he was always breathless with Simon and relished having the upper hand for once, “Why is that baby?”

He bucked his hips as he said it and Simon’s eyes widened, dark.

“You’re going to kill me,” Simon moaned as Wille kissed down his neck.

“Not right now,” Wille murmured, before whispering into his ear, “We need to get ready for class.” He blew gently on Simon’s ear, kissing Simon’s jaw before pulling away.

Simon glared at him, “we can skip.”

Wille laughed, “no we can’t.”

“Wilhelm.” Simon said slowly, and Wille froze, Simon never called him by his full name. Seeing he had Wille’s attention he purposefully ground down on his lap, “skip class with me.”

Suddenly, the reasons why they shouldn’t were becoming increasingly more difficult to remember, especially when Simon’s mouth was on his neck. But then he thought about having to explain why he wasn’t in class. He could say he was sick but then Erik would try to check up on him and immediately call him out on his bullshit. He sighed as he pulled away, shifting Simon off his lap.

“Rude,” Simon mumbled as he started to get dressed sticking his tongue out at Wille.

“Mature,” Wille laughed, fixing his shirt and putting on his watch.

“I’ll see you at lunch?” Simon asked, smiling at him, and Wille couldn’t help but smile back as he nodded. Simon peeked out the window to make sure the coast was clear before opening it. He turned to kiss Wille one more time before leaving, whispering in his ear, “bye baby.” He scampered out the window before Wille could respond. Wille laughed, Simon was such a tease but he loved it. He was pretty sure he loved everything about Simon. The thought ran through his mind so quickly that at first he didn’t think about it. But then, he saw him again across the courtyard, walking to his class. He was distracted on his phone and tripped over something on the ground, catching himself before falling all the way down. Wille couldn’t help but laugh, it shouldn’t have been so endearing. At lunch, Simon played footsie with him under the table, his heart melting at the smile he knew was just for him. He thought back to Simon’s smile that morning, the look in his eyes when Wille had brought him breakfast. It stayed with him throughout the afternoon. He found himself zoning out in class, distracted by the thought of warm brown eyes. If anyone asked what the class was talking about he wouldn’t have been able to answer. He excused himself to go to the washroom, needing fresh air for a moment to clear his head. Instead, he found himself walking towards the choir room, where he knew Simon had practice. He wasn’t planning on going in, but he reasoned with himself that just a quick glance of Simon would be enough to get him through the rest of the day. As he walked down the hallway he heard the choir practicing. It was a song he didn’t recognize, it must have been the one they were preparing for Lucia. Then their voices as one voice got louder, Simon’s solo, Wille froze in the hallway, then couldn’t help himself from peeking through the window to see Simon standing there, a faint smile on his face as he sang. It wasn’t exactly a secret that he loved Simon’s voice, it’s what had drawn him to Simon in the first place. Still, he wasn’t prepared for the onslaught of emotions he felt hearing it again. Awe and admiration and pride that Simon was his. He felt dizzy as they overtook him, Simon’s face in his mind, the feeling of being wrapped up together, feeling so happy, so *in love*. He felt a rush of

clarity, because of course it was love, what else could it be? He stayed leaning against the wall, listening until Simon's solo was done. He didn't want to go back to class, but he knew he'd been gone far too long. The teacher raised an eyebrow at him when he returned, but didn't say anything. Class was dismissed shortly after, and he went straight to his room, needing a moment alone to think. He was in love with Simon. He didn't know if it was considered too soon in their relationship, or how Simon felt. It was still unfair of him to ask Simon to keep their relationship a secret, Simon had to make so many sacrifices to be with him. Wille would never want to push him, or make him feel pressured to say it back. As much as he wanted to make some grand declaration, he would keep it to himself for now, because what if he said something and Simon didn't say it back? It was enough for now, to know his feelings, and to know Simon cared for him, that he wanted to be with him. Wille never would have imagined he'd even be able to have *this*. A relationship, to be happy with someone he loved, and he was going to hold on tight.

WILLE

any plans this weekend?

SIMON

What did you have in mind? 👀

WILLE

Date #3?

SIMON

absolutely □

Chapter End Notes

our baby boy is in love!!!

Groupchat with Simon, Rosh, and Ayub that takes place during

this chapter

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Once Wille had let himself acknowledge his feelings for Simon, he wondered how he hadn't come to this conclusion earlier. Every time he looked at Simon all he could think about was how much he loved him. When their eyes met across the table while they ate, he was in love. When his phone buzzed with a text from Simon, he was in love. Even at rowing practice being forced to share a boat with August, he saw Simon across the water and was overwhelmed with the feeling. And then there were the moments in the week they managed to slip away together, a rushed kiss in an empty classroom, getting to workies early to hold hands under the table before anyone else came in. It was exhilarating, he was pretty sure he never stopped smiling. So when he was thinking of how to plan another date, he wanted to blow Simon out of the fucking water, which was how he found himself calling Erik for help despite knowing he would be teased all the way till Christmas.

"Hey Wilhelm!" Erik greeted, smiling as the camera focused.

"Hi Erik," Wille waved.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of an early morning call with my baby brother?"

Wille bit his lip, "maybe I just wanted to say hi?"

Erik smirked, "Nice try."

“Okay, fine,” Wille groaned, “I maybe need your help with something.”

“Does this something have to do with a charming young boy who you never shut up about?” Erik grinned.

Wille glared at him through the screen, “I don’t *never* shut up about him.”

Erik rolled his eyes, “Stay in denial then. What’s up?”

“It’s my turn to plan a date and I wanna do something big, but I’m kind of restricted at the school.”

Erik grinned, “You’re such a little romantic.”

Wille groaned, a blush rising on his cheek, “I’m regretting telling you about any of this.”

“Fine, fine,” Erik waved his hand, “What do you need me to do?”

—

Wille was buzzing with energy. It had been a week of making last minute arrangements but it was finally the weekend, the day of his third date with Simon. He’d refused to tell Simon much beyond that he would be needing an overnight bag, and he knew Simon was going crazy trying to figure out what was going on. As if Simon could sense Wille was thinking about him, his phone buzzed with his texts.

SIMON

give me a hint on what we're doing tonight

Pleeease

WILLE

Sorry i've been sworn to secrecy

SIMON

Youre so full of shit

I know for a fact youre the one swearing people to secrecy

WILLE

who have you been talking to??

SIMON

erik clearly knows your plan

WILLE

i can't believe you're regularly texting my brother

SIMON

dm-ing actually

i think he might be my favourite royal

WILLE

Excuse me

SIMON

Youre excused

WILLE

Youre insufferable

SIMON

You love it

WILLE

Irrelevant

“What are you grinning at?” A voice beside Wille startled him and he nearly dropped his phone to see Felice standing there, looking at him curiously.

“Oh, it’s nothing,” He stumbled out and she raised an eyebrow, clearly aware it wasn’t nothing.

“I won’t push,” she responded, “but if you want to talk about anything, you can talk to me.”

“Thank you Felice,” Wille answered, “I really appreciate it.” He found himself meaning it. Now that they’d established they were best as friends and nothing more, Wille really found himself enjoying her company more and more. Part of him did want to tell her about Simon, but he also wasn’t sure if he was ready to come out. The more people at Hillerska who knew the bigger chance that it would somehow get back to the palace and that was something he *really* wasn’t ready for. They walked together to class, Felice changing the topic to a new ritual that Madison was trying to get her to join in.

—

When classes were out for the day, Wille made his way to the cab he’d called, knowing that Simon would be busy for the next hour and a half with choir. It was surprisingly easy to slip away. Since August’s confession he’d been avoiding Wille again, and when Erik had learned about Simon he’d casually mentioned to the housemaster that Wille might sporadically have visits with Erik some weekends. Technically this wasn’t allowed, but being the crown prince did have its benefits and no one ever questioned Erik’s statement. The drive was around 45 minutes, and then they were pulling up to the cabin Wille had helped Erik rent for the weekend.

It wasn’t his original plan, he’d just been talking about how he wished they could get some time with just the two of them that wasn’t stuck in Simon’s bedroom. Erik made a variety of innuendos about just why Wille might want to have alone time with Simon, but eventually took pity on him when Wille exclaimed that he just wanted them to be able to act like a normal couple without all the secrecy. Erik remembered that there were a lot of cabins for rent shortly out of the area, a third year had thrown a party at one once. He helped Wille discreetly arrange for one of them for the night, in exchange for a favor of his choice. His grin when he said it did not instill any confidence in Wille and he almost completely turned him down until he and Simon had finally gotten a moment alone in his room and August banged on Wille’s door for practice mid makeout. Okay, so maybe Wille’s intentions for the cabin weren’t completely pure, sue him. He was dreading that he owed Erik an unnamed favor now, but he still couldn’t help but feel grateful to his brother for his help. Even just

getting a cab there when he could easily be recognized as a prince was a challenge, and Erik's experiences of sneaking out of Hillerska and travelling discretely as the crown prince was invaluable.

When they pulled up to the cabin, Wilhelm thanked the driver, tipping him generously before entering the code he was given to get in. The cabin wasn't as big as some of the other ones, but it was still fairly fancy, with a big kitchen and bedroom. What really drew Wille to pick it however, was the bathroom. He'd seen pictures of the big soaker tub and remembered taking a bath with Simon, he definitely wanted to do it again, the large walk in shower was also a plus. While he was tempted to explore the place right away when he got inside, he knew that Simon would be getting out of rehearsal soon and he was on a time limit. He knew Simon appreciated thought and effort over cost, so he wanted to try making food for him. His cooking knowledge was extremely limited since they'd always had a chef at the palace, even his parents rarely cooked. He'd spent some time scrolling for beginner recipes before finally settling on homemade pizza. He didn't have enough faith in his nonexistent abilities to to do everything from scratch, so he'd gotten pre-made pizza dough, and focused on making the sauce and the toppings. He'd just started to roll out the dough when Simon texted.

SIMON

done rehearsal!

WILLE

there should be a black cab parked near the bus stop

SIMON

ok?

i see it

where are you?

WILLE

i'm already here

the cab will bring you to meet me

SIMON

right because this doesn't seem sketchy at allll

getting into a random cab

WILLE

i promise you won't get murdered

trust me

it's a bit of a drive, sorry

SIMON

define a bit

WILLE

around 45 minutes?

SIMON

45 MINUTES???

Wille where the fuck?

i assumed we'd be spending the night in your dorm?

WILLE

i'm sorry i should have talked to you more above this first

i wanted it to be a surprise

or i should have waited for you to come here together

Wille was beginning to spiral now. He'd really wanted to surprise Simon but he was just now realizing that if the roles were reversed and he were getting into a random cab to take him to an undisclosed location he would probably have an anxiety attack.

WILLE

fuck sorry i didn't really think about how it would be on your end not knowing what was going on

do you want me to come get you

or tell you what's happening

shit

sorry

SIMON

hey wille it's okay

yeah its definitely weird

but i trust you

maybe you could just give me more of a hint?

so i'm not walking into this blindly

WILLE

of course

i rented a place for us to stay together

for the night

SIMON

like a hotel?

WILLE

a cabin

SIMON

you rented a whole cabin for us?

WILLE

yeah

is that too much?

i just wanted somewhere we could be ourselves without worrying about anyone else being around

For just the two of us

SIMON

if you wanted to whisk me away to a secret sex cabin you could have just said so

WILLE

ITS NOT A SEX CABIN

SIMON

from where i'm at it's sounding like a sex cabin

WILLE

i-

SIMON

kinky

WILLE

you're distracting me and i'm trying to get things ready before you get here

SIMON

is this going to be one of those situations where i open the door and you're lying naked on a bed of rose petals with a guitar to serenade me

WILLE

is that supposed to be a common situation??

SIMON

i think i saw it in a movie once

well enjoy getting things ready for me

i'll just listen to my music and imagine you naked lying in rose petals with a guitar 😘

WILLE

that's not what's happening

SIMON

it is in my brain 😊

WILLE

i don't even know guitar

SIMON

so you're not denying the rose petals then

WILLE

i will see you when you get here.

SIMON

❤

WILLE

❤

SIMON

❤□□💝💝💝

a rainbow!!!

WILLE

on second thought maybe i'll ask the driver to turn around

SIMON

□□

—

When Wille saw the car pull up in front of the cabin he was just cleaning up from making the pizza, and went to the entrance to open the door for Simon. As soon as the door shut behind them Simon's arms were around Wille's neck, pulling him down into a kiss.

"Should've known when you said cabin you meant some bougie shit like this," he muttered against Wille's lips, tightening his arms around him.

"What were you expecting?" Wille smiled against him, happy to be in Simon's arms without worrying about anyone else around them.

"I don't know," Simon shrugged, "more logs?"

"Sorry to disappoint," Wille murmured, before looking remorseful, "I really am sorry about the weird way of getting you here. I wanted to try making you dinner and I wanted it to be a surprise so I got here

first but I didn't really think about it."

Simon pulled back to look at Wille, "you made me dinner?" Wille nodded, and a smile broke across Simon's face, "baby that's so sweet."

Wille felt himself blush at the nickname, taking Simon's hand to lead him to the kitchen as the alarm went off signalling the food was done.

"What did you make?" Simon asked, sitting on a stool at the counter while Wille went to the oven.

"Pizza," he replied, opening the oven door. He'd been expecting heat, and was surprised to find there was none at all, the pizza sitting on the rack uncooked. He stood back up, biting his lip, "I think the oven is broken, it didn't cook at all."

Simon got up and came over, "did you set it to the right temperature?"

"Yeah," Wille nodded, "I pressed these buttons until it said the temperature, it's the same as it said on the recipe."

Simon looked at the buttons for a second before turning back to Wille, "Did you push start?"

Wille froze, "it doesn't just start when you put in the temperature?"

Simon started laughing, showing Wille the start button that needed to be pressed for the oven to heat up, "have you never cooked before?"

“No,” Wille glowered, cheeks red.

Simon started the oven before wrapping his arms around Wille, a grin on his face, “you’re hopeless.”

Wille refused to look into his eyes, too embarrassed that he’d messed up something so simple as turning the oven on.

“Wille, cariño,” Simon put his hand on his cheek, forcing him to turn his head to look at him, “It’s really sweet that you wanted to cook for me, and I’m really excited to try it.”

“It’s a stupid mistake,” Wille grumbled, upset with himself.

Simon laced their fingers together and kissed Wille’s cheek, “If no one has shown you before it makes sense you wouldn’t know there was another button. Why don’t you give me a cabin tour?”

Grateful for the distraction, Wille led Simon around the main floor. Besides the kitchen, there was a living room with a fireplace. Upstairs was an office, and then the master bedroom with an attached bath. Simon’s eyes widened when he saw the tub. He turned towards Wille, an excited look in his eye, “can we have a bath later?”

Wille smiled and nodded as Simon climbed into the empty tub.

“We can fit both of us in here easily!” He exclaimed, a smile on his face. “Dinner and a bath huh? Were you really just trying to one up my date?”

“No,” Wille denied, “the bath wasn’t even a part of the plan, but then I saw the tub and…”

“And?” Simon prompted.

Wille felt like any redness that had faded quickly returned to his face as he continued, “And I kept thinking about you in it.”

Simon’s smile widened, climbing out of the tub and dragging Wille towards the bed, “Did you have a specific itinerary for tonight?”

“No, whatever you want.”

“Great!” Simon exclaimed, pushing Wille onto the bed. “Then we’re going to make out on this ridiculously big bed until the pizza is done. Then later, we’re definitely having sex in that tub. Or the shower, I’m not picky.”

Wille didn’t even have the chance to respond before Simon crawled onto his lap and kissed him. All logical thought left his mind as he leaned into the kiss, arms wrapping around Simon’s waist to pull him closer. It felt like it had only been a few minutes when the timer went off, signalling the pizza was ready. Simon pulled away, lips swollen and cheeks flushed.

“You’re beautiful,” Wille murmured, brushing a curl out of Simon’s face.

“Sap,” Simon teased, smiling widely and even Wille could hear the

affection in his voice. Wille felt his throat tighten, about to let the words slip out before he could stop them, *I love you* . Before he could say anything, Simon was moving away and walking towards the door. He looked back at Wille over his shoulder, “are you coming?”

Wille scrambled up to follow him down to where the pizza had actually cooked that time. They cut it into slices and decided to eat in the living room. Wille turned on the fireplace before they sat on the couch. Wille anxiously watched as Simon took his first bite.

After swallowing it, he looked at Wille, “Wille, this is actually really good.”

“You don’t have to sound so surprised!” Wille exclaimed, relieved that Simon liked it.

“Well you *did* not know how to turn on the oven,” Simon teased, “Forgive me for my hesitation.”

“You’re forgiven,” Wille deadpanned and Simon shoved his shoulder. After eating they went to the kitchen, and Simon hooked his leg around Wille, pulling him closer.

“Thank you for dinner,” Simon smiled before kissing him, immediately deepening it. Simon’s legs wrapped around his waist, bringing their hips together and Wille could practically feel Simon’s smirk against his mouth when he let out an involuntary moan. When Simon pulled away it felt too soon and he was wearing a grin that Wille knew meant he was about to be a brat.

“Well, these dishes aren’t going to clean themselves,” Simon stated as he pushed Wille away and hopped off the counter. “Chop chop.”

“Chop chop?” Wille asked, thrown off by the sudden lack of contact.

“Well it’s your date,” Simon grinned, “ *I’m* not doing them.”

Wille rolled his eyes but grabbed the plates, turning on the tap.

“I’ll go start the tub!” Simon exclaimed, practically skipping out of the room as Simon left him with the cleanup. He was putting away the dried dishes when Simon came back into the room. Wille didn’t see the collection of bubbles in his hand until they were wiped across his face. He scrunched his nose at the taste of soap, trying to look annoyed at Simon who had an expression of pure glee.

“Did you know they had bubble bath here?” Simon asked innocently, as if he hadn’t just accosted Wilhelm with the suds.

“You don’t say,” Wille fought back his grin, loving to see Simon so happy. Trying to catch Simon’s arm as it moved to spread more bubbles on his cheek. In revenge Wille grabbed the pullout faucet, flicking it on and aiming it at Simon before he could react, feeling extremely satisfied when Simon shrieked.

“Now look what you’ve done,” Simon laughed, pointing at the puddle on the ground.

Wille rolled his eyes, “It’s water, it will wipe up easily.”

“Glad you think so,” Simon replied cheekily, “since you’re the one wiping it up. I’ll be in the tub when you’re done cleaning your mess.”

He pulled his shirt off over his head, draping it across the chair.

“What?” He asked innocently when he saw Wille staring. “It got wet.”

Simon then proceeded to undo his jeans as he began to head to the bathroom, leaving a trail of clothes behind him on the stairs as he called down, “don’t forget to mop up the water your highness.”

He was going to kill Wille.

—

After Wille wiped up the water with a towel, he headed upstairs. He was rewarded by Simon in the tub, head leaning back and surrounded by bubbles. Wille stripped wordlessly, stepping into the water.

“Took you long enough,” Simon grumbled as Wille sat down, before crawling onto his lap to straddle his legs.

Wille brushed a soapy hand through Simon’s curls, leaning in to kiss him, “I had to navigate the stairs carefully, someone left a bunch of clothes strewn about. A safety hazard honestly.”

“Better note that in feedback on the stay,” Simon murmured, pulling Wille into another kiss. They stayed in the tub for awhile, splashing each other and trading soapy kisses. Simon had given them both beards with the bubbles and Wille couldn’t stop laughing at how ridiculous he looked. Finally, the water had started to cool down, and Wille pulled Simon back to his lap.

“I seem to recall,” he began kissing down Simon’s neck, “something about sex in the tub?”

“Or the shower,” Simon grinned, pressing his chest against Wille’s. “Like I said, I’m not picky.” He moaned as Wille bit down on his collarbone, “fuck, do that again.”

“Not picky,” Wille agreed, “just bossy.”

“I know what I like.”

“And what’s that?” Wille grinned.

“You,” Simon whispered, pressing their lips together and Wille’s stomach did somersaults.

“Turn around,” Wille demanded.

“Now who’s bossy,” Simon teased, but turned so his back was to Wille. Wille pulled him back against him, Simon resting against his chest between his legs. He went back to kissing Simon’s neck, hand trailing down his chest and circling his nipple. Simon moaned as Wille’s other hand moved down and wrapped around him, slowly moving under the water.

“Wille,” Simon choked out, “Baby.”

Wille’s grip tightened at the words and Simon gasped, beginning to rock his hips as Wille quickened the pace. Soon, Simon was bucking

his hips up into his hand, water splashing out around them as Simon dragged his nails along Wille's thigh, making him moan.

"You look so beautiful," Wille gasped into his ear, mouthing along Simon's jaw.

"Close," Simon breathed out, shaking as Wille's hand pumped him. Soon Simon was crying out, going limp in Wille's arms, silent except for his loud breathing. Wille wrapped his arms around Simon's waist, gently kissing between his shoulder blades. Simon let his head fall back onto Wille's shoulder, breathing finally slowing. Wille continued to hold him, rubbing his arms as goosebumps began to form from sitting in a now half full tub.

"Oops," Simon laughed, noticing the water on the floor around them.

"Should we move to the shower?" Wille said into his ear, and Simon nodded, using Wille for support as he climbed out of the tub. Wille felt both their bodies relax under the hot spray. No longer shivering. They let the water wash all the suds off of them, and Wille leaned down to kiss Simon.

"Was that okay?" Wille murmured, and Simon laughed as he nodded.

"Very okay," he pressed his lips back against Wille's before starting to kiss down his neck. Wille's breathing quickened as Simon's mouth trailed along his chest, focusing on each nipple. Simon's hand went through Wille's hair, yanking his head back to suck on his neck.

"Simon," Wille moaned, feeling his hips involuntarily move. Simon didn't even acknowledge Wille had spoken, mouth continuing it's journey along Wille's body. He moved down his chest to Wille's hipbone, trailing along his waist. Wille concentrated on staying

standing, legs feeling weak.

Finally, Simon stood back up, eyes dark, “I want you on the bed.” Wille glanced down and saw that Simon was hard again.

“Yes,” Wille breathed out, arm reaching to turn off the shower. Simon stepped out first, quickly drying off with a towel before wrapping it around Wille. He took Wille’s hand, kissing his fingers. Wille whimpered as he took two into his mouth, sucking on them.

“Your fingers are so long,” Simon bit his lip, “Do you think they’d be able to wrap around both of us?”

Wille pulled Simon against him, walking him back to the bed, “let’s find out.”

Simon moved back onto the bed, and Wille crawled up over him. Wille propped himself up on one arm, the other moving down and pressing them together.

“Fuck that’s hot,” Simon groaned as Wille’s hand curled around them, both pressed against each other. Wille loosened his grip slightly to move his hips and soon he and Simon were both panting as they thrusted together in his hand. Simon grabbed at Wille’s back and Wille moaned at the feeling of his nails running along his back. He leaned down to kiss Simon, relishing in the feeling of moaning into each others mouths. Wille could feel when Simon was close, already sensitive from coming in the bath.

“I want to hear you,” Wille moaned and the words sent Simon over the edge, crying out Wille’s name as he came. Wille unwrapped his hand, panting as Simon pushed him onto his back, head moving down and taking Wille in his mouth.

“Fuck,” Wille cried out when Simon moaned around him. “Simon I’m so closer.”

Simon drew back just enough to let out the words, “come for me baby.”

He bobbed his head down even further and Wille felt his hold body shake as he cried out Simon’s name. He was still shaking when Simon crawled back up and kissed him. His mind was hazy, the only words running through his brain being *Simon* and *i love you.*

“That was so good baby,” Simon moaned into his mouth, “so good for me.”

Wille moaned in response, arms pulling Simon tighter against him.

“Remind me to send Erik a gift basket,” Simon laughed when he finally rolled off.

“Can you not talk about my brother when we’ve just had sex,” Wille grumbled.

“What?” Simon grinned, “I can’t talk about my favourite royal?”

“I’d think your favourite royal would be the one who just made you come twice,” Wille shot back.

“Hmm you’re a close second,” Simon hummed, pressing his face into Wille’s neck.

“Maybe I’ll just go then so your favourite royal can be here instead.” Wille started to roll over.

Simon’s arms tightened around him, “Don’t you dare move, you’re cuddling me. You’re legally required to cuddle me after sex.”

“The monster returns,” Wille laughed.

“Yes, and he demands breakfast in bed tomorrow,” Simon mumbled sleepily, his eyelashes fluttering against Wille’s neck.

“Should I call your favourite royal to do it for you?” Wille teased.

“Don’t be stupid,” Simon yawned, pressing himself even more into Wille’s side, “You’ll always be my favourite.”

Wille kissed Simon’s forehead, heart racing.

“Simon,” Wille began quietly, “I love you.”

Simon didn’t respond, and Wille realized from the change in his breathing that he’d already fallen asleep.

Chapter End Notes

sorry not sorry

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a testament to how safe he felt with Simon that Wilhelm was always able to sleep through the night with him. He found himself extremely grateful that Simon had a tendency to sleep in, otherwise he would have missed his chance to give him breakfast in bed. After last night's pizza mishap he didn't trust himself to make anything, so he'd ordered from a local restaurant, staying in bed until he got the notification that it was on the front porch. He threw on sweats and when he saw through the curtains that the delivery driver had left he grabbed the bag, moving everything to plates to bring it back up. Simon was still asleep when he got back upstairs, and as much as Wille didn't want to disturb him, he also knew Simon would want to eat while it was still warm. He put the plates down on the bedside table, sitting on the bed beside Simon. He brushed some of Simon's curls out of his face, and Simon hummed in his sleep, leaning into Wille's hand. Wille leaned down and kissed Simon's forehead, before leaving a trail down to his cheek. Simon groaned, turning his head until his mouth was on Wille's, a soft kiss before Wille pulled away.

"Good morning," Wille said quietly, a smile on his face at the sight of Simon, sleepy and beautiful, blinking awake.

"Morning," Simon mumbled, grabbing onto Wille's hand.

"Breakfast in bed?" Wille asked, and Simon perked up, immediately looking more awake.

Wille grabbed the plates, passing one to Simon who grinned at the sight.

“I’m really hungry, so I’m going to eat,” Simon began, “and then I’m going to show you just how much I appreciate my boyfriend waking me up to breakfast in bed.”

Wille blushed, focusing on the food instead of the thoughts racing through his mind. The thoughts that just maybe, when Simon looked at Wille like that, he loved him back. Part of him felt relieved that Simon didn’t hear him last night. Saying the words out loud, while exhilarating, was also terrifying. He wasn’t ready to open himself up for the kind of heartbreak he would feel if Simon didn’t feel the same.

“You’re thinking too loud,” Simon said in between bites.

“Sorry,” Wille apologized, realizing that he’d been staring at his plate without eating.

“Is everything okay?” Simon asked, his gaze softening.

Wille nodded, unable to stop the smile from coming back to his face at the sight, “Everything is great, you’re great.”

“Sap,” Simon blushed, “saying that as if you didn’t just plan some romantic overnight trip for us for our third date.”

“Imagine the fanfare when we hit double digits,” Wille shot back, pretending he wasn’t melting at the thought of having so many more dates with Simon.

Simon pulled him into a kiss, and Wille’s hand automatically went to cup his cheek.

“Stop making me want to kiss you when I’m not done my breakfast,” Simon finally said when he pulled away.

“It’s only fair,” Wille nodded, “since you make me want to kiss you all the time.”

Simon rolled his eyes, pulling Wille back into another kiss, “You need to shut up till I’m done eating or I’ll never finish.”

Wille laughed, moving to focus on his own food. As usual, Simon ate faster than usual, and he decided to snoop around the cabin while he waited for Wille to finish. Wille was just putting his plate down when he heard a voice from behind him.

“Do I look hot?”

Wille turned and choked as he saw Simon posing in a fluffy green robe with matching green slippers. “Where did you get that?”

“I found it in the closet,” Simon grinned, “You didn’t answer my question.”

“Simme you always look hot,” Wille shot back, pleased by the blush on Simon’s cheeks at his words. “Although those slippers look exactly like this pair my grandmother used to wear.”

“I feel like I’m in high couture,” Simon pretended to pose again, “Check out my runway walk.”

Wilhelm burst out laughing as Simon did an exaggerated strut around the room, making a ridiculous pose every time he stopped. He was so ridiculously in love with him.

“Alright cariño, so you’re a model,” Wille teased, “What does that make me?”

“My groupie?” Simon tilted his head to the side, “You are kind of obsessed with me.”

“Me?” Wille asked, raising a hand to his chest, feigning innocence.

“You did kidnap me to a secluded sex cabin,” Simon raised his eyebrow.

“It’s not a sex cabin!” Wille exclaimed.

“See you say that,” Simon smiled, “but then you had sex with me in it.”

“As if you were complaining,” Wille grumbled.

“Never said I was,” Simon smirked, before jumping onto the bed, “Now tell me, could I be on the cover of vogue?”

“It’s not fair that you look so good in a ridiculous green robe,” Wille whined.

“Too bad its gotta stay here,” Simon laughed, clearly enjoying Wille’s pain. “You could always take a picture.”

His tone was still teasing but Wille paused, considering it, and Simon’s eyes widened.

“Do you want to take a picture?” Simon asked slowly. Wille shrugged, biting his lip. It wasn’t even necessarily the robe, but that he got to see this side of Simon. The Simon who could goof around and be fully himself around Wille.

Before he could say anything Simon grabbed his phone, passing it to Wille, “take a picture.” This time it wasn’t a question. Wille picked up the phone and hesitated.

“Fulfill my fantasy,” Simon said, “I’m a high fashion model and you’re a top of the line photographer. Now chop chop.”

Simon did more ridiculous poses, making Wille laugh enough to pretend to be a photographer, adding comments in a ridiculous accent like, “Give me tired housewife” and “imagine you're the grinch who just woke up in a human body.”

“What the fuck,” Simon laughed at that one, “you’re ridiculous.”

“Ja,” Wille replied in the accent, and Simon cackled, moving on the bed to grab Wille’s hand and pull him down.

“Ja,” Simon mimicked, wrapping his arm around Wille’s waist.

“Shut up,” Wille laughed, kissing Simon.

“Do you have enough pictures to keep you company during the cold and lonely nights?” Simon teased.

Wille gasped, “Simon! Is that what you think they’re for?”

“You tell me,” Simon grinned.

“I just- had a really nice time with you and I wanted a picture to remember it,” Wille blushed.

“Wille what the fuck,” Simon exclaimed, “stop being so sweet when I’m trying to tease you. It makes it really hard.”

“I’m just being honest,” Wille mumbled.

“I know,” Simon placed a hand on his cheek, “That’s why I like it so much.”

He pulled Wille into another kiss, gentler this time. They readjusted so Wille was lying practically on top of Simon, hands tracing along each other's skin as they continued their slow kisses, content to explore each other's mouths.

“How much time do we have?” Simon asked, resting his cheek against Wille’s.

“About two hours,” Wille replied.

“Perfect,” Simon grinned, “I did promise to show you just how thankful I was for breakfast.” He rolled them over so Wille was on his back and began kissing his way down his chest, throwing the robe off the side of the bed.

“Simon,” Wille gasped, hand finding Simon’s curls.

“Baby,” Simon hummed, “you know when you called me cariño earlier? Your accent was actually pretty good.”

“Yeah?” Wille answered, breathless.

“Mmhmm,” Simon kissed his hip, “Feel free to call me that like, all the time.”

“Cariño,” Wille breathed out, and Simon bit his lip in response.

Simon pulled his sweatpants down, smile spreading when he saw that Wille hadn’t put on any underwear.

“It’s just us here baby,” Simon drawled, “and I really liked hearing you yesterday. So don’t hold back okay?”

Wille nodded and his breath hitched as Simon wrapped a hand around him.

“Okay?” Simon repeated, jerking his hand once.

“Okay,” Wille answered, voice cracking, and then Simon bobbed his head down and Wille’s brain lost the capacity for coherent thought.

“Simon,” he moaned.

Simon’s hand tightened their grip on Wille’s thighs at his name, and Wille said it again, breathing heavily when Simon moaned around him.

“You’re so good Simon,” Wille continued, “So good for me.” He let out a yelp when Simon ran his tongue along him, looking up at him through his eyelashes. Wille was pretty sure that no one had eyes as beautiful as Simon’s, and they were looking up at him. Through his eyelashes. While Simon’s mouth was around his cock. Wille let out a loud moan at the sight. This was going to be over embarrassingly quickly but he couldn’t bring himself to care. Not when Simon was looking at him like *that* . He tightened his grip in Simon’s hair, Simon moaning when he pulled it.

“Simon,” Wille panted, “Kiss me, please.”

Simon crawled back up to him, and he immediately pulled him on top of him, pressing their lips together. Simon straddled his waist, grinding their hips together, and they both moaned at the contact.

“Sometimes,” Simon began slowly, “I think about sitting on top of you like this.”

Simon rolled his hips and Wille moaned.

“Sometimes,” Simon continued, breathing unsteady, “I think about you inside me.”

He ground his hips down again as he said it and Wille cried out at the words, his whole body shaking as he came.

“Do you think that’s something you would want too?” Simon bit his lip, “Not right now but… in the future.”

Wille’s breath quickened, “fuck Simon, you- I just- yes. God yes.” Wille focused on slowing his breath again before continuing, “I don’t know- I wouldn’t know exactly what to do. But if you want to, I’d really like to try it.”

Simon smiled, leaning down to kiss Wille, “we can figure it out together.”

Wille melted into the kiss, reminded that Simon still hadn’t come when he felt his erection pressing against him. Wille rolled them so Simon was now on his back, kissing his way down.

—

Eventually, they reluctantly cleaned up and got dressed, making sure everything was tidy before the car came to take them back. Wille was sad to leave, but he was grateful to have had the time with Simon. Lucia was coming up, so Simon had more choir rehearsals than normal. Adding their assignments and exams to that mix meant even

less time, and then soon it would be the holidays where they'd be apart for weeks. Wille was very pointedly not thinking about that part. The drive back was mostly silent, the two of them sharing earbuds, hands intertwined. Wille was very grateful for Erik knowing his way around an NDA. Dropping Simon off at Bjärstad felt like leaving a dream, even if it had only been for one night. He couldn't help but smile when he saw Simon had texted him before he'd even made it back to the dorms.

SIMON

I think i forgot something at the cabin

WILLE

What is it??

SIMON

Top secret but its very important

I think I need to go back there right away

And you need to come

To help me look

I can also come up with another excuse if that works better for you

WILLE

Ugh i wish we could go back

One night to ourselves was not enough

SIMON

Better book us another vacation baby

Chop chop

Make whatever promises to erik you need

WILLE

Im already dreading when he cashes in on my favour

SIMON

For real

Thank you

WILLE

Worth being kidnapped for?

SIMON

As long as youre the one stealing me away ❤

—

The next week flew by, everything in a flurry at Lucia came closer. Erik was coming for it, but of course his parents weren't. Wille didn't even feel that disappointed, he mostly wanted to see Erik anyways, who was coming up for the whole weekend leading up to the holiday. The school had offered him a room to stay in, but Erik had booked a hotel with two rooms so Wille could stay with him. He missed his brother, the frequent texts and phone calls not a substitute for having Erik there. Erik invited Simon to spend a night at the hotel too, wagging his eyebrows at Wille as he suggested it, making a comment about how they better keep things PG while he was there. Wille had

blushed furiously and told Erik to fuck off, but he also wasn't going to pass up an opportunity to have a night with his brother and boyfriend. Especially when at the end of the night he'd get to fall asleep in Simon's arms. When Friday came around Wille was buzzing with excitement, weekend bag packed. He didn't even mind that he'd have to spend Saturday with August, for that night it would just be him and Erik. Simon had accepted the invitation to sleep over one of the nights, but insisted that Wille get some time with his brother. That didn't stop them from spending the time waiting for Erik in Wille's room, Wille pressed into the mattress as Simon kissed him senseless. After everything they'd done making out shouldn't leave Wille so breathless, but maybe that was just Simon. They reluctantly pulled apart when Wille's found buzzed, signalling Erik's arrival.

ERIK

Hope you're decent because i'll be at your room in 5 minutes

They sat up, adjusting their clothes and hair in an attempt to make it less disheveled as there was a knock on the door, and Wille went to unlock it. Erik grinned, slipping inside and shutting the door behind him.

"Hey little brother," he greeted, pulling Wille under his arm to ruffle his hair. Wille groaned at the action, trying to release himself from the headlock.

"Hi Simon," Erik smiled, finally releasing Wille.

"Hi Erik," Simon responded.

"Hope I'm not interrupting anything," Erik smirked, looking between the two of them.

“I was just leaving,” Simon got up, grabbing his bag, “I’ll see you tomorrow?”

They both nodded as Simon headed to the door, he started to lean in but then hesitated, squeezing Wille’s hand instead in goodbye.

“Ready to go?” Erik turned to him once Simon had left, and Wille nodded, grabbing his own bag. They kept the conversation light as they walked out to the car, aware of the people around them. As soon as they were off in Erik’s convertible Wille felt his smirk directed at him.

“So how’s Simon,” he nudged Wille with his arm.

“Good,” Wille blushed.

“Good,” Erik repeated in a teasing tone.

“Shut up,” Wille shot back, laughing as the feeling of the wind whipping through his hair as they drove.

“I’ll pry it out of you later,” Erik grinned.

Wille rolled his eyes.

“I do have something to tell you though,” Erik looked sheepish, “August is coming over tonight.”

Wille tried to resist groaning, “Why didn’t you say anything earlier? I thought we were just seeing him tomorrow.”

“Believe it or not I did it for you,” Erik replied, “I saw him in the hall and he was going to come with me to your room. I got him off course by sending him to his own room to pack for the night.”

“Oh, um thank you,” Wille felt guilty for being annoyed with Erik about it.

“If it makes you feel any better August insisted on drinking, so you won’t have to deal with him sober.”

“You’re a terrible influence on me.”

“Please we both know you drink anyways,” Erik rolled his eyes, “I’d much rather you do it in the safety of my hotel room with guards outside the door.”

“I like how you’re trying to make getting your underage brother drunk sound responsible,” Wille snorted.

“Why Wilhelm,” Erik feigned offense, turning to look at him, “how little you think of me.”

“Keep your eyes on the road dummy,” Wille grinned.

Erik rolled his eyes at him but obliged, and they soon found themselves pulling up to the hotel. One of Erik’s guards had gone

ahead of time to check them in, so they were able to go up without too much attention. They bickered over what food to order and settled into the couch. There was a knock on the door and Erik got up to answer it, unsure if it was the food or August.

WILLE

ugh august is staying here for the night

SIMON

ew that sucks

WILLE

apparently he wants to get drunk though so maybe he'll pass out early

fingers crossed

SIMON

are you drinking?

WILLE

is that okay?

i didn't really think about it with your dad and everything

does it bother you

SIMON

no it's okay!!

i don't mind when my friends and stuff drink

i know there's a difference between drinking at a party or something vs addiction

WILLE

are you sure?

SIMON

if you want to drink you're welcome to

i promise it doesn't upset me

in fact

i'm rather looking forward to the drunk texts i'm sure i'll receive later

WILLE

you just want more ammo to make fun of me

SIMON

always ❤

"Wille!" August's voice rang out and Wille put his phone away before August could ask who he was texting.

"Hey August," Wille answered, putting on a fake smile.

"The three of us together!" August exclaimed, "just like old times!"

“Hell yeah!” Erik exclaimed. Wille sunk into the couch as they started reminiscing on a summer August had come to the visit. Erik and August had always gotten along, being closer in age and growing up together. Wille had been so excited when he was first allowed to join Erik and August when they were hanging out, but August’s in your face personality was always so overwhelming. He’d still tagged along sometimes, just to spend time with Erik who was genuinely friends with August, but Wille was pretty sure if they weren’t related he’d never spend time with him. He felt bad for thinking it, he knew family was most important. There were times he genuinely enjoyed August’s company, but August would inevitably make a comment that had Wilhelm retracting into his shell. Especially since he’d met Simon, had learned what it was really like to have someone genuinely care for you because they wanted to and not had to, he’d had less patience for August. Tonight though, he would have to, so he put on a smile and grabbed a drink. At least alcohol would make it easier for him to loosen up.

After the food arrived and they’d eaten, August insisted on doing shots. Wille did one then excused himself to the bathroom, worried he’d get too drunk and accidentally say something damning.

WILLE

hi

SIMON

hi cariño

how’s drinking with august

WILLE

he keeps calling me wille

it sounds wrong

only sounds right the way you say it

SIMON

how do i say it?

WILLE

like it means something

SIMON

it does

YOU mean something

Wille almost typed the words right then and there. His fingers were hovering over the keys to write “i love you” when there was a knock on the door.

“Wille?” Erik’s voice rang through, “Are you okay? You’ve been in there for 10 minutes.”

“Stop jerking it!” August’s voice yelled.

“Fuck off,” Wille shot back and August laughed.

“Are you okay?” Erik asked quietly when Wille opened the door, August still back on the couch.

Wille nodded, “Just needed a break.”

“Want me to kick him out?” Erik asked seriously. Wille loved his brother, he knew Erik meant it. That if he said the word and it was too much Erik would make up an excuse for August to leave.

“No that’s okay,” Wille smiled, “maybe we could put on a movie or something?”

“Sure,” Erik grinned, throwing his arm around Wille’s shoulders as they walked back to August.

—

August had drunk the most out of the three of them, and passed out on the couch halfway through the movie.

Wille was only half paying attention to the movie, back to texting Simon.

WILLE

he felt asleep thank god

he’s passed out on the couch

SIMON

draw a mustache on him

Wille snorted at his phone and Erik looked over at him, raising an eyebrow at the sound.

“Simon suggested drawing a mustache on him,” Wille whispered, gesturing to August.

A grin spread across Erik’s face as he jumped up and went rummaging through his things for a marker. They were both drunk and trying to keep quiet but everytime they looked at each other they started laughing. Thankfully August hadn’t woken up and they managed to get a poorly drawn mustache on him. When Erik was done Wille took a picture of it to send to Simon.

“Are you tired?” Erik asked once they’d both composed themselves.

Wille shook his head no.

“Wanna hang out in one of the rooms?” Erik asked, motioning behind him.

“Yeah,” Wille grinned, starting to make his way to the bedroom.

Erik gasped, “I just had a great idea. I’ll meet you there.”

Wille tilted his head but went to the room anyway, curious as to what Erik had planned.

SIMON

omg you actually did it

WILLE

well erik did it

SIMON

absolute legend

can i make that my new phone background

WILLE

if youre making anything g your new phone background

should be me!!!!

your boyfriend!!!!!

SIMON

what picture do you propose i use

WILLE

i'll take one!!!

right now

no excuses

SIMON

baby you’re so cute

WILLE

you are

SIMON

you can’t even see me right now

for all you know i look like a troll right now

WILLE

NO

wrong

simme is so pretty

allllll the time

□□□□

SIMON

wille ❤□❤□❤□

Erik entered the room, still grinning as he carried two shot glasses with him.

“Your great idea was to do shots?” Wille laughed.

“No,” Erik rolled his eyes, holding out an arm to stabilize himself as he sat down. “We’re gonna play truth or drink.”

“What?” Wille asked surprised, he genuinely didn’t expect Erik to suggest a drinking game.

“Don’t question me Wille,” Erik glared, “We’re *bonding* .”

“We’re drunk,” Wille snorted.

“Exactly,” Erik grinned, only spilling a little bit on the bed as he filled the shot glasses. "Simple rules, answer the question honestly or drink."

“Who’s starting?” Wille asked as Erik filled the glasses.

“Because I’m such a gracious and generous brother,” Erik began, ignoring Wille’s eye-roll, “you can ask me something first.”

“Ok,” Wille bit his lip, wracking his brain for something to ask. “Tell me about something you did at Hillerska, something I don’t know about.”

Erik paused as he thought, “Ok so when I was in your year I may have taken one of my finals high.”

Wille gasped, “What!”

Erik grimaced, “It wasn’t intentional! My friend has snuck in edibles and I ate a cookie not knowing.”

“Oh my god,” Wille laughed, “How did you do on the test?”

“I passed but just barely, mom was pissed that my grade had dropped so much,” Erik covered his face as he laughed.

“Ok,” Wille felt his stomach roll, “your turn.”

“What’s the most scandalous thing *you’ve* done at Hillerska?” Erik poked him.

“Hey!” Wille exclaimed, “you’re basically stealing my question!”

“Answer or drink brosan.”

“I mean probably having a secret boyfriend,” Wille mumbled.

Erik rolled his eyes, “that doesn’t count!”

“Why not?” Wille scoffed, “You have to admit it would be a scandal.”

“Yeah but it’s not *scandalous,”* Erik replied, “Scandalous would be something like you two had an illicit hookup in a broom closet, not holding hands and staring into each other's eyes.”

“Fine. Then sneaking him into my room to have sex,” Wille snapped, face red, “happy?”

Erik laughed, “you don’t have to be embarrassed Wille.”

“I just-” Wille began, cutting himself off, “Nevermind.”

“What is it?” Erik asked, expression softening.

“Nothing, it’s my turn to ask a question,” Wille rushed to change the topic, not ready to ask Erik what he’d been dying to know.

“Ok,” Erik nodded, “ask away.”

They continued for a while, both getting progressively drunker as the game went on. It was Wille’s turn to ask a question, and the alcohol finally gave him the courage to ask what had been sitting at the back of his mind.

“Does it,” Wille hesitated, “Does it really not bother you at all? Simon?”

“Should it?” Erik asked, sounding confused.

“I just mean that-” Wille paused, trying to figure out how to word what he was thinking, “It’s a boy.”

“Yes?”

“You aren’t weirded or grossed out at the idea of us… doing things?” Wille had his knees pulled to his chest and buried his head in his knees.

“No,” Erik replied firmly. “Nothing about it being a boy at least. I do draw the line at explicit details, after all you are my brother, but that’s it. I couldn’t give a damn who you were sleeping with as long as they made you happy, which Simon clearly does.”

“Sorry,” Wille mumbled into his knees, “I know that’s what you say and I know you wouldn’t judge me but sometimes I get scared that I’ll say something and you’ll think it’s… I don’t know, weird or wrong.”

“Does it feel wrong to be with Simon?” Erik asked gently.

“No!” Wille exclaimed, “of course not!”

“Then it’s not wrong,” Erik stated. “Wille who you love isn’t wrong. Sex with someone you care about isn’t wrong. Being with a boy isn’t

wrong. I would never think any of that was, could never think that about you."

Wille raised his head slightly, gripping his pant leg tightly.

"Is that why you haven't done anything more than hold hands in front of me?" Erik asked, "I did wonder earlier today, it seemed like Simon was going to kiss you goodbye."

"Probably," Wille shrugged, fidgeting with the bed sheet, "I haven't told him but I think he could tell I was nervous about it."

"Come here," Erik held out an arm, wrapping Wille in a hug, "I never want you to have to act differently around me, okay?"

Wille nodded, blinking quickly to stop the tears from welling in his eyes.

"I know that I… I don't have experience in that particular area," Erik began, "But if you ever have any questions, you can ask me."

Wille laughed, finding himself unable to stop.

"What?" Erik asked, looking offended, "I know things."

"Erik," Wille grinned, "is there something you're not telling me? Do *you* have a secret boyfriend?"

“Shut up,” Erik laughed in reply, “You know I don’t, I’m trying to be helpful.”

“I think I’m okay,” Wille rolled his eyes, “I think this is one area I probably know more than you.”

“Maybe,” Erik grumbled, “but I did research, so I’m still here if you want to talk about anything.”

Wille paused, “research?”

“I, um, I googled stuff?” Erik answered, looking unsure.

Wille raised his eyebrows, “you googled stuff?”

“I wanted to be able to help you if you had any questions!” Erik defended.

“Erik,” Wille gaped, “Truth or Drink. Did you fucking look up gay porn?”

Erik took a shot.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is Lucia! We're about halfway through the fic now, thank you to everybody who has been coming along on this ride so far!

Ayub and Rosh grill Simon about his relationship when he gets back from the cabin

Wille drunk texting and calling Simon with Erik

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Rise and shine princesses!” August’s voice rang through, and Wille groaned at the sudden brightness as the curtains drew back. “We agreed to go for lunch.”

“Fuck off,” Erik muttered, throwing an arm to shield his face. They had both passed out on top of the bed at some point in the night.

August picked up the vodka bottle off the ground, “did you drink all of this?”

“It’s kind of a blur after the fifth shot,” Wille answered, wincing as he tried to sit up too fast.

“Damn,” August frowned, “you had all the fun without me.”

“Well,” Erik replied, “you passed out on the couch and were snoring.”

Wille looked at August, opening his eyes from more than a squint and snorted as he saw the smudged mustache they had drawn on the night before.

Erik looked at him in confusion then grinned when he saw what he was looking at.

“What?” August asked, furrowing his brows, “Do I have something on my face?”

Erik looked over at Wille and they burst out laughing as August went to the bathroom, hearing him cry out “fuck you” as he looked in the mirror.

Wille got up, heading to the kitchen for a glass of water, taking advantage of the advil someone had thought to leave on the counter. He brought the bottle and a glass of water back to Erik, who took it gratefully.

“Think you can be ready to go in under an hour?” Erik asked, draining the glass.

Wille nodded, heading back to his room to get changed. He glanced at his phone to see some missed texts from Simon, eyes widening as he scrolled through a bunch of barely comprehensible texts he’d sent. Thankfully he hadn’t sent anything too damning considering it was mostly spelling mistakes and things that didn’t make any sense at the end. Simon had texted him about an hour after his last message telling him to drink water and make sure he got a good sleep.

WILLE

i regret everything

SIMON

good morning wille

WILLE

my head is pounding

SIMON

sorry cariño but i think you did that to yourself

WILLE

:(

youre my boyfriend youre supposed to sympathize with me

SIMON

do you remember last night?

WILLE

most of it?

erik and i played a drinking game then passed out on his bed

SIMON

you called me

Shit. Wille had no memory of calling Simon. He quickly scrolled to his call history and saw a 40 minute call with Simon at 1am.

WILLE

i uhhh dont remember that

SIMON

you had me on speaker phone with erik

WILLE

did i make a complete fool of myself?

SIMON

you both did

WILLE

sorry

what did we do

SIMON

first you started flirting with me

we switched to video call

erik tried to give me the “dont hurt my brother talk” which was not very intimidating when he couldn’t sit up straight

you kept calling me pretty and then asked if i had a boyfriend

WILLE

ohmygod

SIMON

baby i swear to god you almost started crying when i said i did

WILLE

im never drinking again

im so embarrassed

SIMON

probably a good thing

i think your body needs like 10 years to recover

it was cute though

sweet that even though you didnt know me you wanted me

dont know if i should be offended you didnt recognize me though

WILLE

ill always want you simme

sorry for my dumbass self

ive gotta get ready for lunch with erik and august

SIMON

enjoy lunch

ill see you later?

WILLE

yes!!

—

“Did you know we drunk called Simon last night?” Wille whispered to Erik as soon as August left their table to go to the washroom. They had just ordered their food and Wille was starving, but at the forefront of his mind was if there was anything else he’d done last night he didn’t remember.

“We did?” Erik asked, brows furrowing, “It sounds vaguely familiar? I’m not sure.”

“Apparently you tried to give him the shovel talk.”

Erik snorted, “I’m sure it was memorable. For him. Not for me apparently. What do you remember from last night?”

Wille racked his brain, “the last thing I can remember is when we started debating what the most awkward family dinner was.”

“Ah yes,” Erik replied dryly, “I still maintain that the easter of 2002 was worse than christmas even two years ago.”

“You’re wrong,” Wille shot back, “But I’ll acknowledge it was also a very bad one.”\

Erik nodded, “About some of our other conversations last night… I meant what I said Wille. I hope you know that.

Wille broke their eye contact, overwhelmed by how genuinely Erik

was looking at him. He nodded, knowing Erik meant it, that he truly was okay about every part of his relationship with Simon. He then thought back to other parts of the talk the previous night and smirked, “So are we just skimming over the part where you all but admitted that you’d watched-”

“August,” Erik interrupted him, and Wille turned to see August had walked up behind him. “Forgiven us for the mustache yet?”

August grinned, sitting back in his spot beside Erik, “cover lunch and we’ll consider it even.”

The rest of lunch passed fairly uneventfully, Erik and August carrying most of the conversation. Wille was content to stay silent, occasionally nodding or adding a word or two to acknowledge what they were saying. When they got back to the hotel, Wille excused himself to work on homework while August and Erik stayed out in the main area. He only spent about half the time working, the rest of it spent scrolling for an idea of what to get Simon for Christmas. He didn’t want to go overboard, but he really wanted to be able to get him something meaningful. After an hour he tossed his phone to the side, momentarily giving up when all of the results of “what to get your boyfriend for christmas” came up with ideas for straight couples. A little while later, August said his goodbyes to head back to Hillerska, and Wille texted Simon to let him know he could head over whenever. He started to watch a show with Erik on the couch, but quickly felt his lack of sleep from the previous night overtake him.

—

Wille yawned, slowly coming to. It took him a moment to realize he was on the couch in the hotel room, and another to hear the quiet voices coming from the kitchen. He sat up slowly, turning his head to see Simon and Erik standing around the island.

“Hey sleepyhead,” Erik grinned when he saw him.

“What time is it?” Wille asked, voice raspy.

“Almost seven,” Simon answered, going to sit on the couch beside Wille. Wille couldn’t resist leaning into Simon, eyes closing again as he wrapped his arms around him.

“When did you get here?” Wille mumbled, pressing his face into Simon’s neck.

“About an hour ago,” Simon brushed Wille’s hair out of his face. “Erik has been keeping me company, telling old stories about you.”

Wille sat up straight at that, narrowing his eyes at Erik, “What have you been telling him?”

Erik grinned, “I may have mentioned your penchant for running around the castle naked until mamma threatened to take your teddy bear away.”

Wille groaned as Erik turned towards Simon, “He still has it you know, I wouldn’t be surprised if it was somewhere in his dorm room.”

“What was its name?” Simon grinned.

“Beary,” Wille muttered, cheeks flushed.

“Cute,” Simon smiled, taking Wille’s hand and lacing their fingers together.

“Wille said you play video games?” Erik asked, moving to sit on the armchair.

“Yeah,” Simon nodded.

“Cool,” Erik smiled, “there’s an old wii here if you wanna play?’

“Sure!” Simon exclaimed, and Wille groaned again, knowing he was about to lose spectacularly.

—

“What the fuck?” Simon exclaimed as Princess Peach stole one of Toad’s stars. Wille grinned as his star count went up. They had decided on Mario Party, and while Wille was failing spectacularly at the minigames and had been losing the entire time, he’d been extremely lucky with his last few dice rolls and had somehow bumped up to second place. Simon had been winning by a long shot, with Erik in close second. Wille had successfully beaten out Erik, and now was only a star behind Simon.

“You haven’t even won a minigame!” Simon cried out.

“Simme,” Wille grinned, “Don’t be a sore loser.”

“I’m still winning right now,” Simon grumbled.

The game ended and they began awarding bonus stars. Erik burst out laughing when they awarded a star to the person who had won the LEAST minigames, and Wille came in first place.

“This is ridiculous,” Simon complained, “it was literally just luck.”

“Or pure talent!” Wille cheered, even though he knew Simon was right.

“I would have won if you hadn’t taken that last star from me!”

“Lover’s quarrel,” Erik grinned from his spot on the floor.

“Shut up Erik,” Simon shot back, eyes widening after he’d said it. “I mean- uh- sorry?”

Erik burst out laughing, “Your boy’s competitive Wille.”

“Don’t worry Simon,” Wille leaned into him, “I promise I won’t let my success get in the way of our relationship, I’ll always remember the little people.”

“We’re breaking up,” Simon groaned, contradicting himself by slipping his arm around Wille’s waist.

“You two are sickeningly adorable,” Erik rolled his eyes, switching the tv input, “Now are we watching a movie or what?”

At some point in the night, their discussion had turned to bad movies, which had prompted Simon to look up a list of the worst movies of all time. They all regretted this when they found themselves watching Sharknado.

“How in the hell does this movie have a sequel?” Erik asked exasperated, about halfway through the movie.

“Multiple sequels actually,” Simon answered, looking up from his phone where Wille saw he had plot summaries of each one.

“Christ,” Erik muttered, “I think I’m actually losing brain cells watching this.”

“Wait,” Wille gasped, turning to look at him, “You have brain cells?”

Simon cackled as Erik smacked Wille with a cushion. They spent the rest of the night mocking the movie and joking around, and when Wille held Simon’s hand and stole a kiss halfway through the movie, he found himself not caring that Erik saw.

They had decided to start the sequel, despite none of them paying attention to the first one, and Simon soon fell asleep leaning against Wille.

“He’s good for you,” Erik said, and Wille turned to see Erik watching them. “Not that I didn’t think so before, but seeing the two of you interact tonight, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you laugh so much.”

Wille blushed, “Thanks Erik. It- it means a lot for you to invite him and accept everything.”

“Of course,” Erik answered, “I had fun too, I’d like to do it again when we have the chance.”

Wille smiled, so relieved that Erik liked Simon and wanted him around. They both jumped when someone on screen screamed, and Simon jolted awake.

“What did I miss?” he yawned, rubbing at his eyes.

“Sharknado,” Erik replied, as if that summarized everything. To be fair, that’s essentially all that was happening.

“I think we’ll head to bed,” Wille told Erik, standing up and holding his hand out for Simon. Simon smiled at him as he took it, leaning on Wille for support as he got up.

“Goodnight Erik,” Simon yawned again, “Thank you for having me.”

“Goodnight you two,” Erik reached for the remote to turn off the tv.

Simon clung onto Wille’s arm as they walked to the bedroom, and Simon sat on the bed immediately. Wille went to the bathroom to brush his teeth and get ready for bed, and Simon joined him a moment later, leaning against him again as he got out his own toothbrush. Wille grinned at Simon, he loved when Simon was sleepy and clingy like this, that Simon went to him for comfort. They both

finished up silently, not talking as they headed back to the bed, stripping to their boxers. As soon as Wille got into the bed Simon draped himself across him, pressing a kiss into his neck.

“Did you have a good night?” Wille whispered, running his fingers along Simon’s spine.

Simon nodded, “except when you beat me at mario. That was rude.”

Wille laughed, kissing Simon’s forehead, “sorry, but I refuse to give up my title of mario party champion.”

Simon hummed into the kiss, tracing Wille’s collarbone with his finger, “I'm still better at video games.”

“Simon,” Wille smiled, “we both know you’re better at video games. Stop being a sore loser and let’s go to sleep.”

“Only because I’m tired,” Simon mumbled, tilting his head to meet Wille in a kiss. “Goodnight cariño.”

“Goodnight Simon.”

—

The next day passed by mostly in a blur. In exchange for Erik getting to come up for Lucia, they’d both agreed to spend one of the days sitting in on meetings. Wille had been dreading it, and it was

extremely boring, but it was worth it to see his brother. Wille found himself immensely grateful that he wasn't the crown prince, he couldn't imagine being Erik and having to do all these things daily. He had to spend the night back at the dorm since there were classes the next morning, and even those went by quickly, their teachers more focused on the upcoming celebration. Wille was expected to join the procession as prince, and Simon as part of the choir, so they barely saw each other as they got ready. Wilhelm couldn't help but smile when he saw Simon outside, face illuminated by the candle he was holding. He looked beautiful, the wreath on his head sitting on his curls. Wille was sure Simon looked much better in a crown than he ever did. Simon met his eyes as Wille walked over to the circle Simon was standing in, smiling at Wille in return.

WILLE

the classrooms are empty

sneak away for a minute?

Wille saw Simon glance at his phone and nod. Wille turned, making his way into the school, grateful that the halls were mostly empty. Simon joined him a moment later, closing the door behind him.

"You look really nice," Simon said quietly, leaning his forehead against Wille's.

" *You* look nice," Wille replied, pressing their lips together.

"Did you ask me to sneak away just so you could kiss me?" Simon asked.

"Maybe," Wille blushed.

“Just checking,” Simon grinned, pulling Wille into another kiss.

Wille closed his eyes as he leaned his head against Simon’s, enjoying the comfort being around him brought. They pulled away too soon, knowing that the procession would be starting soon. Felice was chosen to be Lucia, and Wille knew she had mixed feelings about it. He remembered when they were young, she always talked about wanting to be Lucia someday, but when she’d mentioned it in the past few weeks she didn’t seem excited. He was still surprised, however, when they got back to everyone else and saw that Felice was giving the Lucia crown to Sara.

“Oh my god,” Simon murmured, seeing Sara put on the crown. “Sara has always wanted to be Lucia. This is- mamma is going to be so excited.”

Wille couldn’t help but smile, Simon was beaming at Sara, he looked so proud. They quickly fell in line for the procession, and Wille was glad to see that Felice was smiling, clearly happy with her decision. As they walked Wille looked out into the crowd, noticing Erik’s face among them. His eyes quickly fell on Linda, who looked like she was tearing up at the sight of Sara. As they walked Wille felt relieved, no one was watching him, they were all watching Sara. As it came to an end Sara and Simon went to Linda, and Wille sought out Erik.

“Hey little brother,” Erik smiled, pulling him into a hug. “I thought Felice was going to be Lucia?”

“She was supposed to be,” Wille answered, “but Sara looks so happy to have done it, I don’t think Felice really wanted to.”

They walked over to where Simon was standing with his family.

“Hi Wilhelm, Erik,” Linda greeted warmly.

“Lovely to see you again Linda,” Erik nodded his head at her, before turning to Sara, “Congratulations on Lucia, you were perfect for the role.”

Sara’s eyes widened and she blushed as she stuttered out a thank you. Wille and Simon made eye contact and Simon smirked, both thinking about Sara’s crush. Erik and Wilhelm were quickly called away, having to mingle and put on their prince facades. Wille let his slip when he saw Felice through the doorway, standing by herself outside. He excused himself from his conversation, going out to talk to her.

“Hey,” he called out as he walked up to her, “are you okay?”

She turned to face him, “Hey Wilhelm, yeah I’m okay. Just avoiding my mother.”

“Is she upset that you weren’t Lucia?” Wille asked.

Felice sighed, “probably, I haven’t really talked to her since the procession.”

“It was really nice what you did for Sara.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Felice shrugged, “I figured I’m already going against my mother’s wishes by wearing the wrong dress, and I don’t think I really wanted to be Lucia anyways. It’s hard to tell with some things if it’s what I want or what she wants me to want.”

Wille nodded, “I get that, it’s hard when there are all these expectations for you, and you don’t want to let anyone down so you make yourself want them just as hard.”

“And instead you just tear yourself up inside,” Felice finished for him, “I feel like you’re one of the few people who really get it.”

“Don’t tell anyone I said this,” Wille answered, “it wouldn’t be proper for me to say anything against the queen. But. It’s just so suffocating isn’t it?”

“Exactly.” Felice agreed, “I didn’t even realize how much until I started talking to Sara. She’s so genuine, she doesn’t put on an act. It made me realize how much I was. It’s why I wanted her to be Lucia, she’s been such an important friend to me, I wanted to do something back.”

“You’re a good person Felice,” Wille turned to face her, “I mean it. I can tell you care a lot about Sara, about all your friends.”

“I’d do anything for them,” Felice replied, before adding, “You’re my friend too you know.”

“Thank you,” Wille said quietly.

“You can tell me if I’m overstepping,” Felice hesitated, “but I think Simon is like that for you. Like Sara is for me. Someone to keep us grounded.”

“Simon is… a lot to me,” Wille felt his chest tightening, knowing what he was about to say he couldn’t take back.

“Are you okay?” Felice asked, looking concerned as Wille began breathing faster.

“Can you,” Wille paused, “if I tell you something, can you swear not to tell anyone.”

“Of course,” Felice answered immediately.

“It’s- it’s really important that it stays between the two of us.”

“I promise,” Felice met his eyes, “You have my word, you can trust me.”

“I- I’m not,” Wille took a deep breath, “Simon and I- we’re together.”

Felice paused, “together as in…. dating together?”

Wille nodded, raising his hand to bite his thumb.

“That’s really great Wilhelm,” Felice smiled, “I can tell he really cares about you.”

“You can call me Wille,” Wille’s mouth lifted at the corner, “seeing as how you now know my biggest secret.”

“How long have you two been together?” she asked, “Only if you want

to talk about it, you don't have to."

"Officially, about a month, things started getting more serious around parents' day though."

Felice gasped, "oh my god and I kissed you on parents' day. I'm so sorry!"

"It's okay," Wille rushed to reassure her, "that's behind us, consider it forgotten."

She sighed in relief, "Does anyone else know?"

"His family," Wille answered, "Two of his friends, and Erik."

"Sounds serious."

"I know it hasn't been that long," Wille began, "but I'm- I'm really serious about him."

She beamed at him in response, "I really am happy for you Wille, you deserve it."

He smiled in return, feeling giddy at being able to finally share with a friend of his own.

"We should probably head back in," Felice said after a moment, "I'm sure Erik is wondering where you went. If you ever do want to talk

more about it, let me know, I'd be happy to."

"Thank you," Wille turned to her before they went their separate ways inside, "For what it's worth Felice, you would have made a beautiful Lucia."

She smiled in response, turning to go face her mother. Wille went back to find Erik, joining in on his conversation with one of the parents. His eyes trailed across the room to find Simon, hesitating when he saw a man he didn't recognize approach them. Wille saw Simon and Sara tense up as soon as they noticed him, and their conversation seemed tense. Wille saw Erik follow his line of sight and witness the interaction himself. The man left shortly after, looking disappointed, and Sara turned to Simon with a hardness he hadn't seen in her before. Simon quickly walked out of the room, and Wille turned to face Erik.

"Go," Erik said quietly, "I'll make excuses for you."

"Thank you," Wille said under his breath before going to follow where Simon had gone, finding him back in the empty classroom they'd met in earlier that night. Simon was sitting with his head in his hands, barely glancing up at the sound of Wille entering and closing the door behind him. He sat down beside Simon, offering his hand. Simon reached out and took it, moving it around his shoulders as he leaned into Wille's chest. Wille rubbed his back, hoping to provide some comfort until Simon was ready to talk.

"That was my dad," Simon said finally, voice shaky on the exhale. "He said that he thought- since I had visited him- Sara will never forgive me."

"She loves you Simon," Wille reassured him, "She may be upset right now, but she'll forgive you."

“You don’t understand,” Simon shook, “We promised we would never see him again, I promised her. She sees it as black and white, she won’t understand why I went to see him.”

“She probably just needs some time,” Wille kissed Simon’s head, “She’ll come around.”

Simon didn’t respond, burying his face in Wille’s neck.

“I’m just going to tell Erik I’m not coming back, okay?” Wille said quietly as he pulled out his phone.

WILLE

were not coming back

ERIK

okay

are you two okay?

WILLE

that was Simon’s dad

I’ll explain later

but they dont talk to him

ERIK

shit okay

you two could go to the hotel if you want

i can stay out for a bit to give you privacy

“Simon?” Wille asked gently, “What do you want to do? Erik said we could go back to the hotel, or you could go home, or we could go to my room?”

“Hotel,” Simon whispered.

“Okay,” Wille ran his fingers through Simon’s hair, “we’ll go back to the hotel then. Maybe have a warm shower and we can watch a show or just cuddle?”

Simon nodded against his shoulder, breathing starting to even out.

“I’ve got you cariño,” Wille reassured, “I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

Credit for Wille crying about Simon's bf to wonderfulwille on tumblr. I wanted to hyperlink them but I can't figure out how in the chapter notes

https://wonderfulwille.tumblr.com/post/666610016427671552/wille-stop-it-i-wasnt-that-drunk-last

I had a hard time with this chapter and am publishing it half asleep so hopefully it is coherant and you still enjoy it!!!

As always thank you so much to everyone for reading, subscribing, and commenting. Even if i dont always respond to

comments i read every single one and it always makes my day

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Erik arranged for a car to take them back to the hotel. Wille recognized the driver as Malin, Erik's main bodyguard. He'd grown up around Malin, and he knew she was fiercely loyal to Erik, so he knew she wouldn't say anything about Simon. He took Simon's hand, wanting to offer him some comfort until they were alone. They spent the drive in silence, no one speaking beyond Wille thanking Malin before they shut the door to the hotel room. Once they were alone, Wille led Simon by the hand to the couch, sitting down and pulling Simon into his lap. Simon buried his face in Wille's neck, wrapping his arms around him.

"Do you want to talk anymore about it?" He asked, fingers massaging Simon's scalp.

Simon shrugged, "I don't know."

"That's okay," Wille reassured, "We can just sit, and if you do want to talk about it you can, but if you don't want to we don't have to."

Simon hummed into his neck, and Wille wasn't sure how long they lay in silence, just holding each other, until Simon spoke again.

"I remember when he used to be a really good dad," Simon murmured, "The dad who would play music with me and have tea parties with Sara and surprise my mom with flowers when he got home from work. Then he got laid off, I don't really know the details. I was still pretty young, but that's when things changed. He couldn't find another job and he started drinking during the day when he was home alone. I don't know how long he had been before we found out,

I just remember coming home from school and seeing him passed out on the couch."

Simon's breath hitched when he said it, and Wille kissed Simon's head in reassurance.

"He started fighting with mama all the time, Sara would sneak into my room and we'd hide under the covers when we heard him yell. Being around him was like getting whiplash, when he was drunk he would break things and yell. We had to keep Sara's medication locked up. I remember Sara had been saving her allowance for riding lessons, and one day I caught him in her room, going through her piggy bank for drug money. I confronted him about it and he threw it at the wall beside me. But then when he was sober he'd still be that dad who cared and he would feel guilty so he would try extra hard to make up for it, buying us presents or taking us for what he called 'dad days'. It would be something special like a movie or the arcade, as if that made up for us having to constantly tiptoe around, not wanting to do something to set him off. We had to get a breathalyzer in our car because he got caught driving high, I remember feeling so embarrassed when someone from school asked me what it was. Mama started sending us to stay at Ayub's on nights where it was really bad. She tried to make it seem like just a fun sleepover but we both knew. Those nights are the ones where he'd yell at Sara for her aspergers, call us both all kinds of names. At that point Sara and I just avoided him as much as possible, we pretty much lived at Ayub's for a bit. One night Mama had to work late, and Sara and I were at the house. We woke up because the fire alarm was going off, he'd started making food and then passed out on the floor. We got lucky that the fire only stayed in the kitchen, but that night Mama took us to a motel and promised we'd move out. She'd been saving money in secret for a while to have enough for us to get our own place. When we went back the next day to get our stuff he'd been so mad we were leaving that he'd trashed it. Half our stuff was wrecked. We moved and didn't tell him our new address, and Sara and I made a pact that we would never talk to him again, that we would never let him back into our lives."

Wille was silent as Simon spoke, letting him get it all out. His heart broke for the boy in his arms, the most amazing person he'd ever met,

having to go through that.

“I’m so sorry Simon,” Wille whispered when Simon finished, “Thank you for trusting me with that, you didn’t deserve any of it. None of you did.”

“Sara can’t see past what he did, and I don’t blame her,” Simon sniffled, “But it’s hard for me to think of the dad that was really good as the same dad who put us through all that.”

“I know Sara is upset, but it’s understandable that you’d feel that way,” Wille reassured, “I know that it’s really complicated, but Sara loves you, that isn’t going to change.”

Simon nodded against Wille’s neck, “Thank you for listening.”

“Of course,” Wille responded, “I’m here for you Simon, whatever you need.”

Wille felt Simon smile against his neck, and he tightened his arms around him. Simon’s phone started buzzing, and he pulled it out to look at the screen.

“It’s mama,” Simon explained.

“Do you want me to stay with you or do you want some privacy?” Wille asked.

“I’ll maybe go to the other room,” Simon bit his lip.

“Okay,” Wille nodded, pressing a kiss to Simon’s cheek before he walked away. Wille pulled out his own phone to see Erik had texted.

ERIK

how is Simon?

Linda and Sara left right after you did

WILLE

not great

hes just talking to his mom now

ERIK

im guessing his dad wasnt invited

WILLE

no

i dont want to share too much

but hes been out of their lives for years

it wasnt good

ERIK

is there anything i can do?

WILLE

i dont think so

I'll see what Simon says when he's done talking to Linda

thank you for letting us come back here

ERIK

of course

i can stay away until later

give you two some time

WILLE

thanks erik

ill let you know

Simon came back out of the room ten minutes later, pulling Wille right into a hug.

"How was your talk with your mom?" Wille asked, resting his forehead against Simon's.

"Okay," Simon answered quietly, "I feel a bit better now."

"I'm glad," Wille cupped Simon's cheek. "What do you need?"

"You mentioned a shower before, that would be nice."

“Of course,” Wille kissed Simon’s cheek and led him to the bathroom, grabbing the big towels for him.

“Will you join me?” Simon asked, not letting go of Wille’s hand.

“You want me to?”

Simon nodded, running his fingers along the hem of Wille’s shirt.

“Okay,” Wille kissed him lightly, and Simon lifted off Wille’s shirt. They undressed each other slowly, Simon pulling Wille close against him under the water. They showered in silence, washing each other’s hair and sharing soft kisses. Wille’s heart felt full and he hoped Simon could feel his love in every touch.

“Thank you,” Simon said quietly as Wille massaged conditioner into his scalp.

Wille kissed the back of his neck, “You don’t have to thank me Simon, I’m happy to be here for you.”

Simon turned around, pulling Wille into another kiss, “When is Erik coming back?”

“I’m not sure,” Wille answered, “He said he’d stay out a bit to give us some time, I can ask.”

“Okay,” Simon smiled, kissing Wille’s nose.

“How are you feeling?” Wille ran his hands along Simon’s arms.

“Better,” Simon leaned into him.

“I’m glad,” Wille kissed his forehead. “Ready to get out?”

“You go ahead,” Simon answered, “I’m too warm to get out yet.”

“Okay,” Wille laughed, kissing Simon again before getting out. He went into the room to put on boxers and sweats, grabbing a pair for Simon to change into after.

WILLE

doing better here

when do you think you’ll come back

ERIK

i can stay out longer if you want?

be back in like 2 hours?

simon is welcome to spend the night there

WILLE

ok!

thank you!

ERIK

of course

Wille heard the shower turn off and called out to Simon, “Erik said he’ll be gone for around two more hours.”

Simon walked into the room with the towel around his waist, a small smirk on his face, walking up to the bed where Wille was sitting, “Whatever will we do to keep ourselves busy?”

Wille laughed, “It seems like you have an idea?”

“Maybe,” Simon bit his lip, suddenly looking hesitant.

“What are you thinking?”

Simon walked over to his bag, digging through it, “We don’t have to, only if you want to, and I know it’s a new thing so be honest with me about it.”

Wille’s brows furrowed, unsure what Simon was going on about. Simon stepped back in front of him and took Wille’s hand, placing something in it. Wille looked down to see a small bottle of lube. Oh. He’d be lying to say it hadn’t been on his mind. After Simon first brought it up Wille had taken it upon himself to do *research* , wanting to be prepared when the moment came.

“Not like all the way,” Simon stumbled out, “I know we talked about it a bit but I thought maybe…”

“Yes,” Wille breathed out.

“I didn’t finish,” Simon laughed.

“Simme,” Wille pulled him close, “I want everything with you, but are you sure? It’s been an emotional day and I don’t want you to regret it later.”

Simon leaned down to kiss him, gently pushing him back on the bed, “I’ve been thinking about it since the cabin, about you using your fingers on me, in me.”

Wille’s breath caught, “baby.”

“I’m sure Wille,” Simon kissed down his neck, “I could never regret anything with you.”

Wille’s heart raced as his lips met Simon’s again, pulling him closer.

“I’m sure,” Simon whispered against his lips, “As long as you are, as long as you want it to.”

Wille groaned, “Simme I haven’t stopped thinking about it since you suggested it.”

Simon grinned, handing running along Wille’s thigh. They kissed

again, gripping each other tightly as Simon undressed Wille and Wille removed the towel. Simon pushed Wille into the sheets, leaning their foreheads together.

“You’re so beautiful,” Wille murmured, smiling at the blush on Simon’s cheeks.

“You’re beautiful,” Simon answered, cupping Wille’s cheek in his hand. Wille rolled them over, grinding his hips down against Simon, trailing kisses down his chest. He moved back up and rested his forehead against Simon’s, as his hand moved down to wrap around Simon. They stayed looking into each other’s eyes as Wille started moving his hand, Wille felt like he was going to get lost in them as Simon whimpered below him.

“Wille,” Simon moaned, “Please.”

Wille nodded, kissing Simon before sitting up to grab the bottle, “Tell me if you want me to stop or do anything different okay?”

Simon nodded and Wille’s heart raced as he squeezed the cool gel on his fingers, hovering over Simon, waiting for confirmation.

“I’m ready,” Simon whispered, breath hitching as Wille pressed a finger against him, slowly pushing in.

“Okay?” Wille asked and Simon nodded, hand wrapping around Wille’s other arm. Wille began to move, gently and slowly, obligingly when Simon asks him to put another finger in. Wille leaned down to kiss Simon again, Simon’s hand gripping on his hair. He couldn’t believe he got to have Simon like this, falling apart underneath him. Wille leaned into Simon, pressing a kiss to his neck.

“Wille,” Simon gasped, “baby I- fuck.”

Wille rested his forehead against Simon’s, he felt like he could tear up from the affection in Simon’s eyes.

“Mitt hjärta,” Wille whispered, and Simon cried out, spilling over his stomach.

“Wille,” Simon whispered after his breathing had slowed, pulling Wille tightly to him.

“Was that okay?” Wille asked, suddenly self conscious.

Simon laughed, “baby,it was amazing, you’re amazing.”

Wille went to the bathroom to get a washcloth, gently cleaning Simon up. He smiled, pressing a kiss into Simon’s neck. When he lifted his head back up, Simon was still looking at him intently.

“Wille, you’re just-” Simon bit his lip, running his hand along Wille’s chest, looking down before making eye contact again, “I love you.”

Wille froze, his entire world suddenly spinning. Simon loved him. *Simon loved him* .

“You don’t have to say anything back,” Simon continued, “But I just, I wanted you to know how I feel. It’s okay if you’re not there yet, I-”

“I love you,” Wille interrupted, heart racing.

This time Simon froze, a hopeful look in his eye, “You aren’t just saying that cause I said it?”

“No,” Wille breathed out, “God Simon I almost said it so many times but I didn’t want you to feel pressured. I love you so much.”

Simon beamed at him, “I’m so fucking in love with you Wille.”

“I love you,” Wille laughed, peppering Simon’s face with kisses, “I love you so fucking much Simon.”

Eventually they got out of the bed, throwing on sweatpants and hoodies, giddy as they stumbled into the main area, refusing to let go of eachother. It took some navigating for them to get leftovers from the minifridge and heat them up but Wille was determined to not let go of Simon’s hand for a second. He laughed as he went to open the microwave when it started beeping and Simon grumbled, not moving his arms that were wrapped tightly around Wille. They made it to the couch, whispering I love yous as they ate, turning on Schitt’s Creek. They had to restart the episode three times because they kept getting distracted kissing each other, but Wille wouldn’t have had it any other way.

“When did you know?” Simon asked, kissing Wille’s hand as he lay with his back pressed against Wille’s chest.

“I think I’ve been falling love with you since I first saw you sing,” Wille admitted, and Simon turned and pulled him into a deep kiss. “It really hit me the last night you slept over in my dorm, waking up

beside you that morning. All day I kept thinking of you, of how much I liked you. I couldn't even concentrate in class because my mind was filled with you, so I stepped out to go for a walk. I went by the choir room and I heard your solo, and I realized that I've been in love with you all along."

"Wille," Simon gasped, his eyes tearing up, "I love you so much. I love you, I love you, I love you." He kissed Wille between each I love you and Wille never wanted the moment to end.

"I love you so much Simon," Wille ran his thumb along Simon's browline. "What about you? When did you know?"

Simon blushed, "I think it's been there for awhile, and I just didn't realize. But I guess when you called me the other night?"

Wille's jaw dropped, "You realized you loved me when I called you drunk?"

Simon laughed, "You were so sweet, Erik was telling me about how you'd spent the night talking about how much you liked me. You were so excited to talk to me, it felt like all your emotions were so open on your face. I told you how you'd asked if I had a boyfriend. When I told you I did, you asked if I loved him. I hadn't really thought about the words until you said it, and I realized the answer was yes. Completely."

Wille melted into Simon's arms, "I love you Simme."

"I love you Wille," Simon answered, pulling him back into another kiss.

When Erik came back, they were both half asleep on the couch. They shared a quick hello, before going to Wille's room, quick to fall asleep in each other's arms.

—

Wille woke up before Simon. He smiled down at the sleeping form of his boyfriend. Who he loved. Who loved him back. It was overwhelming in the best way. He slipped out of the bed, careful not to wake Simon, to go get them breakfast. He was determined to give Simon breakfast in bed every chance he got. Erik was on his laptop at the table when Wille walked in.

"Morning little brother," he greeted.

"Hey Erik," Wille smiled, he was pretty sure he hadn't stopped smiling since the day before.

"Someone is chipper this morning," Erik grinned, "care you share with the class?"

Wille glanced back at the bedroom door before sitting down across from Erik, "Simon told me he loved me last night."

Erik's smile widened, "That's great Wille, I'm really happy for you. I really like Simon, I couldn't think of anyone better for you."

Wille blushed as Erik got up from his chair, crushing Wille in a hug, "my baby brother is in love!"

“Stop,” Wille laughed as Erik ruffled his hair.

Wille managed to get breakfast back to the bedroom right before the alarm went off, waking up Simon.

“Good morning Simon,” Wille smiled as Simon slowly opened his eyes.

“Good morning,” Simon smiled back, pulling Wille into a kiss, “I love you.”

“I love you,” Wille beamed, he was sure he was radiating happiness. “I brought you breakfast.”

“I *really* love you,” Simon replied, happily taking the plate.

After they ate they got ready to go, still having classes that day. Erik insisted on driving since he was heading back home, and they dropped Simon off at his house so he could change his clothes and get his school stuff. Simon insisted that they go on without him and that he would take the bus, and Wille knew it was to give him time alone with his brother. Simon knew him so well, he loved him so much. When Erik pulled up outside of Hillerska, Wille immediately pulled him into a tight hug.

“Thank you for coming,” Wille mumbled into his shoulder. “Thank you for everything.”

“I’m here for you Wilhelm,” Erik responded, “Always, even if I’m a bit of a drive away.”

“I’ll be there soon enough,” Wille said, Christmas was coming up quickly.

“You better,” Erik laughed, “I am not sitting through Christmas dinner by myself.”

Wille grinned, “Wanna make a bet on how long mama lasts before she talks about official crown business?”

Erik pondered for a minute, “I bet she can’t make it past her first bite.”

“I’m not taking that bet,” Wille groaned, “I know you’re right.”

Erik smiled at him as he got out of the car, “bye little brother, see you soon!”

—

SIMON

you were a cute baby

WILLE

????

SIMON

erik is sending me pictures

he promised he would after he told me your childhood stories while you were sleeping

WLLE

youre both the worst

SIMON

i love youuuu ❤□❤□❤□

WILLE

i love you too ❤□

Chapter End Notes

they finally said it!!

Groupchat with Simon, Rosh, and Ayub where he tells them about the I love you

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

CW for some homophobic comments near the end

In the days leading up to the Christmas break, Wille and Simon took every opportunity they could to be around each other. Since they first met they hadn't gone longer than a weekend without seeing each other and the thought of going two weeks was almost too much to bear. Especially since they'd said I love you. It was like a dam had burst and everything Wille had tried to hold back had come flooding through, constantly overwhelmed with how strongly he felt for Simon. They would sneak glances at each other in class, sit closely together in workies, and find excuses to stay late after rowing to kiss each other in the locker room. Wille had started sneaking Simon into his room every night and the two of them would fall asleep whispering I love yous, holding each other tightly. He knew it was a little reckless but he couldn't bring himself to care, not when they were spending each night pressed skin to skin and he was getting to kiss Simon awake each morning. After their last day of class, they arranged for Wille to spend the night in Bjärstad. There was a Christmas celebration at school the next morning before everyone went home, and Wille had packed in advance to make sure he could get as much time with Simon the next morning without having to worry about going back to his room. Since it was their last day Linda was picking them up. The ride home was mostly silent, Sara and Simon had talked since Lucia, and while things were better between them, Wille knew Simon still felt uncertain about everything. When they got to the house, Wille followed Simon to his room, throwing his bag down on the floor. There was a knock on the door a minute later, and Sara stepped through after Simon called out to come in.

She shut the door behind her, hesitating before coming further into the room, carrying wrapping paper, "I thought we could finish wrapping presents."

"Okay," Simon smiled, and Wille could tell her was happy to have the olive branch. They put on Christmas music, each grabbing a box to wrap. Sara was clearly an expert at it, methodically folding so that

each side was even. Simon's however, left something to be desired.

"Simon," Wille laughed as Simon crumpled the paper in frustration, "What did that wrapping paper ever do to you?"

"It doesn't want to fold right," Simon whined.

"This happens every year," Sara grinned, "He'll eventually give in and I'll finish the wrapping for him."

"It's not that bad!" Simon exclaimed, his attempts at defending himself slightly overshadowed by the mess of tape on the gift in front of him.

"You did get this side done well," Wille offered, and Simon beamed at him. He turned towards Sara, pointing to that side.

Sara rolled her eyes, "Barely, Wilhelm's just saying that because he has to."

"He doesn't *have* to," Simon protested.

"I don't?" Wille smirked, enjoying the chance to tease Simon, "Well in that case…"

"Shut up," Simon grumbled, shoving him playfully.

They continued joking until Linda called them to dinner, and they all

played a game together after they ate. Wille realized he wouldn't just miss Simon over the break, but this as well. Bjärstad felt like another home to him, sometimes even more of a home than the palace. Bjärstad didn't have Erik though, and Wille did miss his brother. They were sitting in the living room, deciding on a Christmas movie when Wille went to grab his bag from Simon's room. He and Simon had agreed to give each other gifts in person before Wille left, but they wanted to do it later in private. Wille had also decided to bring gifts for Sara and Linda though, and felt that now would be a good moment to give them.

"Uh, Linda, Sara?" Wille hesitated as he stepped back into the living room. "These are for you."

He handed them each their gifts, carefully wrapped with their names written on top.

"Wilhelm," Linda smiled at him, "You didn't have to get us anything."

"I wanted to," Wille answered, "You always welcome me over here and I'm, I'm really grateful."

"Of course Wilhelm," Linda smiled, "We love having you here."

Wille bit his lip as Linda unwrapped hers, suddenly very nervous about what she would think. She opened the box and pulled out the gloves he'd gotten.

"I hope they're okay," Wille rambled, "I just remember a few weeks ago when you dropped me off at Hillerska you mentioned that your hands were always cold on the steering wheel until the car really warmed up, and I asked Simon and he said the ones you had were starting to wear. If you don't like them I can always exchange them or-"

“They’re lovely Wilhelm,” Linda stopped him, “Thank you, that was very thoughtful.”

Wille felt his anxiety fade as she pulled him into a tight hug.

The moment was interrupted by Sara choking on her drink when she opened her present.

“Merry Christmas Sara,” Wille grinned as Simon burst out laughing. Wille had scoured the internet for the old magazine cover of Erik with the puppies, forcing Erik to sign it before framing it.

“Sara, look!” Simon smirked, “It’s signed and everything.”

Sara glared at him, looking like she wasn’t sure whether to be embarrassed or amused. Simon laughed harder at her blush, and the two of them ended up wrestling on the couch until Linda made them settle down for the movie.

—

After the movie was done and they’d all said goodnight, Wille found himself sitting across from Simon on his bed, Christmas gift in front of him. Before he could ask who should go first Simon pushed his box into Wille’s hand, insisting he open it.

“Did Sara wrap this?” Wille teased, looking at the perfectly folded lines.

“Maybe,” Simon blushed, “Just open it.”

Wille grinned, opening it carefully, trying to preserve the wrapping. It was a small box, and Wille opened it to see an intricate silver ring inside.

“It’s a fidget ring,” Simon explained, motioning to it. “It looks like a regular ring when it’s on your finger, but you can spin it and it opens into a sphere. I know you don’t wear a lot of jewelry but I thought it could be good for when you’re feeling anxious.”

Wille took the ring out and spun it around, smiling as he watched the symbols move, “I love it Simon.”

“Yeah?” Simon asked, looking up at him intently.

“It’s perfect,” Wille leaned down to kiss him, “Thank you.”

Simon smiled into the kiss and Wille leaned their foreheads together, “I love it, I love you.”

“I love you,” Simon beamed back, grin widening when Wille kissed his cheek. “My turn!”

Wille handed Simon the package, fidgeting with the ring as Simon opened it. He smiled affectionately at Simon tearing the paper, not taking his time like Wille had. Simon opened the box, revealing the necklace Wille had gotten him. Simon had made some offhand comments about wanting to wear more jewelry. It was a simple piece,

Wille hadn't wanted to get anything too flashy, and when Wille had seen the pendant he'd immediately thought of him.

"Wille it's beautiful," Simon held it up, "Will you put it on me?"

Wille nodded and Simon turned on the bed for Wille to put it around him. Wille hooked the back together, placing a kiss on the back of Simon's neck when he was done.

"I like that we both got each other jewelry," Simon smiled, turning back to face Wille.

"Me too," Wille grinned in return and Simon leaned into him, crawling on his lap.

"I love you Wille," Simon whispered, wrapping his arms around Wille's neck.

"I love you Simon," Wille answered, leaning in to kiss him.

Simon's arms tightened around him as they kissed, eventually pushing Wille down into the bed, "I'm gonna miss you so much."

"Not as much as I'll miss you," Wille promised, tightening his grip on Simon's shirt.

"Sap," Simon teased, as if he wasn't holding on to Wille just as tightly. "You better call me everyday."

“I will,” Wille assured, “We can video every night.”

“Good,” Simon smiled softly, pulling back to look at Wille. He reached up to cup Simon’s face, running his thumb along his cheekbone. Simon’s face changed into a smirk, “Maybe I could leave you something to remember me by?”

“What do you mean?” Wille asked innocently, as if he didn’t know exactly where Simon was going with this.

“Lie back baby,” Simon whispered, starting to kiss down Wille’s chest, “I’m gonna take care of you.”

—

The alarm went off far too early the next morning, and Wille wasn’t near ready to leave the comfort of Simon’s bed. Simon groaned as he reached for his phone, hitting snooze before burrowing back into Wille’s chest.

“Good morning cariño,” Wille whispered, running his fingers along Simon’s spine.

He felt Simon smile against his skin, “hi baby.”

“I wish we didn’t have to get up,” Wille sighed, pressing his face into Simon’s curls.

“Let’s just skip the assembly and you going home,” Simon grumbled, “You can probably hide here forever right?”

Wille laced their fingers together, “now that would be a good Christmas present.”

Simon tilted his neck to look up at Wille, “I’ll be sure to ask Santa.”

Wille laughed, moving to kiss Simon.

“I love you,” Simon said against his lips, “Morning breath and all.”

Wille’s eyes widened, “Is it really that bad?”

Simon giggled, “no, I just tend to be very focused on your mouth.” He pulled Wille back into another kiss, adjusting so he was lying on top of him.

“We don’t have time,” Wille mumbled as Simon’s hand started traveling downwards.

“I can be quick,” Simon promised, and Wille forgot what he was arguing about as Simon wrapped his hand around him.

“Simon,” Wille gasped, “I love you.”

“I love you baby,” Simon replied, “You’re doing so good for me.”

Wille gasped, pressing his face into Simon’s neck to muffle his moan as he gripped Simon’s hair, free hand moving downwards. Neither of them lasted long, hands moving quickly as they arched against each other, wound up from needing each other one last time before the distance. Simon collapsed on top of him, breathing heavily as the alarm from the snooze started ringing again. Simon reached over to turn it off, before looking back at Wille with a smirk, “told you I could be quick.”

“You’re a menace,” Wille replied, trying to focus on slowing down his own breathing.

“But you love me,” Simon grinned, and Wille softened at the sight.

“I do,” he admitted, “Very much.”

—

They’d cleaned up and gotten ready quickly, Simon needing to meet the choir before the service. Wille brought out his bags to be loaded, he would be leaving for the palace as soon as it was done. Most of the time went by in a blur, until it got to the choir’s performance and it felt like the whole world slowed down as Wille watched Simon sing. He would never get tired of hearing his voice. As if he knew Wille was thinking of him, although when was Wille *not* thinking of him, Simon glanced over and smiled at him. He was wearing his uniform, and Wille wanted to wrap his hand around the tie, pulling Simon closer to him. After the singing was done, Wille made the rounds saying goodbye to the staff, acting how he knew he would be expected to as prince. He nodded at Simon as he left, giving him a small smile. Simon reached up to touch along his collarbone when their eyes met, touching the necklace he knew Simon was wearing under the uniform.

He reached for his ring, spinning it once around his finger. They'd agreed to not do a goodbye in the crowd, the time they'd had alone together that morning was more meaningful anyways. It didn't make getting into the car and driving away any easier.

WILLE

on my way

ERIK

thank god

i dont know how many more conversations i can have about which tie will look better for the christmas address

i never want to see another tie

WILLE

damn, there goes your christmas gift

ERIK

very funny

did simon like the necklace

WILLE

yeah

he got me jewelry too

a ring

ERIK

damn wille maybe finish school first before planning a wedding

WILLE

obviously not that kind of ring idiot

a fidget ring

ERIK

i know

he asked me if i thought it was a good idea before he bought it

wanted to make sure youd like it

i told him he could give you a used napkin from the garbage and youd like it cause youre obsessed with him

WILLE

im not obsessed!

ERIK

bet?

lets see who cracks first

mama talking about official business or you talking about simon

WILLE

i am not that bad!!!

ERIK

starting now

—

ERIK

it doesnt count if you just stop talking to me

WILLE

YOU DIDNT GIVE ANY TERMS

—

Wille wasn’t surprised that his parents weren’t there to greet him when he arrived, his mother was probably in meetings until dinner that night. He decided to go right to his room, eager to be in his own space. He unpacked then went into the hallway, making his way to Erik’s room. Erik wasn't there, presumably still in a meeting as well. Wille sat on one of the chairs, pulling out his phone to scroll while he waited.

“Wilhelm!” Erik exclaimed when he walked in, pulling Wille into a hug. Wille is very proud of himself when he manages to go half an hour without bringing up Simon, which is definitely longer than their mama will go before turning family dinner into a PR meeting. They headed down to the dining room together, entering at the same time as their parents.

“Wilhelm,” His mama nodded at him, “Welcome home.”

“Hi mama,” Wille greeted, having a similar exchange with his dad as they all sat down.

“How is Hillerska?” she asked as the food was brought out.

“Good,” Wille shrugged.

“I’m glad you’re settling in,” she replied before turning slightly towards Erik, “Although we need to discuss how often Erik has gone down there already. That rate simply cannot happen in the New Year.”

“Yes mama,” Wille said quietly, looking down. He’d expected it, he was surprised Erik had been able to visit as much as he had. The queen made it 10 minutes, as Wille had predicted, before changing the conversation to business.

“Erik,” she turned to him, “We need to discuss your charity appearance this holiday. Minou has said you haven’t confirmed it yet?”

“Yes,” Erik answered, clearing his throat. “I was thinking that I would like to volunteer at the lgbt youth shelter, like last year.”

Her eyes widened and a frown quickly set in, “That’s nice dear but I think it would be better if you chose somewhere else this time. We wouldn’t want anyone getting the wrong idea.”

Wille looked down at his hands, beginning to fidget with his ring and

wishing he was anywhere but here during this conversation.

“What do you mean?” Erik asked, narrowing his eyes.

She didn’t react, “Erik, be reasonable, volunteering there once is fine but twice suggests that it’s more personal. We wouldn’t want anyone thinking that you’re… like *that.* ”

Wille's stomach twisted, he appreciated what Erik was trying to do, but he didn’t know if his brother had fully thought it through.

“What?” Erik challenged, “Gay?”

“Don’t be ridiculous Erik,” she scoffed.

“What if I was?” He repeated, staring her down.

“You’re not..” she hesitated.

“No mother,” Erik rolled his eyes. “I’m not. But would that be so bad?”

“You are the crown prince Erik, it wouldn’t be right,” she answered sternly, “You have a responsibility to this country. You’ll be expected to find a wife and produce heirs. You are not to take a political stance. I won’t talk anymore on the subject. I don’t know what foolishness you’re thinking but I will not humor you in whatever ridiculous phase you seem to be experiencing right now.”

“Mama-” Erik began, raising his voice. Wille could tell he was furious.

“Enough Erik,” she shouted, cutting him off as her voice echoed through the room.

Wille knew it was suspicious for him to get up and leave, but he could feel the panic attack coming on and didn’t want to be in the room with his parents when it came. Everyone was silent as he stood up, walking out quickly without saying a word. He hoped that his parents would just assume it was because of the fighting, he’d never liked conflict. He started heading towards his room but had to stop, unable to move anymore. He leaned against the wall, pressing his hand against his chest as he tried to slow his breathing.

“Wille?” Erik’s voice came down the hallway, cursing under his breath when he saw him. “Fuck I’m sorry, I should've left it- I didn’t think- I’m sorry.”

Erik knelt in front of him and Wille realized he’d sunk to the floor.

“Focus on me okay?” Erik asked gently, “Can you breathe with me? Breathe in, 1, 2, 3”

Wille shook as he tried to mimic Erik, eyes welling up as he continued pressing into his chest, focusing on the feeling of the metal ring against his skin.

“I ca- I can’t,” Wille gasped out.

“You’re doing so well Wille,” Erik reassured him.

Wille closed his eyes, face scrunching as he covered his ears, trying to shut out everything. He felt Erik’s hand on his back, rubbing circles and he leaned into the touch. They sat in silence, Erik continuing to breathe in an exaggerated way for Wille to follow. When Wille finally felt his breathing slow, he slumped against Erik’s shoulder, light headed and drained.

“What do you need?” Erik asked.

“Can you take me back to my room?” Wille said quietly.

“Of course,” Erik agreed, helping Wille to his feet and keeping an arm around him for support as they made their way back.

“Do you want me to stay with you?” Erik asked as they entered the room. Wille went straight to his bag, digging through it for Simon’s purple hoodie. Simon gave it to him to take, insisting on keeping one of Wille’s sweaters.

“I think I’m okay,” Wille answered, voice muffled as he slipped on the sweater. “I’m going to try and call Simon.”

“Okay,” Erik hugged him, “Let me know if you need anything or want me to come back okay?”

Wille nodded, pressing the video call button as soon as Erik closed the door. Simon answered after a few rings, a smile spreading on his face when he saw Wille.

“Nice sweater,” he grinned, “Missing me already?” His smile faded as he took in Wille’s expression, “Are you ok cariño? What happened?”

“Can you just distract me please?” Wille asked and Simon nodded, going into a play-by-play of his day after Wille had left.

“Thank you,” Wille said quietly when Simon had stopped.

“Do you wanna talk about it?” Simon asked, and Wille shrugged.

“Erik brought up volunteering again for the queer youth shelter he did last year, mama said it was a bad idea because people might get the *wrong* impression.”

Simon’s eyes widened and Wille bit his lip before continuing, “Erik got into a fight with her about it. He asked what would happen if he was gay and she got mad and said it was political and foolish and a phase. That it wouldn’t be *right.* ” His voice cracked at the last word.

“Baby I’m so sorry,” Simon whispered, “I wish I could hold you right now.”

“I miss you,” Wille sniffled, burying his face in the hoodie.

“I miss you too cariño,” Simon answered, “I love you so much, and there is nothing foolish or temporary or wrong about that.”

“I love you so much Simon,” Willie’s voice cracked, “Thank you.”

Simon hesitated for a minute, “I was going to wait until Christmas day, but I have a surprise for you, would you like it now instead?”

Wille smiled softly and nodded, “What is it?”

“You’ll see,” Simon grinned, “I just have to go to my Instagram drafts.”

Wille fiddled with the ring as he waited, Simon focusing on something on his phone.

“Okay,” Simon looked up after a moment, “Go check my Instagram.”

Wille opened the app right away, going straight to Simon’s profile. His breath caught when he saw the post, paused on a video of Simon holding a guitar.

“You might need to hang up for a minute for the sound to work,” Simon said, “Do you want to call me back after?”

Wille nodded and soon it was silent in the room, Wille tapped on the post. His breath caught as the sound came through. It was the song that Patrick sang to David in the episode of Schitt’s Creek they’d watched at Ayub’s house. The one that had given Wille the courage to take Simon’s hand, to show them that Simon was his and that he was Simon’s. He teared up as Simon’s voice rang through,

I call you when I need you, my heart's on fire

You come to me, wild and wired

The light danced off Simon's face as he sang. He was beautiful, he was glowing.

You come to me, give me everything I need

Give me a lifetime of promises and a world of dreams

Speak the language of love like you know what it means

Wille was completely, hopelessly in love.

And it can't be wrong

Take my heart and make it strong, babe

His mother was wrong. Nothing about what he had with Simon could ever be anything but right.

You're simply the best

Better than all the rest

Better than anyone

Anyone I ever met

And I'm stuck on your heart

I hang on every word you say

Tear us apart

He knew he was young, but Simon felt like his forever. He teared up again, this time happy tears as Simon continued the song. As soon as it was done he watched the whole thing again, then called Simon.

“Hi cariño,” Simon greeted, picking up on the first ring.

“I love you,” Wille blurted as soon as Simon’s voice rang through. “I love you so fucking much.”

“I love you too,” Simon replied, and Wille could hear the smile in his voice.

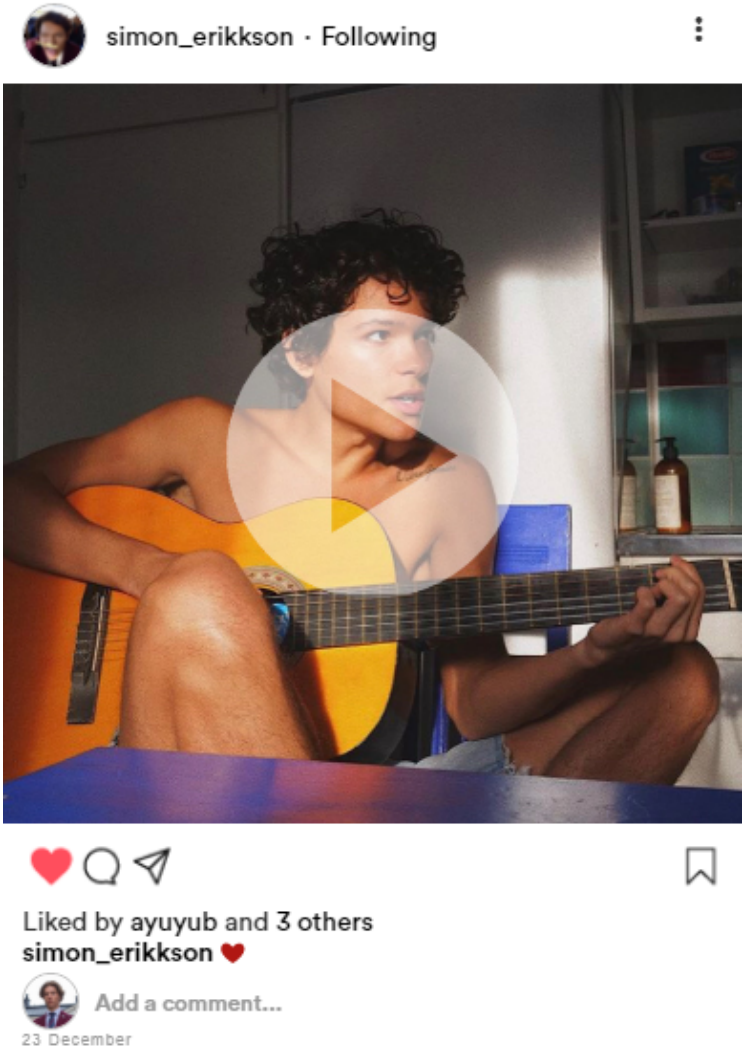
“I wish you were here right now,” Wille said softly.

“I want to kiss you so badly right now,” Simon answered.

“Me too,” Wille smiled.

“I love you Wille.”

“I love you Simme.”



Notes:

See the ring Simon got Wille here .

Simon’s necklace will be in pics next chapter.

Click here to hear the cover of the song to get an idea of how Simon sounded. I know it's not how Simon's voice would actually sound but shhh

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The song became a lifeline for Wille. He watched Simon's video when he woke up in the morning and fell asleep to it on the night's they didn't fall asleep together over the phone. He still couldn't believe that Simon had made it for *him* . That what he felt so strongly was returned. The morning after their disastrous dinner Erik had come by again to apologize for pushing the subject, for bringing it up in the first place. Wille couldn't blame him, he knew Erik had only been trying to help. What his mama had said didn't surprise him as much as it should've, her number one priority was always the crown. He knew Erik must have had another argument with her because he did go through with volunteering at the shelter. He'd invited Wille to come but Wille wasn't ready. He knew it was silly, but part of him felt like they would take one look at him and know. Know that he was… whatever he was, not straight. Wille didn't even know, all he knew was he loved Simon, no one else mattered in the same way, had ever mattered in the same way. As a child he had always looked forward to Christmas mornings, his family together opening gifts and acting genuine for once. As he got older it was like his parents didn't think they needed to put up the facade anymore, and it quickly became another time of the year only made better by Erik's presence. The older he got the more his mama wanted him to do for PR, which is why he was currently stuck exchanging pleasantries with an old nobleman whose name he'd already forgotten. He was trying to decide if it was better or worse than being stuck in a conversation with August, who was standing across the room. He was saved when a familiar voice rang out from behind, "Merry Christmas Wilhelm."

He turned to see Felice, walking up to them in a red dress. He smiled at her, his first genuine smile of the night.

"Felice," he greets, turning back towards the man, "Please excuse me." The man nods at him and Wille is finally free as Felice pulls him into a quick hug. He saw her parents greeting Erik near the entrance.

“How has your break been?” Felice asked as they moved off to the side.

Wille shrugged, “Haven’t seen my parents much, they’re always in meetings. I did have treat on my first night back when Mama got mad at Erik wanting to volunteer at the youth shelter again and then made homophobic comments. How’s your holiday?”

“Jesus Wille,” Felice’s eyes widened, “I’m so sorry.”

“It is what it is,” Wille sighed. He hoped she would accept it as a cue to move on. It really fucking sucked, but he also didn’t want to have to think about it anymore when he was in a room full of old nobility who were also, very likely, at least a little homophobic.

“When we get back to school we can trade horror stories,” Felice turned to scan the crowd, “My mother is still upset that I gave up being Lucia.”

“I’m sorry,” Wille grimaced, if there was one thing he understood it was the pressure of living up to your mother’s expectations.

Felice shrugged, “I like your ring, is it new?”

Wille hadn’t even realized he’d been fidgeting with it, “Yeah, it was uh- my Christmas gift from Simon.”

He showed her how it could open into a sphere and she grinned, “That’s really cool.”

“Yeah,” he smiled, “I’ve already been using it a lot.”

“Speaking of Simon,” Felice smirked, “Have you sent him a picture of your suit? You clean up pretty nicely.”

“Uh no… I haven’t,” Wille blushed, “But uh, thank you. You look really pretty.”

She thanked him as Erik walked up to them and greeted Felice.

“Hi Erik,” she bowed her head at him, “how are you?”

It was Erik’s turn to shrug, “I’m grateful that this is the last appearance until after Christmas.”

Erik handed Wille a sheet of paper, “my supposed speech for this evening.”

Wille tried to refrain from rolling his eyes as he skimmed it. It thanked everyone for coming, telling them how much their presence tonight meant to the royal family, and to Erik personally. As if Erik cared about half of these people, when he met Erik’s eyes he knew he was thinking the same. Erik was however, nothing if not the dutiful crown prince, and Wille knew he would deliver the speech without complaints. He was called away to speak to someone else, Wille vaguely recognized them although he couldn’t remember the name. Erik promised to return before heading over to greet them. Wille read a few lines from the speech to Felice, voice sarcastic and she laughed. He was grateful to have her there, it was nice to have a genuine friend with him at one of these events. Erik came back shortly after, grabbing his speech from Wille before heading to the front of the

room, Wille following to stand behind him with his parents. When they were done everyone moved to eat, and Wille let Erik take the lead on the conversations. August, who had been seated at their table, was only to happy to input his own thoughts, and so Wille managed to get through the dinner without having to say much at all. Things were finally starting to wind down when Wille took his phone out for the first time in the evening. He smiled to himself as he saw text notifications from Simon.

SIMON

WILLE

BABY

WHAT IS THIS 👀

WILLE

a picture that im assuming Felice took and sent you?

SIMON

yes and you look so good wtf

its not fair 😩

you cant be wearing a SUIT and be so far away

WILLE

do you have a thing for suits??

SIMON

i have a thing for you in suits

apparently

and your hair looks so soft

i miss running my fingers through it

i miss you

WILLE

i miss you too

i would much rather be with you right now

i have to go before i get in trouble for being on my phone

ill call you later?

SIMON

please

you can keep the suit on

WILLE

i love you ❤□❤□

SIMON

i love you!! !❤□❤□❤□

“What are you smiling at?” August’s voice came from behind him, and Wille quickly shut his phone.

“Oh, nothing really, just an old school friend,” Wille answered, hoping he sounded casual enough.

“Really?” August asked teasingly, “I would have guessed you’re talking to a girl.”

Wille rolled his eyes, “You’d guess wrong.”

August looked like he was about to say more when Erik came up to join them.

“What are we talking about?” Erik grinned.

“Wille’s got a girlfriend,” August smirked.

“Does he now?” Erik pressed his lips together to keep from laughing as Wille glared at him.

“Look at his phone,” August prompted, and Wille gripped his phone tightly. It was password protected, but he still didn’t want anyone trying to get on it.

Erik noticed the hesitation and slowed things down before August could push too far.

“I don’t need to look at his phone, August,” Erik rolled his eyes, “Wille and I talk about these things, there’s nothing to know.”

August looked between the two of them as if he was trying to figure out what was going on, but was soon called away as his mother was leaving. Shortly after, the other guests left, and finally, Wille was alone with Erik. They walked back towards their rooms, chatting as they went.

“I don’t get why he cares so much,” Wille whined, “It’s none of his business who I’m texting.”

“I know,” Erik sighed, “I think he’s just trying to distract from his own stuff.”

“It’s his own fault,” Wille grumbled.

Erik paused, “Wille, I know you have your problems with August but it’s not his fault.”

Wille bit his lip, “I know that addiction is complicated and stuff, but still, he made the decision to start taking the pills and to keep going.”

Erik froze, “What are you talking about?

Wille took in Erik’s confused expression, “What are you talking about?”

“August’s family is broke,” Erik said slowly, “We had to help him out with his tuition to finish the school year.”

“Oh.”

“Why are you talking about pills?” Erik asked, “What the fuck?”

Wille spun his ring, “August was trying to buy Sara’s ADHD medication from her. He tried to get Simon to get them for him too. Simon’s pretty sure he’s been using for a while, he said he seemed pretty desperate. I thought- that’s what I thought he’d told you about.”

Erik ran his hand through his hair, “No, he’s never said anything about that to me. Are you sure? That it wasn’t just a one-time thing?”

“Pretty sure,” Wille shook his head, “Uh, Simon’s dad is… he was an addict so Simon knows the signs.”

“Shit,” Erik breathed out, “How long has this been going on?”

“He tried to buy the pills in October I think, I don’t know how long before then.”

“God, what a mess,” Erik sighed.

“Are you going to talk to him about it?” Wille asked and Erik nodded.

“When you do,” Wille hesitated, “Can you not mention Simon? August already is a dick to him and I don’t want it to come back to him at all. Please Erik, just say I heard a rumor or something if you have to but keep Simon out of it.”

“Okay,” Erik agreed, “I promise.”

“Thank you,” Wille said quietly as they approached their rooms. “I’ll see you in the morning?”

“Goodnight little brother,” Erik pulled him into a quick hug.

“Goodnight Erik.”

—

“I think I fucked up,” Wille blurted out as soon as Simon answered the phone. He was back in his room, pacing as he wondered what Erik’s conversation with August would be like.

“What happened?” Simon asked.

“You know how we thought August had told Erik about the drugs?” Wille bit his lip, “Turns out he hadn’t, he’d told Erik that his family is broke. I thought Erik knew so I mentioned it, and now he’s on his way to confront August.”

“Shit,” Simon gasped, “I’m sorry.”

Wille shrugged, even though they were just on a voice call and Simon couldn’t see him, “It’s not your fault Simon. I hope this doesn’t come back to you at all. I made Erik promise he wouldn’t mention how he knew, but if he lets it slip about something with August trying to buy pills from Sara or something…”

“Wille it’s okay,” Simon reassured him, “You thought Erik knew, and I really am grateful that you asked Erik not to mention me. That’s all you could've done.”

“But if August takes it out on you-” Wille began.

Simon cut him off, “Then that’s on August, not you.”

“Still,” Wille sighed.

“August is always a dick,” Simon reminded him, “Besides, it’s the holidays. I won’t have to deal with him for a while.”

“You’re right,” Wille acknowledged.

“Baby I’m always right,” Simon answered, Wille could practically hear his smirk through the phone.

“I love you,” Wille breathed out.

“I love you too,” Simon responded, “Are you back in your room?”

“Yeah,” Wille nodded. Simon sent a request to switch to video.

“Look at you,” Simon’s eyes widened as the video connected, “That suit is just… you look so good.”

Wille blushed, “I feel a little ridiculous.”

“Baby you’re hot,” Simon grinned, “If you were anywhere near me I’d be kissing you so hard right now.”

Wille smiled wistfully, “I miss kissing you.”

“I miss kissing you too,” Simon sighed, “I miss you.”

“I miss you too,” Wille flopped onto the bed, taking in the image of Simon in front of him, “Is that my sweater?”

“Yeah,” Simon’s cheeks flushed, “Like I said, I miss you.”

“I love you so much,” Wille beamed, loving the sight of Simon in his clothes.

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” Simon repeated, smiling through the screen.

“I was thinking,” Wille began, “What are your plans for New Years?”

“I don’t really have any yet,” Simon answered, “Normally I’d just hang out with my family, or with Rosh and Ayub.”

“I know I’m not technically supposed to be back at Hillerska until January, but I was thinking maybe I could find an excuse to go back early.”

Simon’s smile lit up the screen, “You’d come here for New Years?”

“If you’d have me,” Wille grinned in response.

“Are you kidding?” Simon laughed, “I’d love that! Just can’t wait to be my New Year’s kiss huh?”

“There’s no way I’d rather start the New Year than being with you.”

Simon’s eyes widened, “Wille, what the fuck. You need to stop being so sweet and kissable, you’re making me miss you even more.”

“You’re the one who recorded a video of yourself singing a love song for me,” Wille reminded him.

“How do you know that was for you?” Simon smirked, “Maybe it was for a friend.”

“Do you regularly sing your friends love songs?” Wille laughed.

“Only the ones I’m hopelessly in love with.”

“Better hurry and tell Ayub how you feel,” Wille joked.

Simon rolled his eyes, “Cariño, you know the only one I’m hopelessly in love with is you.”

Wille felt his breath catch in his throat, “Simme, god New Years can’t come soon enough.”

“It’s not even Christmas day yet,” Simon reminded him, “But I can’t help but agree with you.”

“Hey,” Wille said softly as he glanced at the time, “It’s almost midnight.”

They both looked at the clock and watched it change to 12:00am.

“Merry Christmas Simon,” Wille whispered.

“Merry Christmas Wille,” Simon answered.

They let the call run all night, both falling asleep to the sound of breathing on the other line.

—

Wille slept in on Christmas morning, tired from staying up the night before talking to Simon. He grinned when he looked at his phone and saw Sara had sent him a picture of Simon. He was wearing a Santa hat and the necklace Wille had given him. Wille didn’t know if he’d taken it off at all since, the thought made him smile.

SARA

he refuses to take off the hat

Merry Christmas Wilhelm!

WILLE

Merry Christmas Sara!

Thank you for the picture

He went down for breakfast and saw only his father was there, drinking his morning coffee.

“Good morning pappa,” Wille greeted, sitting down. “Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas Wilhelm,” he smiled at him in return. “How was your sleep?”

“It was good,” Wille answered, “and you?”

“Good,” he nodded.

“Where’s mama and Erik?” Wille asked.

At that, his father sighed, “Your mother had to go tend to some last-minute crown business. I haven’t seen Erik, I believe he’s still asleep.”

Wille wondered if his father ever got tired of waiting around for his mother to finish all her meetings. He’d always been the perfect prince consort, dutifully standing by her in all her choices. Did it ever get too much for him, like it did for Wille and Erik? Wille made light

conversation with his father as they ate, talking about classes and returning in the new year. Afterward, Wille excused himself to go wake Erik. He grinned when he peeked his head in the door and saw Erik passed out on his stomach. He ran to the bed, jumping on it as he yelled out, “Wake up Erik!”

Erik groaned, hitting Wille with a pillow.

“Merry Christmas,” Wille laughed.

“Merry Christmas Wille,” Erik squinted, eyes slowly adjusting to the light coming in from the doorway.

“It’s almost lunchtime,” Wille continued, drawing the curtains, “Time to get up you lazy bum!”

Erik rolled his eyes, “This is probably the one day a year I’m allowed to be lazy.”

“Well be lazy with me then!” Wille shot back, “I want to give you your present.”

“Go get it then,” Erik mumbled, “I have yours ready.”

Wille grinned, running back to his room to grab Erik’s gift. They always got each other something silly for the holidays. This year he’d found car coasters with retro flowers on them that said ‘Buckle Up Bitches’, and he was excited to see Erik’s reaction. Erik had a wrapped box on his bed when he got back, and he handed Erik his gift. He watched as Erik carefully undid the wrapping, laughing as he struggled with all the extra tape Wille had put on.

“You did this on purpose,” Erik narrowed his eyes and Wille did his best to have an innocent expression.

Erik finally gave up on opening the gift nicely and tore it, pulling out the coasters.

“They’re for your car,” Wille explained, and Erik began laughing.

“They’re perfect Wille, thank you.” Erik held up the box in front of him, “Your turn!”

Wille unwrapped the gift, pulling out a long box. He opened it and a doormat fell out. It had a graphic of a palace on it with the text, ‘Welcome to Princess Peach’s Castle’.

“Since you were so proud of your Mario victory,” Erik teased, “I thought you could put it outside your dorm door.”

“I’m absolutely not doing that,” Wille laughed, “But thank you.”

Their mother was done with her meetings in time for them to have a late lunch, which they all ate together. It was surprisingly civil and Wille felt like this might be one of the better Christmases they’d had together in a while. His father had gotten them Christmas sweaters, and Wille laughed when Erik’s was a bit too small for him and didn’t go all the way down on his arms.

SIMON

hows your christmas going?

did erik like his coasters?

WILLE

good actually!

i was worried that mama would get upset about something when we ate but she didnt

erik laughed so i think he liked them

ill send you what he got me

its a doormat

how is your christmas going!!

SIMON

ohmygod hahahha

im glad things are going well!

this morning was really fun, mama cried reading our cards

we tried to make breakfast for her this morning to surprise her but she woke up before we could finish

WILLE

im sure she still loved it

tell her merry christmas from me

SIMON

i will!

were going to watch a christmas movie right away but call later?

love you ❤️❤️

WILLE

yes!

love you too ❤️❤️❤️

—

The rest of the break went by in a blur for Wille. If he wasn't with Erik he was mostly holed up in his room, talking to Simon or Felice. Family dinners were civil enough, although he avoided speaking as much as possible. When Erik didn't have other commitments they would watch movies and play games together. Wille had asked Erik about how the talk with August went but Erik said August had denied it and wouldn't say much more on the subject. Wille was counting down the days until New Years, until he got to see Simon again. Their mother had begun to get a little more overbearing, she had started nagging Erik about looking for "a nice girl to date". Wille refrained from rolling his eyes when he heard her say it, the intention was clear. The crown prince would need a queen when he became king, he would need heirs. It reached a head when two days before he was set to go back to Hillerska, he overheard her arguing with Erik about it.

“Erik,” His mother’s voice echoed, a stern tone to it, “Your little stunt at that gay shelter was a risk. We cannot afford people thinking that the crown prince is… *gay* .” Her lips curled at the word and Wille felt the familiar nausea return.

“Mama,” Erik answered coldly, “Sweden is considered one of the more accepting places in the world of the LGBT community. You’re meant to be a leader, this means embracing *all* of our people.”

“Don’t be ridiculous Erik,” she scoffed, “I don’t have a problem with those people, but you are the crown prince. It’s your responsibility to have heirs.”

“So what, you’re saying if I wasn’t the crown prince you wouldn’t care?”

“I don’t know what you’re trying to accomplish Erik,” she cried out, “You insist that you are not gay, yet you keep arguing with me on the matter.”

“It’s because I’m not,” Erik shot back, “I can talk about it with you without it crushing me. I have the opportunity to be an ally, to maybe make things a bit better for those who are.”

“What’s brought all this about?”

“I told you,” Erik sighed, “Your reaction about me volunteering at the shelter. Why does everything we do have to be a statement, a PR stance? I just wanted to volunteer, to help, it didn’t need to be turned into this whole thing.”

“Because you are the prince Erik,” She clenched her jaw, “Whether you like it or not everything you do reflects on the crown.”

“Since when does caring about other people turn into his?” Erik scoffed, turning to leave before she could answer.

Wille realized Erik was heading straight to the door he was peeking through. He quickly moved away, but Erik still saw him in the hallway.

“Wille?” Erik froze, “How much of that did you hear?”

“Enough,” Wille answered quietly, willing his emotions to stay under control, to stay behind his mask.

“I think we both need to get out of here for a bit,” Erik said after a pause, “Want to go for a drive?”

“God yes,” Wille breathed out, “I’ll get my coat.”

He grabbed his coat then went down to the garage to meet Erik, texting Simon on the way.

WILLE

just overheard mama arguing with erik

same bullshit as before, worried about people thinking hes gay

he tried to call her out on it

she said she doesnt have a problem with “those people”

SIMON

what the fuck

wille im so sorry

WILLE

i cant wait to get out of here and be back there

SIMON

do you want to call?

WILLE

erik and i are going for a drive

after?

SIMON

of course

whatever you need cariño

i love you ❤

WILLE

i love you so much

Erik met him by his car a minute later, and soon the two of them were pulling out, Erik's guards following in a car behind him.

“I’m sorry Wille,” Erik sighed as the castle faded in the distance.

“It’s not your fault,” Wille answered quietly.

“I can’t believe she’d be so openly bigoted.” Erik scoffed, “She’s just-fuck her Wille.”

Wille’s eyes widened, despite their differences he rarely spoke out so bluntly against their mother.

Erik continued, gripping the steering wheel tightly. “She can have her stupid fucking beliefs but one day she’s not going to be queen anymore. I’m going to be the king and no matter what she says or does Wille, I’ve got you.”

“Erik,” Wille teared up, “I don’t care about anyone else in this stupid family as long as I have you.”

“I’d do anything for you,” Erik glanced at Wille, “You know that right? I love you.”

“I love you too Erik.”

His eyes were watery, blurring the road in front of him, when suddenly he felt the whole car swerve and everything went dark.

Chapter End Notes

HAVE A NICE NEW YEAR

(i’m sorry)

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wille's head was pounding, and it felt like the wind had been knocked out of him. He could hear voices murmuring, but couldn't make out what they were saying. He tried to open his eyes but the lights were so bright that he immediately closed them.

"Prince Wilhelm?" a voice asked, and he squinted to see a figure hovering near him. He looked down to see he was lying down on a small bed, he had an IV hooked up to his hand. He lifted his hand to his face and felt a tube in his nose. He must have been in the hospital.

"What-" he tried to say but his voice cracked, throat dry.

"I'll get you some water," she said, and he realized from her scrubs she was a nurse. She handed him a cup with a straw and he felt relieved as he was able to get water down his throat.

"What happened?" he managed to croak out.

"You were in a car accident," she answered gently, "do you remember?"

Wille tried to remember, the argument with mama, texting Simon, going for a drive with Erik. The car swerving out of control, hitting an ice patch and spiralling towards a tree. The driver's side making contact with it, yelling out Erik's name.

“Erik,” Wille gasped out, “Where’s Erik? Is he okay?”

Wille could hear the heartbeat monitor begin to beat more quickly as his anxiety built, worrying about his brother.

“The crown prince is still asleep, he’s in the other room,” she reassured. “He’s sustained some injuries but he’ll be alright.”

Wille felt his entire body relax, Erik was okay, Erik was going to be okay, “Can I see him?”

“You have to stay in your bed right now until the doctor can come to check on you,” she answered, pressing the button by his bed.

“Do my parents know?” Wille asked.

She nodded, “They were here a few hours ago. They just left to get some rest, we weren’t expecting you to wake up tonight. You’ve been asleep for nearly two days, it’s New Year’s Eve.”

New Year’s eve… Simon.

“Can I- do you have my phone?”

She nodded, “they’ll have it with the rest of your things. I can see about getting it for you after the doctor has checked you out.”

At that, another woman walked into the room, he assumed she was

the doctor.

“Your highness,” she greeted, “How are you feeling?”

“Wilhelm, please,” he responded on instinct. “I feel… not great. My head hurts, and my chest, and… everywhere. I feel really tired.”

She nodded, “You hit your head pretty hard, there was some swelling but it’s going down. We have you on some different pain medication to help, you were banged up pretty badly. You have bruising along your chest from the seatbelt and a fracture in your leg. Your neck will likely be sore also from the whiplash. You had some internal bleeding which we were able to control, but you’ll need to get lots of rest.”

Wille wasn’t sure how long he laid there while she poked around the machines, checking his vitals and making notes. He tried to figure out how bad it was based on her expressions, but she was surprisingly good at keeping her face neutral. He was able to make out a few things. He could feel when she tapped his feet, that was a good thing. She had him follow a light with his eyes, she didn’t seem happy with whatever she saw with that. It felt like hours had passed when she finally finished up.

“Can I… have my phone?” Wille struggled to speak, the exhaustion quickly taking over his body.

She hesitated, “I’m not sure that’s a good idea. Your body has been through a lot of trauma, and you shouldn’t be looking at screens with your concussion.”

“Please,” Wille breathed out, “Just for a minute. Please.”

His heart monitor started beeping faster again, and she must have decided the stress of not having it caused him was worse than looking at a screen because she nodded. She went over to a drawer in the corner of the room and pulled out a bag. These were the personal belongings you had with you during the accident. Wille looked into it and felt some of the tension release when he saw the ring Simon had given him. He went to put it on when she stopped him.

“I’m sorry your highness,” she apologized, “But you can’t wear any jewelry, the metal could interact with our machines.”

He nodded, but continued to hold the ring in his hand. He pulled out his phone next and tried to turn it on. Of course it was dead.

“I’ll see about getting you a charger,” the nurse said when she noticed, slipping out of the room.

The doctor moved around him, making a few more notes before heading to the door, “I’ll go let your family know that you’re awake.”

She walked out, and a moment later Malin walked in.

“Wilhelm,” she nodded, “I’m glad to see you’re awake.”

“How’s Erik,” he asked immediately. Malin’s face fell, and Wille felt his heart plummet.

“He’s not awake yet,” she answered, “he got the worst of it.”

“How bad is it,” Wille asked quietly.

“He broke his rib,” she hesitated, “it punctured his lung. They have him on a breathing tube right now and they say it’s healing well. He also has a concussion, internal bleeding, and a broken leg.”

Wille was grateful to have the ring in his hand, he gripped it tightly, using the cold of the metal to ground himself as he felt the anxiety attack build. Malin was beside him in an instant, breathing with him and murmuring reassurances. He was just calming down again, exhausted from all the emotions when the nurse returned with a phone charger. She left them alone again after passing it to him, and he saw the familiar logo appear as it booted up. Looking at the screen made his head hurt, but he wanted to talk to Simon, he needed to talk to Simon. He tried to go to Simon’s contact, but the letters all blurred together.

“Could you-” he hesitated, he knew that Malin knew about Simon. She’d had to have figured it out when Erik had last visited, but it was still hard to say the words out loud, to confirm it for her. “Could you please help me call Simon?”

She nodded and he passed her the phone. She scrolled through and passed it back to him a moment later. He held it up to his ear and heard it ring, focusing on keeping his breathing steady. Malin stepped outside the room, he was grateful for the privacy.

“Wille?” Simon’s voice rang through, breathless.

“Simon,” Wille gasped.

“Oh my god Wille,” Simon exclaimed, “Fuck, are you okay? No one knows what’s happened, just that there was an accident and I was so

worried and I- are you okay?"

"I'm okay," Wille croaked, "I'm in the hospital, I just woke up an hour ago, two hours ago? I'm not really sure. I'm sorry our New Years' plans are ruined."

Simon choked out a laugh, "Are you kidding me? I'm just so glad you- fuck I was so scared. I love you so much, I'm so glad you're okay."

Wille heard a sniffle and he realized Simon was crying.

"Simon I don't," it was Wille's turn to fight back tears. "Erik isn't awake yet. I don't know-" His voice broke as the tears started to flow.

"Baby," Simon whispered, "I'm so sorry, what have the doctors said?"

"He was hurt worse, his rib punctured his lung, they said he'll be okay, but…"

"That's a good sign cariño," Simon comforted him, "If the doctors say so."

"I know," Wille breathed out, "I just- I haven't seen him. I'm not allowed to leave the bed yet."

"Do you have someone there with you?" Simon asked, "Your parents?"

"The doctor went to tell them I'm awake. I've just seen the doctors

and Malin.”

“Can I- can I do anything?” Simon hesitated, “Are you allowed visitors?”

“I don’t know,” Wille answered, “I’ll have to ask when the doctor gets back. I hope so, I want to see you so badly. If I can… would you want to come?”

“Of course I would Wille,” he could practically hear Simon rolling his eyes through the phone. “Just try to keep me away.”

“I love you,” Wille whispered. “I love you so much.”

“I love you cariño,” Simon’s voice soothed through the phone. “Say the word and I’m there.”

“Thank you, Simon.”

He looked up as the door opened and Malin slipped in.

“The queen and prince consort are coming down the hall now,” she warned him.

“I’ve got to go,” Wille sighed, “My parents are about to come in. I’ll call you as soon as I can, or have Malin call, or something.”

“Okay,” Simon agreed, “I love you, please take it easy.”

“I love you too,” Wille answered before hanging up. He knew Malin could hear him say it, but fuck it, he knew she wouldn’t say anything and he was sure Simon needed the comfort just as much as he did right now.

A moment later the door opened and his parents stepped in.

“Wilhelm,” his mother breathed out, moving beside him and taking his hand. “You’re awake, how are you feeling?”

He tried to shrug, feeling the exhaustion return now that he wasn’t distracted by Simon’s voice.

“The doctor said you should get some more sleep,” his pappa said, sitting down beside him. “We’ll be right here.”

It was easy to let his eyes slip shut again, too tired to even say anything in response.

—

When Wille woke up again there was light coming through the window. It must be the next day. His father was sitting beside him, reading a book.

“Pappa?” he breathed out.

“Wilhelm,” his father sat up straighter, “Can I get you anything?”

“Water,” Wille’s voice cracked, and his father passed him the cup with the straw, guiding it to his mouth. “Where’s mama?”

“She’s in Erik’s room,” he answered, “We’ve been moving back and forth.”

“Erik?”

“Erik hasn’t woken up yet,” his father answered, “The doctors say it’s normal, just a way for his body to heal itself.”

“What are you reading?” Wille asked, his head already starting to hurt thinking about his brother and the chance of him not waking up.

“Lord of the Rings,” his father held up the book to show him. “I remember you really enjoying the movies when you were younger. I saw it in the bookstore downstairs and I couldn’t resist. Do you want me to read it to you?”

Wille nodded, and his father began to read from the book. The familiar story brought comfort to Wille as he fell back asleep.

—

He called Simon whenever he was alone, which wasn’t very often, someone was almost always in the room with him. Finally, two days later, he was allowed a few visitors. His mama had added August to

the list for security despite Wille's protests, but he agreed because he knew it meant he would be able to see Simon soon. He asked for Simon and Felice to be added, and it was worth having to constantly pretend to fall asleep whenever August came in when the next day he woke up to a warm hand in his. He blinked, slowly opening his eyes to see his boyfriend sitting beside him, running his fingers along his palm.

"Si- Simon?" Wille whispered, only half convinced this wasn't a dream.

"Cariño," Simon breathed out, eyes widening.

"Wille," he heard a voice on the other side of him, and he turned his head to see Felice.

"Hi," he breathed out, tightening his hand around Simon's.

"I'm glad to see you're okay," she smiled at him. "I'll give you two some privacy."

She stepped out and then they were alone. He was alone with Simon, who was holding his hand and had red eyes like he'd been crying.

"Simme," Wille reached his hand up to cup his face.

"Hi baby," Simon whispered, lifting his free hand to rest against Wille's, pressing it into his cheek.

“I’m glad you’re here,” Wille sighed, feeling tension draining from Simon’s touch.

Simon leaned over and kissed his forehead, “Always. Felice said she’d let us know if anyone was coming, to give us time just the two of us.”

Wille smiled, doing his best to move over on the bed without too much pain, “can you hold me?”

Simon sat beside him, gently wrapping his arms around him, he sniffled as he spoke, “I’m so glad you’re okay. At first, all it said on the news was that you’d been in an accident, no one knew how bad it was, or even if you were even ali-” Simon froze, body shaking as he cut himself off.

Wille felt his own eyes well up with tears, moving Simon’s hand to his chest, “I’m here. I’m okay and I’m here.”

He pulled Simon towards him, resting their foreheads together before kissing him. He felt his cheeks wet, a mixture of his and Simon’s tears. He refused to pull away, Simon was here and he was real and everything would be okay. It had to be.

“I love you, Wille,” Simon whispered, Wille could feel the movement of his lips against his.

“I love you, Simon,” Wille answered, closing his eyes as he took a deep breath, feeling the warmth of Simon’s breath against him.

Simon kissed him again, “I want- I want to hold you but I don’t want to hurt you. Will you tell me if it does?”

Wille nodded, “it’s mostly around my chest that hurts.”

Simon adjusted on his side, pressing a kiss to Wille’s neck, “Is this okay?”

Wille nodded, closing his eyes to focus on the feeling of Simon’s pressed against him.

He had just started to drift off when there was a knock on the door and they heard Felice ask if she could come in. Wille nodded so Simon said she could. She peeked through and then stepped in, closing the door behind her.

“The guard outside the door said she’d let us know if anyone was coming,” Felice explained. “I think she said her name was Marin?”

“Malin,” Wille answered, “she’s Erik’s personal guard. They’re friends, I’ve known her since I was little.”

“How are you doing?” Felice asked, and Wille was grateful that she didn’t show any reaction to Simon on the bed with him, or that they’d both clearly been crying.

“Can we not talk about it right now?” Wille asked, “How was your Christmas?”

He was relieved when Felice nodded and immediately changed the subject. After talking about the holidays they played cards, and Wille found himself able to relax and laugh for the first time since he’d

woken up.

—

The next few weeks went by in a blur. Felice and Simon had visited as much as possible, but classes were starting again so they had to go back. Screens still hurt to look at for too long so Wille couldn't text Simon as much as he'd like to. They talked on the phone every night though and often fell asleep still on the line. Wille found it harder to sleep without Simon's presence, it was the only thing that was able to distract him from the worrying, that Erik still hadn't woken up. After his first visit with Felice and Simon, the doctors had brought him a wheelchair. He was allowed to go for short distances along the wing as long as he had someone with him. As soon as he was allowed, he'd gone to see Erik. Malin had taken him and given him privacy as Wille sobbed beside him. Erik looked frail, he was bruised and had cuts on his face and arms. That was only what Wille was able to see over the blanket, he knew Erik's chest was tightly wrapped, and that he had a cast on. There were tubes coming out from under the blanket, Wille didn't even know where they connected. No one would tell him what it meant that Erik hadn't woken up, but he knew they were worried. He'd heard his mother crying in the hallway after talking to one of the doctors. That night he'd ignored the pounding headache from the screen as he spent hours reading about comas on his phone. He knew the longer time went before Erik woke up, the worse his chances would be. Later, he fell asleep to Simon's soothing voice, his own throat raw from crying.

The next morning, the doctor told him he could go home soon, and he didn't know how to feel. On one hand, he was tired of being in the hospital, he didn't want to spend any time there. But on the other hand, Erik was still here. As long as he was in the hospital Erik was in the room beside his.

After she left his mother walked in, her eyes red.

“Wilhelm,” she began, then hesitated. He felt his stomach drop. She never hesitated, she was always so sure of herself. “I was wondering if, well once you’re home, maybe you’d like to sit in on some meetings with me?”

“Why?” His voice cracked, scared of what her answer would be.

“We need to… I’ve been advised to start making preparations,” Her voice shook, “in the event that Erik does not wake up.”

Wille’s throat felt dry, everything started to tilt but she didn’t notice. She just continued what she was saying, “You’re- Wilhelm there’s a chance you will now be the crown prince. You need to prepare for that possibility.”

Wille couldn’t breathe. His mother’s voice faded in and out as she kept talking, but he couldn’t make out anything else she said. Everything kept spinning and his vision went black.

—

Wille’s mind was numb as the car pulled up to the palace. He’d been discharged shortly after, the doctors thought he would recover faster from the comfort of his own home. Since he’d spoken with his mother he’d barely said a word to anyone. Not even Simon. He felt guilty, but anytime he opened his mouth to say anything he felt like a force was pushing into his chest. At first, he’d just stay on the line, not saying anything as Simon talked about his day or did homework. The past few days, however, he hadn’t answered Simon’s calls, sending a quick text to say that he was too tired or that his parents were there. He felt guilty, he knew it was cowardly to avoid him, but he was only bringing Simon down. Who wanted a boyfriend that couldn’t even talk to them? And then there was the part he had tried so hard not to think of, what happened with them if Erik didn’t wake up? Wille would be

the crown prince. Any sort of freedom he'd had before would be gone. While he hadn't been anywhere close to coming out, he'd felt as if eventually, with Erik's support, they'd be able to be together. But if Erik was gone… Wille didn't have anyone else in his corner. Then there was what his mother had said, the crown prince is expected to create heirs, he would be expected to find a wife. He felt sick at the thought. He didn't say anything as Malin helped him to his room. After trying for hours to fall asleep, he grabbed his crutches to go to Erik's, finally falling asleep in his bed.

—

"My presence has been requested for some important meetings," his mother announced as they sat down for breakfast the next morning. "I'll be away for the weekend."

Of course, Wille thought to himself. Erik's in a coma and she's going on a work trip.

"Would you like me to invite August to keep you company this weekend?" she asked him and he quickly shook his head no.

"Speak up Wilhelm," she sighed, and he answered "no", his voice strained from lack of use.

"Very well," she responded, "Your father will be between here and the hospital with Erik. Malin, of course, will stay with you."

That was another change since the hospital. There were lots of guards there, and as the potential new crown prince, Malin was assigned to him, at least until Erik woke up. He had to wake up.

Wille nodded, before getting up to head back to his room. He lay in

bed and scrolled through his messages, spread out through the week from Simon.

SIMON

i know you've been extra tired recently

maybe we could still have a quick call?

i love you

SIMON

i thought august couldnt get more unbearable but having to go back to rowing after the break is torture

SIMON

im thinking of you

i hope everything is okay

SIMON

its okay if you cant answer right now

i love you wille, i'm here

SIMON

would you be free to talk tonight?

i heard youre home from the hospital

i miss you

FELICE

wille? is everything ok?

simon said you havent been answering him

were all thinking of you and erik

SIMON

please dont shut me out

i cant imagine how youre feeling right now

but im here whatever you need

always

God, he didn't deserve Simon. He turned off his phone, dropping it to the ground as he fell back asleep.

—

He was in his room, lying on the bed and staring at the ceiling. His mother had left that morning, and his father had gone to the hospital a few hours ago. He wasn't even sure how much time had passed since he'd gotten home from the hospital. Everything passed in a blur. There was a knock on the door and Malin's voice rang through, "Prince Wilhelm? You have a visitor."

He sighed, he'd told his mother not to invite August. Clearly, she hadn't listened to him. He shouldn't have been surprised, she never listened. He didn't answer, hoping if he didn't say anything she'd think he was asleep. She knocked again, and the door opened. Fuck. He could not deal with August right now. He sat up, prepared to tell him to go away when he froze.

It was Simon.

Simon was here.

“Hi Wille,” Simon said quietly, looking unsure. “Can I come sit?”

Wille nodded, voice caught in his throat.

“Malin called me,” Simon explained, “She said your parents would be away this weekend and that you should have some company. She’s worried about you.”

“I’m fine,” Wille mumbled, knowing that Simon wouldn’t believe his lie for a second.

“That’s bullshit Wille,” Simon looked at him. “Is it- is it me?”

Wille looked up at Simon and saw the uncertainty in his face, “Do you not want to be with me anymore?”

“I do,” Wille assured, he couldn’t stand Simon’s expression, to know that he was the cause. “It’s the only thing I’m sure of.”

“Then why have you been avoiding me,” Simon asked quietly.

“Because,” Wille shook, choking back a sob. “Because it doesn’t matter

what I want. Not if Erik dies."

It was the first time he'd said it out loud, rather than just saying Erik was still asleep. Simon pulled Wille into his arms, holding him as he cried.

"Mamma's already talking about it as if he's gone, how I'm going to be the crown prince. Nothing in my life will be for me anymore, it will always be about that, about the crown." Wille shuddered. "My whole life will be planned for me. I'll have to find a wife, and have heirs, and I'll have to do it all without Erik. Without you. I'll never be allowed to have you. Erik supported us... but without him, I don't know how- I don't see how we'd be able to be together."

"Baby," Simon leaned his forehead against Wille's. "Erik's not gone yet, and I'm not letting you go through this alone."

"I can't do it, Simon," Wille cried, "I can't be the crown prince. I hate being a prince in the first place, it was always supposed to be Erik. I *can't* be a king . And I feel so fucking selfish because my brother is in a coma and everyone keeps saying how lucky I was I wasn't hurt worse but I wish it was me. I wish we switched because I can't do this."

His breathing quickened and Simon took his hand, pressing it against his chest.

"Feel my heartbeat," Simon told him, "breathe with me. It's okay to feel that way, it's not selfish."

"I don't deserve you," Wille whispered as his breathing slowed, tears streaming down his face.

“Don’t say that,” Simon replied instantly, “I love you Wille, and I’m in this with you. You are more than I could ever want, if anything I don’t deserve you.”

“You deserve everything Simme,” Wille cupped his cheek, and Simon leaned in to kiss him, "I love you too."

Kissing Simon felt like breathing again, and it wasn’t long until they were laying down on the bed, alternating between kissing and looking at each other through teary eyes.

“How long can you stay?” Wille asked, leg intertwined with Simon’s.

“All weekend,” Simon answered, “if you’ll have me.”

Wille nodded, tightening his grip on Simon’s shirt.

“Can you make me a promise though?” Simon asked, “Don’t shut me out again? If you need space that’s okay, but at least tell me where your head’s at?”

“I-,” Wille hesitated, “Okay, I promise.”

“Erik can still get through this, he’s strong,” Simon kissed Wille’s hand.

They stripped to their boxers, Simon helping Wille avoid his injuries,

and fell asleep holding each other.

Chapter End Notes

I promise to keep to the tags, this is still an Erik lives fic, he'll just take some time to recover.

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

CW: use of f slur

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Wille woke up the next morning, he felt more well rested than he'd been in weeks. Simon was still asleep beside him, sunlight shining through the window onto his face. He couldn't believe that Simon was still here, that he still wanted him. A part of him still whispered in the back of his mind that he couldn't have this, but the days of not talking to Simon had been too overwhelming, too painful. Things right now weren't easy, and he knew he would have more bad days, but Simon was the one thing he was sure about. He felt ridiculous at even thinking he could go without him. He checked his phone to see if there were any updates on Erik, he didn't know if it was good or bad that his notifications were empty. He sat up in the bed, and put on Simon's sweater and sweatpants, moving them carefully over the cast on the lower part of his leg. He grabbed his crutches and headed for the door.

"Good morning prince Wilhelm," Malin greeted as he made his way down the hall.

"Hi Malin, have you been here all night?" He asked.

"No," She smiled at him, "I just got back half an hour ago."

"I wanted to say thank you," Wille looked at the floor, "For calling Simon."

“I’m sure I don’t know what you mean,” she answered, although her expression said otherwise.

“Could you please ask the kitchen to bring up breakfast?” Wille asked, “I would go myself but I don’t really feel up for the stairs this morning.”

“Of course,” she nodded, pausing as she turned to walk away.

“Prince Wilhelm?” she hesitated, looking back at him, “It’s nice to see you smile again.”

Wille couldn’t help the small smile on his face at her words. He knew that she was aware of the reason for his smile, but he couldn’t bring himself to care when Simon was waiting for him back in bed. He made his way back, pausing in the doorway to look at Simon. He lowered himself back on the bed gently, trying not to wake him, but Simon slowly opened his eyes.

“Where did you go?” He mumbled, turning to press his face into Wille’s neck.

“I just went to see about breakfast,” Wille answered, running a hand through Simon’s hair. “How did you sleep?”

“Good,” Simon said quietly, “How about you? How are you feeling?”

“Better,” Wille replied, kissing Simon’s forehead. “Thank you for coming, I’m sorry for being difficult.”

“I love you even when you have your head up your ass,” Simon teased, tilting his head to kiss him.

“You like my ass,” Wille shot back, blushing.

“It is a nice ass,” Simon agreed, lowering his hand to squeeze it.

“You’re a menace,” Wille laughed.

“Yeah but you love me,” Simon grinned.

“I do,” Wille admitted, leaning to kiss Simon again. “So much. I love everything about you. I love your eyes,” Wille said quietly, gently kissing Simon’s eyelids. “I love your curls.” He kissed the top of Simon’s head. “I love the soft spot in your neck.” He trailed kisses down Simon’s neck, smiling when Simon’s breath caught. “I love your cute nose,” Wille kissed the tip of it, “Even when it’s cold and you’re pressing it into my neck.” Simon grumbled at that but Wille ignored it, moving to Simon’s chin, “I love your jawline.” He made his way back to Simon’s mouth, “And I love your soft lips.” He leaned in to kiss him and Simon’s arms wound around him, deepening the kiss.

“Baby,” Simon whispered when they pulled back for air, “I love you."

He pulled Wille back down into a kiss, wrapping his arms around his torso to adjust until he was on top of him.

“You’re wearing my sweater,” Simon stated, looking at Wille.

“Very observant,” Wille smirked, “Took you a while to realize.”

“Shut up,” Simon glared, “Someone was distracting me. Take it off.”

Wille laughed as Simon ran his hands under the sweater, pulling at the edges to lift it. Wille moved off Simon enough to take the shirt off, running his hand along Simon’s chest as they pressed together.

“Missed this,” Simon moaned as Wille kissed down his neck, “Missed you.”

Wille sucked on his collarbone and Simon gasped beneath him.

“My cast,” Wille breathed out, brain foggy as Simon nibbled on his ear. “Harder for me to move around.”

“I’ve got you baby,” Simon responded, rolling them over so he was on top of Wille. “You just lie back.”

Wille was about to protest, he wanted to touch Simon, but Simon started kissing down his chest and any remaining clear thought went out the window. It had been weeks since he’d been with Simon in this way, and he knew with the way his body was responding he wouldn’t last long. He gasped as Simon pulled down his sweatpants and kissed along his thigh.

“You’re so beautiful Wille,” Simon whispered, “I love you so much.”

He took Wille in his hand, starting slow strokes as he wrapped his lips

around the tip.

“Simon,” Wille gasped, “Please.”

Simon moaned as he moved his head down, taking more in his mouth. Wille closed his eyes as his vision started to blur and Simon picked up the pace. He shook as Simon took him apart with his mouth. He had just about reached his limit when Simon pulled off, replacing his mouth with his hand.

“You’re doing so well cariño,” Simon looked directly at him, “So good for me baby.”

Wille choked out a sob as Simon moved his head back down and sucked, pushing Wille over the edge.

“Simon,” Wille groaned as he relaxed his grip on Simon’s hair, “Can I kiss you? Please?”

Simon moved up back pressing their lips together, cupping Wille’s cheek with his hand.

“I love you,” Wille breathed out in between kisses, trailing his hand downwards and sliding it into Simon’s boxers.

“Love you,” Simon gasped in reply as Wille wrapped his hand around him. “Fuck.”

Wille kept up the pace, trailing kisses along Simon’s jaw, and soon

Simon was spilling over his hand, collapsing on top of him.

“Cloth?” Simon asked after catching his breath.

“Bathroom,” Wille stuttured, and Simon got up to grab it. After they cleaned up, Wille realized that their breakfast would probably be ready soon, so he pulled his sweats back on as Simon put on a new pair of boxers.

“What do you want to do today?” Wille asked when Simon climbed back onto the bed, wrapping himself around Wille.

“We just did it,” Simon smirked.

“We can’t stay in bed all day, Simme,” Wille rolled his eyes.

“Wanna bet?” Simon grinned, running his hand along Wille’s torso and then tickling him.

“Stop,” Wille laughed, “Simonnnn.”

Simon just grinned harder as Wille tried to fight him off. Finally, Wille managed to stop him by grabbing Simon’s hands and pinning them above his head.

“Hot,” Simon smirked up at him, and Wille realized he was back on top of him.

Wille blushed before leaning down to kiss him. Simon deepened the kiss, running one hand through Wille's hair and the other scratching down Wille' back. Wille was pretty sure he could never get enough of kissing Simon. Of feeling their skin pressed together and Simon sighing into his mouth. Simon wrapped his legs around Wille's waist, pulling them closer together. There was a bang as the bedroom door swung open and Wille rolled off him, both sitting up to see August frozen in the doorway, eyes wide.

"August," he hesitated, not knowing what to say. August had clearly seen them, there was no way to hide what they'd been doing.

"What the fuck?" August asked, face expressionless.

"What uh- what are you doing here?" Wille fiddled with his ring, he was ready to throw up. Simon was silent beside him, pressing his leg against Wille's for support.

"The queen asked me to come, she didn't want you to be alone. I see now that her worries were unfounded," August sneered.

Wille didn't say anything, still frozen in shock and unsure of how to reply. He looked down to see Simon's hand open on the bed, a silent offer if he wanted to take it. He took a deep breath, taking it in his hand.

August's eyes flickered down and his gaze hardened, "So what, the sociliast is your fuck buddy?"

"Don't call him that," Wille said quietly, and August clearly heard him.

“You know all this time,” August shook his head, “I tried so hard. I tried to help you, to show you the right kind of people to hang out with. I guess I was wasting my fucking time.”

Wille opened his mouth to respond but August cut him off, “Is this why Erik thinks I’m addicted to drugs? You’re spreading fucking lies about me? Taking his word over mine?”

“Don’t act like that’s not true,” Simon cut in, speaking for the first time since August had entered. “You were begging me to get you some, you were desperate.”

“That’s none of your fucking business,” August raised his voice, before turning back to Wille. “You really chose him over me? All this time I wondered why you avoided me, why you turned down my help when you clearly needed it. But now I see the truth, you chose a fuck over your family.”

“That’s not true,” Wille raised his voice in response.

“Really?” August laughed darkly, “Because Erik is in a coma and you’re here disgracing his legacy with *him* .”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about.” Wille gritted his teeth.

“I know exactly what I’m talking about,” August answered, a dark look in his eyes. “I thought it was something with me, but I guess I was wrong, turns out it’s something wrong with you.”

Wille froze at the words.

“You disgust me,” August spat.

“I think it’s time you leave,” Malin’s stern voice cut across the room as she stepped behind August.

August looked at her, before turning back to Wille, “Really Wille? Not even enough of a man to tell me to leave yourself?”

“Get out.” Wille said loudly, and August must have seen something in his expression because he hesitated for a moment.

His expression quickly hardened again, “Fine.”

He turned to leave, before looking back at Wille and spitting out the words, “But you better hope Erik wakes up, because I refuse to bow down to a fucking faggot crown prince.”

“Out,” Malin grabbed his arm, pulling him out of the room and shutting the door behind them. He could hear August’s protests fade as they walked away from the door.

“Wille?” Simon asked hesitantly, placing a hand on his arm.

“Fuck,” Wille yelled, falling back onto the bed. “Fuck.”

“I hate him,” Simon’s jaw tightened, “I can’t belive he fucking said that to you.”

“He’s going to tell people,” Wille started shaking, “He’s going to tell my mama.”

“You don’t know that,” Simon answered, but Wille could tell he was unsure.

“I doubt she’ll let me see you anymore,” Wille’s eyes teared up. “Simon, I can't lose you.”

“I’m here,” Simon reassured, pulling Wille into his arms. “She can’t change how we feel. She can’t stop me from being in love with you.”

There was a knock on the door a few minutes later.

“Prince Wilhelm?” Malin called out, “I have escorted Mr. Horn out of the palace and made it known he is not welcome to return. Your food is here from the kitchen and outside your door when you are ready for it. Please, let me know if I can do anything for you.”

“Thanks Malin,” Wille croaked out, throat sore from crying. He stayed in Simon’s arms until their stomachs growled, and Simon got up to bring the food in for them. They put Netflix on Wille’s laptop, and lay wrapped up together as they ate.

They didn’t leave the room all day, neither wanting to let the other out of their sight. Wille kept nervously checking his phone, waiting for the moment when he would get a notification that caused his world to come crashing down. He was barely standing with Erik still in the hospital, if he couldn’t see Simon he’d surely fall.

They were in the middle of watching a movie when Wille's phone buzzed with a text from his mother.

MAMA

I think it's best if you don't return to Hillerska. We will discuss this when I'm home.

"Wille?" Simon asked consciously, noticing how Wille's whole body tensed up.

"I think August told mama," he croaked, "She doesn't want me to go back to Hillerska."

"Shit."

"I don't know what to do," he felt his eyes well up.

Simon's arms wrapped around him, "We're gonna get through this Wille."

"What if-" Wille's tears were flowing freely now, "If she's found out and I can't go back to Hillerska, I don't know when I'll be able to see you again."

"Then we'll talk every day, just like we do right now," Simon answered, "and we'll take any chance we get to see each other. I'm not giving up on us, Wille."

“I’m so sorry Simon,” Wille sniffled, “You deserve so much better. None of this would be happening if you were with someone else, if you hadn’t fallen in love with a prince.”

“Wille,” Simon said softly, cupping Wille’s check and turning his head to look at him. “I didn’t go into this blindly, I always knew who you were. Maybe I didn’t think about it as much as I should have the first time we kissed, but I knew what being with you meant. I knew what being your boyfriend meant. I never told you this, but after Erik and I first talked, he warned me about what we’d face if we stayed together. About what I’d have to deal with. He told me that it was going to be hard as hell and that if I was going to be with you that I needed to prepare for that. That if I couldn’t handle it I needed to let you go, or else it would hurt us both even more. I know what it means to be with you Wille, and I choose you. Every damn time.”

Wille sobbed, this time overcome with emotion.

“Simon,” he hiccuped, “Simon I love you, I love you so much.”

He pulled Simon into a bruising kiss, refusing to let go. The two of them fell back onto the bed together, frantically pulling each other closer and Wille could feel Simon’s tears on his cheek.

Simon hesitated for a moment, before looking into Wille’s eyes, “If this is our last night that we know we’ll have together, I want to really remember it. I want…”

“Anything Simon,” Wille whispered, clutching on to him.

“In my bag,” Simon bit his lip, “I have lube, and condoms… if you want.”

Wille nodded, eyes wide as Simon got up and went to his bag, making sure the door was locked on his way back.

His breath caught as Simon got back on the bed, pulling his sweater off. They undressed each other slowly, hindered by their refusal to stop touching even for a moment.

“I love you,” Simon looked into his eyes as he opened the lube and pushed a slicked finger in, “I love you so fucking much Wille.”

“Simon,” Wille said quietly in return, “You are everything.”

Simon moaned at the word as Wille added another finger, mesmerized by Simon falling apart at his touch.

“Please,” Simon begged as Wille added a third finger, stretching him open. “I’m not going to last, I want you inside me.”

Wille gasped at the words, slipping his fingers out as Simon sat up, rolling the condom on Wille.

“Okay?” Wille asked gently, hovering above him.

Simon nodded, lacing his fingers through Wille’s hair as he pressed against him, slowly entering. Simon gasped and he paused, but Simon gripped him tighter.

“Keep going,” he whimpered.

Wille continued pushing in as gently as he could until they were pressed against each other panting. They both stayed still, giving Simon a moment to adjust. It was overwhelming, Wille’s mind was fuzzy just from the feeling of Simon around him. He knew neither of them would last long. After a moment Simon pulled his head down to rest their foreheads together.

“Is it okay?” Wille asked nervously.

“It’s… a lot,” Simon admitted, “but it’s not bad, I just need another minute.”

“Whatever you need cariño,” Wille promised and Simon pressed their lips together. Simon deepened the kiss and then wiggled his hips.

“You can move,” he said.

“Are you sure?” Wille hesitated, moving just slightly.

Simon nodded frantically, “please.”

It took a minute for Wille to adjust, his cast hindering them, but as he moved his hips back and thrust back into Simon he couldn’t help but feel like it was perfect. He hoped Simon could feel how much he loved him, how much he chose him, in every motion.

It wasn’t long until they were both on the edge, Simon gasping

beneath him.

“Wille, baby, please,” he moaned, “I love you, I love you so fucking much, you feel so good”

“Fuck,” Wille muttered, leaning down to kiss Simon again as he moved his hand down to wrap around him.

“I love you,” he said quietly, cheek pressed against Simon’s, “Forever.”

Simon bit down on his shoulder in response, muffling his cries as Wille changed his angle, “right there”

Wille thrust back in and moved his hand quicker and Simon gasped.

“Baby,” he whimpered as he came, Wille following after him.

Simon tightened his grip around Wille, holding him close as their breathing slowed. Wille pulled out slowly, apologizing as Simon winced, and grabbed the cloth they’d used that morning. They were quiet as Wille cleaned them up, laying back down beside Simon.

“That was..” Wille trailed off, trying to find the words.

“Yeah,” Simon breathed out, and Wille knew he felt the same.

“You’re amazing,” Wille brushed a curl out of Simon’s face, reaching to take his hand.

They held each other tightly the rest of the night and had a tearful goodbye the next morning when Simon had to leave. Simon left another one of his sweaters, taking one of Wille's with him, another part of each other to keep close.

—

When his mother returned the next day she was immediately swept into another meeting, and he never got to talk to her about what she'd said.

Wille was back at the hospital, sitting beside Erik. He'd seen her walk by briefly, going to talk to a doctor, but she hadn't approached him yet.

WILLE

mama still hasn't said anything

SIMON

maybe august didnt tell her?

WILLE

why would she suddenly want me to leave hillerska then?

SIMON

no idea

WILLE

im going to have to deal with her soon

shes at the hospital too

talking to one of the doctors right now

SIMON

how is erik doing?

WILLE

the same

SIMON

how are you doing?

WILLE

the same

SIMON

i wish i could be there with you

WILLE

me too

i miss you

SIMON

i miss you too ❤

WILLE

how was school?

SIMON

it was fine

its not the same without you

august wasnt here today thank god

WILLE

im glad you didnt have to deal with that today

SIMON

me too

mama sends her love, she said to tell you shes thinking of you

and of erik too

she says as soon as youre back you have to come for dinner

WILLE

tell her thank you for me, i would really like that

SIMON

i knew you were only with my for my mama's cooking

WILLE

whats that saying? the way to a man's heart is through his stomach

SIMON

hey! i cooked for you on our second date

WILLE

hmm i dont remember that □

SIMON

youre so full of shit

i know you do

and i made you pancakes the next morning

WILLE

it sounds vaguely familiar

SIMON

at least i know how to turn on the oven 🫙

WILLE

hey!!!

you said the pizza was good!

SIMON

it was cariño

just very late

WILLE

see if i ever surprise you again

SIMON

baby you cant help it

youre a secret romantic and you love me

WILLE

I do

SIMON

i hate being so far away from you

and all this uncertainty

i wish i could just hold you till it all went away

WILLE

me too

i already miss kissing you

SIMON

i love you cariño

we'll figure this out

Wille was too engrossed in his phone, distracted by Simon, to notice his mother re-enter the room. Before his brain could catch up, before he could do anything, his mother had snatched the phone from his hands.

"Who are you talking to?" She asked, holding up the phone to look at the messages.

"Mama, please give it back," Wille pleaded, reaching for his phone, but he knew it was too late. His phone had been unlocked when she'd grabbed it, his conversation with Simon open, right there for her to reach. He saw her expression change, and she looked like she'd just eaten something sour. She knew. She knew and it wasn't even from August, it was his own carelessness. He felt light-headed.

"Wilhelm," she said sharply as she turned towards him, "What is this? Who is Simon?"

He tried reaching for his phone but she held it out of reach.

"It's nothing, it's just a friend from school," he tried.

She narrowed her eyes, "his name is on the list of who's visited you in the hospital."

“I told you,” he bit his lip, “he’s a friend.”

“Do you talk to all your friends like this?” She asked accusingly.

He didn’t know how to answer.

“I already miss kissing you,” she read off the screen, and his face burned. That wasn’t meant for anyone but Simon, he hated her reciting it back to him. She held the phone to his face, “Clearly *something* is going on.” Her face twisted at the words.

He grabbed the phone from her hand when it was within reach, locking it before she could read any further.

“Wilhelm,” she scolded, “Answer me at once.”

His father stepped in the room, looking between the two of them, brows furrowed as he tried to figure out what they were talking about.

“We will discuss this at home,” she hissed under her breath as soon as the room was empty. “Now.”

Wille knew there was no point in arguing, he grabbed his crutches, squeezing Erik’s hand in goodbye before leaving the room. The drive home was silent, and it wasn’t until they were back inside the palace that she spoke again.

“Obviously you won’t be seeing the boy again,” she stated when they

sat down on the couch.

“What?” Wille exclaimed,

“Don’t be ridiculous Wilhelm,” she scoffed, “Did you really think that whatever this is could continue? You’re a prince, a prince should not behave this way. Especially not a crown prince.”

“I’m not the crown prince,” Wille murmured.

“What would have happened if this got out?” She continued, ignoring him, “First Erik and now this? Do you have any idea the stress this puts on me? Of course you can’t see him anymore. He’ll need to sign an NDA, I doubt you’ve thought that far ahead. You’ll turn over all your electronics since you’ve proven you can’t be trusted with them.”

“Mama please,” Wille begged, chest tightening until he couldn’t breathe, “I- I love him.”

“You’re sixteen Wilhelm, you don’t know what you’re talking about,” she stood up. “Need I remind you that you’ve already had a scandal this year. We’ll arrange for a private tutor for you, obviously you’re not going back to Hillerska.”

He pressed a hand to his chest, closing his eyes to try and hold back the tears.

“Your phone Wilhelm,” she stood in front of him, holding out her hand. He reluctantly handed it over.

“And the password?” She asked, and he shook his head. His texts with Simon were private, he didn’t care if he’d get in trouble, he wouldn’t let her read them- not anymore than she already had. She gave him a look that said they were not done talking about it, but marched out of the room. Everything that he’d been holding back overtook him, and the room blurred as knelt forward, bile rising in his stomach. He tried to focus on his breathing, on the thought of Simon breathing with him, helping him through his panic attack. The thought both helped and caused another pang of sadness. It was over. He wouldn’t even be able to tell Simon why. Maybe he would assume it was like last time, that Wille had just stopped replying again, but this time there would be no reunion. He needed to get to his room. He knew someone would have gone by to take his computer and tablet, but they didn’t know about Simon’s sweater. They couldn’t. If it was gone, if they took it, he would have nothing left to hold on to. He made his way slowly, hindered by his crutches and having to constantly pause to catch his breath, the panic rising at random moments. When he finally made it to his room he went straight to his closet, sighing in relief when he saw the sweater hanging there. They hadn’t taken it. He pulled off his own sweater, immediately pulling on Simon’s; it still smelled like him. Wille laid down on the bed, resting his head on the pillow Simon had used, clutching it until he fell asleep.

—

It had been three days, and Wille had refused to leave his room except to go visit Erik. The first day his mother had demanded his passwords. The second day she’d ignored him after he’d refused. The third day she demanded he open the door and called him childish. His father had gone with him to the hospital in silence, and a few times it seemed like he was going to say something, opening his mouth then changing his mind. Malin had been reassigned to the hospital again now that the only time Wille left his father’s guards were with them, and he missed having someone to really talk to. He missed Simon.

He was laying on his bed when there was a knock on the door, his father’s voice asking to enter. Wille nodded and saw his father step in, it was strange, he rarely came to see him.

“Papa,” Wille greeted cautiously.

“I wondered if you might like to continue reading,” his father said after a moment, holding up the Lord of the Rings book they’d started in the hospital. Wille shrugged and his father sat on the bed beside him, opening up to where they’d left off. For a moment Wille let himself believe that they were a regular family, with a dad who worked a regular job and spent time with his kids every day. They were halfway through the second chapter when Wille started crying. His father surprised him by putting an arm around him, holding him as he cried.

“I know what your mother has said,” his father hesitated, “But I’d like to hear from you about the boy, if you want to talk about it.”

“Why?” Wille asked, he didn’t want to share Simon, he wanted to keep what he had left to himself.

“Because I realized my son has fallen in love and I know nothing about it. Your mother seems to think it’s just a phase, but it’s not so simple is it?”

Wille shook his head no, breath catching.

“I’m sorry I haven’t been there for you in the way I should have been,” his father apologized, “and I’m sorry that right now I can’t do much more. You know your mother, she won’t listen when she gets like this. But that’s what I can do right now, is listen.”

“Erik knows,” Wille said quietly, “he’s known since the beginning. He’s met Simon and spent time with him. They got along really well.”

“Erik is a good judge of character, he must be special.”

“He is,” Wille nodded, “I wish mama could understand that it’s not like I wanted this. I tried to fight it but… I’ve never been so happy as I was around him.”

“You love him?” his father asked.

“I do.” Wille whispered, “He understands me in a way no one else ever has.”

“And does he love you too?”

Wille nodded, sniffling.

His father hesitated before reaching into his pocket, “I can’t give you long, your mother will be home soon.” He pulled out his own phone, holding it out to Wille.

“Thank you,” Wille exclaimed, crushing him in a hug. He took his father’s phone, dialing Simon’s number by memory as his father slipped out the door, giving him privacy. The ringing sound seemed to last forever, until finally, *finally* , Simon’s voice answered.

“Hello?”

“Simon,” Wille breathed out, “It’s me.”

“Wille?” Simon's voice came through.

“Yeah,” Wille choked out, tears still running down his face.

“What happened?” Simon asked, “I thought maybe- Felice said it sounded like you were on some sort of media lockdown. Did August tell your mom?”

“No,” Wille sighed, “She saw my phone, everything was taken away. I’m calling you from my dad’s cell.”

“Fuck Wille,” Simon inhaled, “I’m so sorry.”

“She’s banned me from seeing you,” Wille said bitterly, “But you were right, she can’t change how we feel. She can’t stop me from being in love with you.”

“I love you so much Wille, she can’t change that” Simon promised.

“I think my dad is okay with it,” Wille bit his lip, “He said he didn’t agree with her but that he can’t reason with her right now, and he gave me his phone to call you.”

“So he’s just letting her do it anyway?” Simon asked.

“Yeah,” Wille sighed, “It’s a start at least, to be fair he never goes against her on anything, so this is very new for him. I’m just grateful I

can talk to you at all.”

“Me too,” Simon agreed.

“I’m sorry, I don’t have much more time,” Wille apologized, “But I want you to know I’m trying to figure it out. I want to fight for you.”

“I love you so much,” Simon whispered.

“I love you too,” Wille answered, “Please don’t give up on me.”

“Never,” Simon promised, and then his father was knocking on the door saying his time was up.

“Goodbye Simon, I’ll talk to you as soon as I can.”

“Bye Wille.”

He opened his bedroom door to hand the phone back to his father. He had no idea what they were going to do, but at least now he had someone on his side. They would figure this out, they had to.

Chapter End Notes

I promise the angst is almost done! One more chapter dealing with this then things start to look up.

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

> This is one of my longest chapters, but I'm very excited to share it with you and promise things are starting to look up!
>
> As always, I want to post right away and rush through any proofreading so I apologize in advance for any mistakes. I also know I've taken a bit longer on this chapter than I normally do with this fic so I wanted to get it up for you!
>
> Big thanks to rainbowgays for being my sounding board for so much of this fic (is there a way to tag in the notes? if so someone please tell me)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The days trickled by slowly. Since his call with Simon on his dad's phone, he hadn't had a chance to talk to him again. His mother hadn't been home since and it seemed that whenever Wille tried to get his father alone she was there. She was still demanding his passwords, which meant that even though she could, she hadn't gotten any of their tech or security staff to bypass them. She was probably too worried about it leaking that one of the princes was in a relationship with another boy. He hated how shameful she treated it, but at least in this instance, it was keeping his private conversations with Simon still private. Even without getting to talk to Simon, he felt a little bit better knowing his father was on his side, despite it being in secret only. He hadn't had much of a relationship with his father since he was young, and for the first time, he felt like they could rekindle it.

He was walking back to his room from the kitchen when he ran into his father.

"Hi pappa," Wille greeted.

"Wilhelm," he smiled, "I was just looking for you. I've been talking with your mother and suggested that it may be beneficial for you to

have someone your own age around- a friend. I know that Miss Ehrencrona visited you while you were in the hospital, would I be correct in assuming that you two have rekindled your friendship?"

Wille nodded as his father continued, "Excellent. When I suggested it to her, your mother was quite open to the idea."

Wille paused, "Really?"

His father nodded, "She's been invited to visit this weekend."

"Thank you pappa!" Wille exclaimed. As much as he missed Simon, he was looking forward to seeing Felice. It would be really nice to have a friend around.

"Don't thank me just yet," he sighed, "I suspect she's only agreed to it because she hopes something will happen between you and Felice."

Wille shrugged, "She can think what she wants, it's not going to change anything."

His father hesitated before continuing, "Wilhelm when things improve… I'd- Well I'd like to meet him someday."

Wille's eyes widened, "You would?"

"Of course," he replied, "He's clearly very important to you."

“Pappa,” Wille bit his lip, he wanted to hug his father so badly, but he hadn’t in so long it felt like it would be crossing some invisible boundary. “Thank you, for listening. And for trying.”

They stood in silence for a moment before Wille stepped over that line, and gave his father a real hug for the first time in years.

--

Wille had barely slept since the accident, only ever getting a full night’s sleep when he was medicated or the few nights Simon was there. For once though, his insomnia the previous night was due to excitement instead of the anxiety and sadness constantly hovering over him. He knew that sounded dramatic, but he felt like he’d earned the hopelessness that came from sitting by Erik's bedside during the day and coming home to the cold palace at night. Today though, instead of being alone when he returned, Felice would be there.

Shortly after their first talk in his bedroom, his father had begun bringing the book with them to the hospital again. Together, they would sit and take turns reading to Erik. His mother had been visiting him less frequently, but she still made enough impromptu visits to make him feel on edge. It was as if she was reminding him that she was still in control, that she was still making sure he was following her rules- as if he had a choice. They were near the end of the first book, and his father had just excused himself to talk to the doctor so Wille took the opportunity to talk to Erik undisturbed.

“I miss you,” Wille said quietly, feeling his eyes well up as he spoke. “Everything has gone to shit and I wish I could talk to you about it. Really talk to you about it I mean, where you can talk back and tell me what to do. I feel like you always know what to do. You’re smart like that. I’m sorry I haven’t spoken to you more. I’ve tried but it just feels like my throat closes up. I’ve read a lot that people in comas remember things when they wake up, so I hope you remember all the good and none of the bad. I don’t know if mamma talks to you when she’s here alone, I know pappa reads but I don’t know if he does much

else. I've heard Malin speaking to you sometimes when she thinks no one is around, I'm glad she's back here with you. She's definitely my favourite guard, I know she's yours too. I feel like she actually cares about us as people, not just as princes, not just as a job. I know she does. Felice is coming over tonight, Pappa arranged it. He's been really trying lately, I feel like he's more our father than he's been in years. I can't wait for you to see it, you'll be blown away. You will see it. I can't- there's no other way. Erik you have to, you have to get better. I know it's selfish but I need you."

He felt the tears streaming down his face as he spoke, tightly gripping Erik's hand, "You're my best friend, and the greatest brother in the world, please please come back to us. Please come back to me. I'll do anything." He hears the door open behind him as his father steps back in. He doesn't say anything about Wille's obvious crying as he sits back down, but he takes Erik's other hand as he picks up the book.

"I hope you can remember this when you wake up Erik," He smiles softly, "Your brother wants to read the full trilogy and I don't think I could get through this whole book again if you need a recap."

Wille smiled at the words, it was comforting to have his father joke for a moment. He didn't let go of Erik's hand as his father resumed reading, thoughts full of hope at his father's words: *when you wake up.*

—

"Wilhelm!" Felice smiled when she saw him, getting up from her spot on the couch to pull him into a hug.

"Hi Felice," He greeted, letting himself stay a moment longer in the physical comfort before pulling away. "Thank you for coming."

“Of course,” she turned back towards his mother, who he hadn’t noticed was sitting on one of the chairs, “Thank you so much for the invitation, your majesty.”

His mother nodded, standing up from her chair, “We appreciate you being able to come on short notice to provide some company for Wilhelm. He does need a guard with him even in the palace for security reasons, but I hope you enjoy your stay.”

“Security reasons?” Felice asked once his mother was out of earshot.

Wille rolled his eyes, “The security risk being me trying to contact Simon.”

Felice’s frowned, “Simon told me. I’m so sorry Wille. How are you holding up?”

“About my brother still being in a coma, potentially making me crown prince? Or about my mother, the queen of Sweden, telling me this is a phase and banning me from seeing my boyfriend ever again?” He asked sarcastically.

“I’m so sorry,” Felice repeated, putting her hand on his arm.

“Sorry,” Wille shut his eyes for a moment, “I didn’t mean it to come out like that. It’s just been a lot.”

“I can’t imagine,” She answered softly, “If there’s anything I could do, please let me know.”

“You being here really means a lot,” Wille sighed, “Really, thank you.”

“I’m happy to,” Felice replied firmly, “I want to.”

“Still, thank you,” Wille pressed, “I don’t- I don’t have anyone I can really talk to.”

“I don’t know what kind of restrictions you’re under,” Felice hesitated, “But maybe we can figure something out so you can talk to Simon through me? The queen seems alright with us being in touch.”

“She’s hoping that spending time with you will suddenly straighten me up,” Wille rolled his eyes before his expression softened, “But if you could… Felice you have no idea how much that means to me.”

“You’re going to get through this,” Felice promised.

Part of Wille had experienced too much heartbreak in such a short period of time to let himself believe that, but part of him, no matter how small, let himself hope.

—

It was Felice’s idea, because of course it was. She was brilliant, and Wille felt incredibly lucky to have her on his side. They were halfway through an awkward dinner with his parents when Felice suggested it.

“Your majesty,” she began, bowing her head slightly, “It’s been so nice to spend the time with Wilhelm tonight, I’ve really missed him at school. I was wondering if we might be able to exchange emails when I return.”

His mother hummed in response, and Wille could tell she was considering the best response. It was one thing for her to make excuses about Wille being out of contact because he was recovering from his injuries and focusing on family. It was another for her to deny a direct request from Felice after she’d invited her to the palace.

“Well,” she said finally, “Wilhelm still can’t spend much time on screens due to his concussion but I suppose it would be alright for him to spend a short time to email you.”

Wille tried to hide his excitement, not wanting his mother to get suspicious and change her mind. As soon as dinner was over and they were out of her sight he pulled Felice into a crushing hug, “Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

“If you could get online during workies you could probably message back and forth for a while,” Felice answered with a smile, “We’ll have to use my email address obviously, but I promise that I won’t read them.”

“My mother or someone on staff will probably read them anyway,” Wille admitted.

“I’ll make sure not to send anything too scandalous,” Felice winked, and Wille couldn’t help but laugh.

—

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

I know you said you could maybe come online during workies, so if you can let me know?

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

are we actually online and able to talk at the same time?

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

to: felice@hillerska.se

Yes! How are you?

from: felice@hillerska.se

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

ohymygod, i've never been so excited to check an email

I'm okay, I miss you.

School isn't the same without you here.

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

I miss you too

It's weird to think about everyone just going to school like everything is normal

from: felice@hillerska.se

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

how are you doing?

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

No updates. Dad and I have been reading Lord of the Rings to Erik. The book is so long that part of me thought maybe he would wake up by the time we finished.

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

i'm so sorry Wille, i wish i could be there with you

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

to: felice@hillerska.se

Me too..

I've been reading a lot about comas, and everywhere says that the longer someone is in one the worse their chances are.

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

that doesn't mean that will be what happens for Erik

he's also got the best doctors in the country

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

Even the best doctors in the country don't seem to know what to do.

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

I really believe he can pull through

he's strong, you both are

that's about Erik though, how are you?

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

The doctors say my leg is healing well and I can probably take the cast off soon

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

you know thats not what I mean.

I'm glad your leg is feeling better though

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

I know, sorry.

I don't really feel like I can talk about it over email.

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

ok

do you want to talk about something else? i could distract you

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

Yes please. Tell me about workies, and choir, and everything you've been doing.

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

i think i studied better when you were here

believe it or not you help me concentrate

Mr. Englund has been glaring at me for most of the period

its like he can tell im not doing homework

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

I'm pretty sure Mr. Englund has supernatural abilities.

Remember last semester when he somehow busted Stella for cheating even though he wasn't in the classroom?

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

what abilities

i want a fully researched powerpoint with evidence

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

Mind-reading

Do I have to cite my sources?

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillserska.se

god i hope not

id die if he ever knew my thoughts during his class

also yes

this is an academic project

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

I need to know what thoughts you're thinking of.

to: wilhelm@hillserska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

nothing I would share on the school's email server

i have to go for choir practice :(

we'll talk soon though, yeah?

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

:(

Yes please

to: wihelm@hillerska.se

from: felice@hillerska.se

its probably not a good idea for me to type out what i really want to say

but i hope you know

i know you do

to: felice@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerksa.se

I do

me too

so much

--

He was sitting beside Erik's bed, fidgeting with his ring as his father's voice filled the room. He could see the pages left lessen every time he flipped one. He finished fidgeting and took Erik's hand again. He knew it was an unrealistic hope, but part of him had still let himself think that Erik might wake up before they finished. He took Erik's hand again, it felt warm. It was strange to think of just how used to sitting beside his brother's unconscious form he'd gotten. He'd tuned

back in to his father's words, focusing on the sound of the page-turning when he felt it. An ever so slight movement in his hands. A blink and you miss it twitch of Erik's fingers.

Wille's attention immediately shifted, "Erik?"

His father stopped reading to look at him, "Is everything alright?"

"I think," Wille's eyes started to fill as he let himself have more hope than he'd had in weeks. "I think he moved. I felt him move."

"I'll get the doctor," his father replied as he rushed out of the room.

"Erik," Wille sniffled, "I'm here. If you can hear me, I'm here."

He heard the doctor come in and gently ask him to move so she could check Erik's vitals, "You felt him move?"

Wille nodded, "His fingers twitched, I'm sure of it."

She hummed as she continued her examination of him.

"Is that…" Wille hesitated, "Is that a good thing?"

From all his reading he was pretty sure it was, but the relief flooded over him when she answered, "Yes, any sign of response is a very good thing."

His father left to call his mother, and the doctor wheeled Erik out of the room for some tests leaving Wille sitting in the chair by himself. More than anything he wanted to call Simon. He stepped into the hall and saw Malin coming up the hall to relieve the guard who'd been stationed at the door.

"Malin," he called out, and she turned her head in his direction. "Can you come here for a second?"

She nodded, keeping her face neutral as she followed him back into the room, "Where is Erik?"

"They took him for some tests," Wille started to smile, "Because he moved. It was just a faint twitch but he moved and they said that was a good sign."

The relief on her face was evident.

"I thought you'd want to know," he continued, he knew Erik was important to Malin. "I think- I think he might be okay. Obviously not all okay because we still don't know the effects of the coma and everything from the accident but... I think there's a chance he'll wake up."

She grinned at him in response, allowing her composure to slip for just a moment.

"Thank you for telling me," she responded. There was a noise in the hallway and Malin's stoic expression returned as she slipped out to her place in the hallway.

A moment later his mother stepped into the room.

“They’re doing some tests on him,” he heard his father say as he followed her in.

“Wilhelm,” she turned towards him, “You saw him move?”

“His finger twitched,” Wille answered, and she pinched her lips together.

“Are you sure he actually moved his hand, and it wasn’t just you moving?”

“Yes,” he answered firmly.

“It could have been nothing,” she sighed, and he got the distinct impression she didn’t believe him.

“I know what I saw and felt,” he stood up, but quickly stepped back at the look she gave him.

“Forgive me if I don’t immediately trust your judgment Wilhelm, considering your decisions lately.”

His father opened his mouth to speak, and Wille wondered if he was actually going to stand up to her when the doctor stepped in and the room silenced.

“Your majesty,” she greeted, “Our initial tests have been promising. The crown prince is beginning to show small levels of consciousness. If this progresses, there’s a good chance he will wake up.”

His mother's face froze, and for once he sees a rare moment of vulnerability; an expression he can’t quite place. He wondered if she’d ever felt that emotion for him, or if it’s always been reserved for Erik. As quickly as it left, her mask came back up and she turned back from his mother into Queen Kristina.

“Thank you,” she responded to the doctor, and the rest of the words tuned out as Wille sat back down. The doctor thinks Erik will wake up. Erik will wake up.

—

After the nurse assured him that Erik would not be waking up in the few hours he’d be away, Wille went back to the palace and started throwing clothes and anything he might need into a bag. He’d insisted on a cot being brought into Erik’s room for him to stay on, not wanting Erik to wake up without him there. He knew his brother, and he knew that if Erik had any memory of the accident, the first thing he would worry about is if Wille was okay. He paused walking by Erik’s room and made the split decision to get some of Erik’s things. He grabbed Erik’s favourite sweater, his laptop, and the book that still sat open on his bedside table. He was half surprised that his mother hadn’t confiscated Erik’s laptop out of precaution, but he guessed that she knew he didn’t know the password. After he had everything he thought he might need, he called for a car to take him right back to the hospital, planting his stuff in the corner and sitting back down beside Erik. The cot wasn’t very comfortable, but being close to his brother and knowing that things were finally starting to look up, he slept better than he had in weeks.

—

Erik started to regain consciousness slowly. He'd started making faint noises, and had been moving around just slightly. On one terrifying occasion he opened his eyes, but they were unfocused and stared right through him. He told a nurse then escaped to the bathroom to have a panic attack, and she assured him when he returned that this was normal. When they brought him back after another run of tests they told Wille that his brain scans showed he was responding to what he heard, and that if Wille spoke to him he would hear it. Wille's voice went hoarse from talking so much. His biggest breaks were when he slept and when his father came and started reading the second book in the Lord of the Rings trilogy. He'd tell Erik about the nurses in the hospital, talk about moments he remembered from their childhood and read him the latest gossip from the teen magazines he found in a waiting area. His mother thought it was ridiculous when she caught him telling Erik about the latest celebrity breakup, but now that he knew Erik could hear him he never wanted to stop talking. He wanted Erik to know that he was there for him, that he wasn't alone. Wille was in the middle of reading a quiz that claimed it would tell you your perfect match and answering the questions based on Erik's personality when Erik's mouth opened slightly and his voice came out in rasps.

"W-" Erik tried to speak, voice hoarse.

"Erik?" Wille asked, "I'm here, what do you need?"

"Wa-" Erik tried again.

"Water?" Wille asked, remembering how thirsty he'd been when he woke up.

Erik's eyes were still closed and he opened his mouth to respond again but no sound came out.

"Squeeze my hand once for yes, twice for now," Wille prompted and Erik squeezed his hand.

Wille hit the button to call for a nurse and asked them to get water as soon as they came in. When they returned, they held the straw to his mouth, and Wille saw Erik's throat move as he gulped it down. His body seemed to relax as he fell asleep again, but Wille was elated that Erik had been conscious and responded to him. There were more moments like that, where Erik would seem to be awake and respond to Wille's voice, and he was beginning to regain more of his voice. Wille had just started to fall asleep the next night when he heard a rustling beside him and turned to see Erik trying to move the blanket.

"Do you want it higher or off?" Wille asked, immediately going to help him.

"Cold," Erik got out, and Wille moved up the blanket to cover his arm. Erik took his hand when he started to move it away, gripping it tightly.

Wille held his breath as Erik's eyelid moved ever so slightly. He prepared himself for the same dead gaze he'd seen before, but when Erik opened his eyes they focused. He was seeing him. Erik was seeing him.

"Erik?" Wille said quietly.

"Hi," Erik breathed out, face grimacing at the crack in his voice.

“Hi,” Wille smiled, and he wasn’t surprised to feel his cheeks were wet as tears ran down his face.

“What,” Erik started, “Where?”

“We’re at the hospital,” Wille answered, “You’ve been sleeping for a long time, but you’re finally waking up.”

“You,” Erik murmured, “Okay?”

“Yes,” Wille promised, “I’m okay, you’re the one who’s had everyone worried.”

“I heard you,” Erik told him, before falling back asleep gripping Wille’s hand.

Chapter End Notes

He's awake!!!!

Chapter 20

The next few days passed in a blur with Erik drifting in and out of consciousness. Each time he was able to stay awake a little longer. The doctors said he needed lots of rest and as little stress as possible, which coincidentally meant that his mother visited less. It was almost laughable that she didn't know what to talk about with him if it wasn't about work and royal duties. His father still alternated between the hospital and the palace, but when Erik was awake he would have real conversations with them or they'd all read together.

Erik was starting to fall asleep again when their father left, and he rolled his head to face Wille, "You and pappa seem to be getting along well."

"Yeah," Wille smiled softly as he nodded, "He started reading to me before I was out of the hospital, it actually feels like he's our dad."

"It's kind of nice to spend time with him without mamma," Erik admitted, "He acts differently."

"He does," Wille agreed as Erik yawned. "You should get some rest."

"What do you do when I sleep?" Erik asked.

Wille shrugged, "Read, listen to music, watch shitty tv."

"Talk to Simon?" Erik teased, and Wille was grateful that his eyes were closed so he couldn't see the way Wille's expression fell. He knew he would have to tell Erik about what happened, but he wanted Erik to have more time to heal and rest. He hoped to put off the

argument Erik would surely have with their mother for at least a little longer.

“I don’t have my phone with me,” Wille bit his lip.

Erik frowned, “Is mine here somewhere? You can use it.”

“I think they have it with your things,” Wille shrugged, “I’d need the password though. Or for your laptop, I brought that for you in case you’d want it.”

“Do you have a pen or something?”

Wille dug through his bag for a pen and passed it to Erik with a napkin.

“Have you been able to talk to Simon?” Erik asked as he tried to write down the password. Wille pretended not to notice that it took him three tries to hold the pen properly.

“He visited me when I first woke up,” Wille assured him, “And Malin helped bring him to the palace one weekend.”

“Good,” Erik smiled, sliding the napkin to Wille, “I’m glad you didn’t have to be alone through this.”

Wille was silent, murmuring a quiet thank you as he took the napkin.

“No sexting on my phone,” Erik teased, before falling fast asleep.

Wille watched him for a few minutes, making sure he was going to stay asleep, then left the room to find out about Erik’s things.

“Prince Wilhelm?” A nurse approached him in the hallway, “Is there anything I can help you with?”

He cleared his throat, “I was wondering about Erik’s things, that uh- that were with him in the accident.”

“I can look into it and have them brought to his room if you’d like?”

“Please,” he nodded at her, “Thank you.”

“Of course,” she smiled, before walking back down the hallway. He slipped back into Erik’s room, and she came in about 15 minutes later holding a bag.

“The crown prince’s personal effects,” she explained, setting them on the table.

“Thank you very much,” he smiled at her. He looked at the bag and took a breath before opening it. It was strange looking in, he wasn’t sure what he was expecting. It looked like someone had just scooped them out of his room, not like they’d been through a car crash. He took out the phone, not ready to deal with the rest of it, and plugged it in. He fiddled with his ring, shaking his leg as he waited for it to power up. Based on what their pappa had said it sounded like their mother wouldn’t be coming at all that day, so he hoped he would be able to actually call Simon. He picked the phone back up when the

logo appeared and unlocked it. Instantly the phone started buzzing with notifications, hundreds of people trying to get in touch with Erik. He put the phone on do not disturb, and pulled up texts to contact the one person he wanted to talk to. He knew Simon would still be in class and he didn't want to risk him getting in trouble by calling.

ERIK

It's Wille

I'm sorry I haven't been able to go online

it's good news though!

Erik is awake!

It's taking some time for him to feel better but he's going to be okay

I have his phone so call me when you can? I know you're in class right now

I love you ❤

He set it up so it would buzz if Simon called, then laid down, trying to get a bit of rest for himself. When he woke up again he felt groggy. He reached for the phone to check the time and his eyes widened when he saw that he'd slept for nearly three hours.

1 missed call from Simon

SIMON

ohmygod wille im so glad

fuck you dont have to apologize im so glad erik is okay

i tried calling but im sure youre busy

let me know when you can talk?

i can cut my next class if youre free

i love you

ERIK

Fuck I fell asleep

sorry

Can you call now?

SIMON

give me 5 min

Wille sat up, checking on Erik while he waited. After seeing his brother's even breaths, he closed the door before making himself comfortable on the bed, anxiously waiting for Simon to call. When the phone started buzzing he answered instantly.

"Simon," he breathed out, feeling the relief rush through him.

"Wille," Simon's voice came through. Wille clutched to it like a lifeline. "How are you doing? How is Erik?"

"He's sleeping right now," Wille answered, "But better, every day he's a little more alert and stays awake longer."

"I'm so glad," Simon responded, "How are things with your mom?"

"I'm just avoiding her as much as possible," Wille admitted, "The doctors gave explicit instructions to avoid work or anything that might stress Erik out so she barely speaks when she does visit. I've

been staying at the hospital since he first started waking up."

"Are you able to sleep okay there?" Simon asked, and Wille smiled at his boyfriend's concern for him.

"Better than I was at home," he bit his lip. "Everything feels better now that Erik's awake."

"Of course," Simon said softly, "I'm so relieved."

"I'm sorry for not messaging you sooner," Wille apologized, "I was only able to email on a desktop computer there and as much as I wanted to talk to you I was just focused on getting back here. I didn't want Erik to wake up alone."

"You have nothing to apologize for Wille," Simon reassured him, "It's not as if your mother has made it easy for us to talk, and of course your priority should be Erik."

"Still," Wille shook his leg, "I've hated not being able to talk to you, and I can't imagine how it would be on your end when I just stopped responding again."

"Wille, cariño," Simon began, "I'm not upset with you for wanting to be there for your brother. I would have done the same thing. We've been in a shitty situation, and you've been dealing with so much. You're so strong, and you've had to be brave by yourself. I'm so proud of you."

Wille felt himself tear up, "I love you."

“I love you,” Simon answered instantly.

Wille looked at the clock, “Are you ditching class for me right now?”

“You’re more important,” Simon said firmly.

“I don’t want you to get in trouble,” Wille looked down, feeling guilty.

“Whatever you’re thinking, stop,” Simon insisted. “I’m doing it because I want to. There’s no way I’d be able to pay any attention in class knowing I’m able to talk to you. Mamá can write me a sick note later and Sara will bring me my things.”

“Simon,” Wille began, “Did you walk out in the middle of class?”

“Yes,” Simon answered.

“Are you hiding in the bathroom or something?”

“No,” Simon laughed, “I didn’t want anyone to hear me so I- uh left the building.”

“Isn’t it cold outside?” Wille worried, he didn’t want Simon to get sick.

“I’m not outside,” Simon seemed to hesitate, “I um- I snuck into Forest Ridge.”

“Simon,” Wille paused, “Are you in my room?”

“Maybe,” Simon answered.

Wille requested to switch to video call, lying on his side as it connected.

“Hi,” Wille smiled, excited to actually see Simon’s face for the first time since he was at the palace.

“Hi,” Simon grinned. “I missed seeing your face.”

“Me too,” Wille sighed, running his finger along the screen, “You look beautiful.”

Simon blushed, “I’m just wearing my old hoodie."

“Beautiful,” Wille repeated. He *did* look beautiful, his smile lit up by the lights Wille had hanging on the wall and his curls falling around his face.

“Speaking of hoodies,” Simon squinted, “Is that mine?”

“Yes,” Wille confessed, his turn to blush.

“It looks good on you,” Simon smiled softly, and Wille gripped the

fabric with his free hand.

“Better on you,” Wille replied, and Simon immediately grinned.

“Better off,” he smirked and Wille laughed.

His eyes widened when he heard a voice behind him, “When I said you could use my phone to call Simon I didn’t mean it for you two to shamelessly flirt while I’m *right here* .”

Wille turned over to see his brother looking at him with an amused expression. Simon had the decency to look at least a little embarrassed even though he burst out laughing.

“Shut up,” Wille mumbled, and he didn’t know if he was talking to Erik or Simon.

“Hi Simon,” Erik grinned, and Wille angled the phone so they could see each other.

“Hi Erik,” Simon waved, “Thanks for letting us use your phone to shamelessly flirt.”

Wille groaned as Erik laughed, “As long as it keeps embarrassing my little brother I’ll allow it.”

“If you really want to embarrass Wille,” Simon smirked, “We should exchange more stories.”

“I’m pretty sure the doctor said you’re not allowed to look at screens too long,” Wille pulled the phone away from Erik in an attempt to stop Simon from sharing whatever he was thinking of.

Simon cackled, and as much as Wille wanted to shut down where the conversation was heading, he let himself enjoy the sound of Simon’s laugh for a minute. It had been too long since he’d heard it.

“Whipped,” Erik coughed into his hand. Wille glared at him and Erik just grinned.

“Shouldn’t you be in class right now Simon?” Erik asked as he glanced at the clock.

“I’m sure Mr. Englund will survive without me,” Simon shrugged.

“But Simon,” Erik replied with fake seriousness, “Who’s going to teach Wille how to spell?”

“It was one text and I was drunk,” Wille complained.

“Likely story,” Erik teased.

“Please,” Simon scoffed, “Wille told me you don’t remember the night you both drunk called me, but I do. In perfect clarity.”

“I’m sure I acted with princely dignity,” Erik raised his chin

“Princely dignity my ass,” Simon snickered. “You couldn’t even sit up straight.”

“You try sitting up straight after drinking half a bottle of vodka,” Erik defended.

“I’m the crown prince so I’m serious!” Simon quoted, mimicking Erik’s drunk voice.

“Wille,” Erik pretended to whine, “Your boyfriend is making fun of me while I’m *injured* .”

Wille laughed, “If you’re asking me to defend your honor that’s not happening.”

“Abandoned by my own brother,” Erik sighed dramatically. “What’s the saying? Bros before hoes?”

“I resent that you’re implying I’m a hoe,” Simon deadpanned.

“Well,” Erik smirked, “You’re definitely not his bro.”

“You two are ridiculous,” Wille rolled his eyes.

—

They stayed on the call for over an hour, and Erik had just fallen asleep again when Simon got texts from Sara asking to meet at the bus stop.

“Maybe,” Simon paused, “maybe now that Erik’s awake, we could see each other soon?”

“I don’t know,” Wille frowned, “I’m sorry, I hope so. I really want to, but I don’t know what’s going to happen here. It all depends on Erik’s recovery and then I still have to deal with mamma.”

“I know,” Simon looked down, “I guess I was just feeling more hopeful. I know there’s still so much to sort out though.”

“Things are more hopeful,” Wille promised, “My dad was already on our side, and now that Erik’s awake it’s all of us against her. She’s not going to be able to keep me from going back to Hillerska, or from seeing you.”

“Okay,” Simon smiled softly.

“Besides,” Wille smiled in return, “I still need my new year’s kiss.”

Simon’s face changed into a smirk, “You know… it’s pretty hot how confident you were just now when you were talking about how she couldn’t stop you.”

Wille rolled his eyes and grinned, “You better not keep Sara waiting.”

Simon laughed, “Okay okay I’m going. Bye cariño, I love you.”

“I love you too,” Wille replied as he ended the call.

SIMON

if this is eriks phone can he read our texts

ERIK

Technically

Although he’s mostly banned from screens

SIMON

So if i send you something will he see it?

ERIK

Probably not

That’s not an invitation for you to send something inappropriate

Assume that whatever you send might be read by my brother

SIMON

damn

ERIK

Did you have something specific in mind?

SIMON

guess youll have to wait to find out

ERIK

simmeeeee

SIMON

yessss?

ERIK

Tell me please

SIMON

i dont think i should since youre on eriks phone

ERIK

I'll delete whatever it is

You're so unfair you knew you'd make me curious

SIMON

i would never

ERIK

Simon what were you going to say

SIMON

its a mystery

ERIK

please baby

SIMON

…

literally was just going to make some dumb comment about missing you and your dick

please delete that so erik never sees it

ERIK

I'm going to clear this entire conversation

but first

I miss you and your dick too

SIMON

SCREENSHOT

SAVED

ERIK

SIMON NO

SIMON

SIMON YES

ERIK

i hate you

SIMON

you love me and you love my dick

ERIK

im going to have to clear this chat all over again

SIMON

—

A few days later Erik was given permission to look at his phone for short periods of time, and while he was catching up on his messages, Wille was getting ready to go back to the palace to shower and get new clothes.

“Wille,” Erik’s voice interrupted his thoughts.

“Yes?” Wille asked, looking up from the bag he was packing.

“When you’re constantly on my phone you’re texting Simon right?” He asked.

“Yes?” Wille furrowed his brows, confused about why Erik was asking.

“Then why,” he smirked, “Are there only three texts with him?”

Wille groaned, “He likes to be inappropriate on purpose because he knows it’s your phone.”

Erik snorted then his eyes widened, “Wait. Please tell me you’re not sexting on my phone.”

“Oh my god no!” Wille exclaimed, face burning. “He just makes dumb comments, that’s it! Also, I’m literally always in the room with you. Gross.”

Erik sighed in relief, “thank god.”

Wille rolled his eyes then frowned when a grin spread across Erik’s face.

“Whatever you’re thinking, please don’t,” Wille begged.

“Just realizing that if I texted him he’d think it’s you,” Erik smirked.

“I was about to leave,” Wille complained, “Now I feel like I can’t trust you.”

“Little brother,” Erik acted offended, “Me? Of course you can.”

“I feel gross and really need a shower, so I’m going to go,” Wille sighed, “Please don’t say anything too embarrassing to Simon.”

“Scout’s honor,” Erik held up his hand and nodded solemnly. Wille didn’t trust him for a second, but being able to have a real shower was too good to pass up.

“I'll see you later,” Wille waved, heading out to where a car was waiting. He said a quick hello to his father and managed to avoid his mother on his way to his room. After spending so much time in the hospital the pressure of the showerhead felt like heaven, and he felt the most relaxed he’d been in weeks.

—

A few hours later Wille was walking back to Erik’s room when he was stopped by Malin.

“Prince Wilhelm,” she hesitated, “Before you go in you should know that Erik has a visitor… August Horn is in there with him.”

Wille froze. He knew Erik didn’t know what had happened, no one else did except for Simon and Malin, and so far he’d been able to

avoid the topic of August with his brother. He knew Erik would be furious if he heard what August had said, and as much as he didn't want August around he didn't want to risk anything affecting Erik's recovery. He sighed and sat down on the bench outside the room, not ready to go in and see him.

"I'm sorry," Malin looked at him apologetically, "I didn't want to say anything to Prince Erik, I know it's not my place."

"No," Wille shook his head, "You don't have to apologize. I think it's better if he doesn't know right now. He needs to focus on getting better."

"Your own healing is important too," she reminded him and he shrugged.

"I'm not the one who was in a coma," Wille answered, picking at his nail.

"Maybe not," she replied, "But that doesn't mean you aren't having your own struggles."

"I'll be okay as long as Erik is," Wille bit his lip. She looked like she wanted to say more but he was grateful that she didn't push. He was glad she was there though, it helped to have at least one other person around who knew who August really was. Wille wasn't sure how much time had passed when Malin stood up and knocked.

"My apologies sir," she called out through the door, "but visiting hours are ending."

Wille glanced at the clock, visiting hours were still open for another hour. He smiled at Malin and hoped she knew that he understood what she was doing and was thankful for it. He grabbed his stuff, getting ready to go inside. The door opened and August stood in front of him, he paused when he saw Wille. He didn't say anything, but stepped aside for Wille to walk through. He went and put his bag down and tried to avoid looking at August, it was the only way he was holding it together.

"Right," August finally broke the silence, "Bye Erik, I'll talk to you later."

Wille pretended to be distracted by unpacking while Erik said goodbye. When he was done he turned to see Erik watching him.

"What was that about?" Erik asked.

"What was what about?" Wille fiddled with his ring, he should've known Erik wouldn't be able to ignore it.

Erik narrowed his eyes, "You and August, you two barely looked at each other. Did something happen?"

Wille bit his lip, not sure how to respond.

Erik sighed, "I know that you don't want to worry me and that the doctors keep talking about no stress, but I'm getting better, Wille. I want you to be able to talk to me."

"We- had a fight," Wille said after a moment of silence, "But please don't worry about it right now, it can be sorted out later."

“What else aren’t you telling me?” Erik asked.

Wille furrowed his brows and Erik sighed.

“I can tell there’s something else,” Erik continued. Wille opened his mouth to respond but Erik cut him off, “Don’t tell me not to worry about it. I’m going to worry either way. At least this way I know what I’m worrying about.”

There was a long moment of silence as Wille fiddled with his ring. He knew Erik wouldn’t let this go until he found out.

“It’s mamma,” Wille sighed, giving in, “She saw my texts and found out about Simon. She’s furious and has banned me from seeing him.”

Erik’s jaw clenched, “That’s why you don’t have your phone?”

Wille nodded, “She took it, and my computer. Pappa let me use my phone once to call him but mamma has been watching me really closely.”

“Wille,” Erik’s expression softened, “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault,” Wille replied firmly, “You’ve always supported me. She’s the one who thinks I’m going through a rebellious phase and have terrible judgment.”

“I promise I won’t let her keep doing this,” Erik reached for his hand.

“Focus on yourself first,” Wille pleaded. “You need rest right now.”

Erik yawned, “I’ll sleep now, but next time I see mama we *will* be discussing it.”

“Okay,” Wille agreed, “but sleep now.”

Chapter 21

Next time came sooner than either of them expected when their mother decided to visit the next morning. Wille saw Erik's body tense up when she entered the room, and more than anything he wanted to run and hide. He knew he couldn't do that though, even if this wasn't about him he wanted to be there for Erik.

"Mamma," Erik greeted, but there was no mistaking the malice in his tone.

She was either oblivious or chose to ignore it as she moved beside his bed, "Erik, I'm glad you seem to be recovering well."

"Yes," he answered, "Wille has been here with me, which has been very helpful. Having your family's support really is instrumental to recovery."

She blinked at his subtle dig that she'd been absent but soon recovered, "What else have the doctors said?"

"I'm recovering well, like you said," Erik responded, not giving any more information.

Erik's phone rang from it's spot on Wille's cot. They all turned to face it, watching as it vibrated and Simon's name popped up on the screen. Wille flicked his eyes back to his mother who had narrowed her eyes at him, and Erik who was looking at her with a similar glare.

"Are you going to answer Wille?" Erik asked, looking over at him. Erik nodded at him slightly and Wille knew whatever he chose to do Erik

would back him. He looked back at his mother, who still had the same sour expression on her face. He picked up the phone.

“Hey,” he greeted Simon, eyes still on his mother.

“Hi cariño,” Simon’s voice floated through the phone like a lifeline.

“Is everything okay?” Wille asked, Simon didn’t usually call him so early.

“Yes,” Simon reassured, “I uh- just missed hearing your voice.”

Wille couldn’t help the small smile that threatened to overtake his face at the words.

“Me too,” he admitted, he missed everything about Simon when they were apart. “Could I call you back in a bit though? Just in the middle of something.”

“Of course, is everything okay?”

“Yes,” Wille assured, even though his heart was threatening to beat out of his chest.

“Let me know when?” Simon asked, “I love you.”

Wille took a breath and looked at his mother who seemed stunned into silence, and his brother who was looking at him like he was

proud of him, like he was brave.

“I love you too,” He said in return, before hanging up and putting down the phone.

“I thought we agreed you would stop seeing that boy,” his mother said coldly, a warning in her eyes.

Wille felt the familiar pull in his chest, of wanting to stand up for himself against wanting to please his mother. While last time he could only plead, this time he had Erik.

“You agreed,” Wille sighed, fingers seeking out his ring for reassurance.

She glanced between him and Erik, and Wille could tell she was trying to decide if punishing him right now was worth potentially impacting Erik’s recovery.

“We’ll talk about this later,” she said finally, pressing her lips together.

“I’d like to talk about this now,” Erik spoke up from his place between them.

“Don’t be silly Erik,” she brushed him off, “It’s nothing you need to concern yourself with.”

“I think I do,” Erik stated firmly, “since I quite like Simon, and cutting

him from Wille's life is a mistake."

"Simon," she repeated, the name dripping like venom off her tongue, "You know this boy?"

"Yes," Erik answered, not giving her any more information.

"You're still young Erik," she sighed, "when you're older you'll understand-"

"What I understand is this," Erik cut her off. "Wille and I were both in an accident, we were both badly hurt. You could have lost *both* your sons and that wasn't enough of a wakeup call to realize that some things are more important than what you think the crown should be."

"IF we had lost you Wilhelm would have been the crown prince," she defended, "I had to prepare him for the possibility. A crown prince needs to create heirs, he can't be- like *that* ."

"Like what?" Erik challenged, "Queer? It's not a dirty word mother. What I'm hearing is that instead of supporting Wille, your *son* , while his brother was in a coma, you were telling him I would die and adding the additional pressure of having to take the weight of the crown. After doing all this while he was still recovering from his own injuries, you took away his support system and shamed him for who he is."

"We have a duty to this country-"

"You have a duty to your family," Erik scoffed.

“And what if I had let him go along with it?” she challenged, “Putting aside the fact that it’s a *boy* I have other concerns about this Simon character. I don’t believe he’s a good influence on Wilhelm.”

Wille had shrunk in on himself in the conversation, hearing them discuss him like he wasn’t there. He was grateful for everything Erik had said, but to hear it all laid out so bluntly in front of him was overwhelming. But he couldn’t sit by and say nothing, not while his mother was insinuating that Simon was *bad* for him. Not when Simon was the best thing that’s ever happened to him.

“What, so you’re judging him without knowing anything about him?” Wille finally spoke. She looked surprised, almost as if she’d forgotten he was there.

“I have looked into him,” she answered, “His family background is certainly damning. His father for instance…”

“Is none of your business,” Wille interjected. “Just because you’re related to someone doesn’t mean you’re anything like them. Besides, you banned me from seeing Simon right after you took my phone, that didn’t give you enough time to run your invasive background checks. If you don’t approve that he’s a boy just say it, but don’t make excuses.”

“Erik,” she turned to look at him, as if hoping he would back her up.

“Simon is a good kid,” Erik responded, “And he makes Wille happy, which is all that’s important to me. In fact, I quite like Simon and I think a visit from him would be beneficial to my recovery.”

She sputtered before continuing, “Don’t be ridiculous Erik. You may be an adult but Wilhelm is a minor and I’m still his mother. The decision isn’t up to you.”

“Wille,” Erik said calmly, turning to look at him. Wille could see the anger in his eyes. “Could you please go get me some more water?”

Wille hesitated, not wanting to leave Erik alone but recognizing that it was why Erik was asking. He nodded, taking Erik’s cup to go to ask a nurse. Part of him was relieved for an excuse to get out of the room and away from his mother’s anger, the other part wondered what Erik would say that he wanted him out of the room for. After the cup was filled he hovered around the end of the hallway unsure how long he should wait before going back in. His question was answered a few minutes later when his mother stepped out of the room, eyes barely registering him as she quickly walked to the exit. He made his way back to the room, feeling as if he was holding his breath as he stepped back in, closing the door behind him.

“Thanks Wille,” Erik smiled at him as he took the cup. Now that he wasn’t putting on his crown prince demeanor for their mother Wille could see how tired he was.

“What happened?” Wille asked as he sat on the end of Erik’s bed.

“I made some suggestions,” Erik answered, pausing to take a drink. “I hope that’s ok that I said queer, I remember you mentioning it the night we drank together.”

“I haven’t given it a lot more thought,” Wille admitted, “But I do feel like it fits, at least more than anything else I’ve heard.”

“Okay,” Erik nodded.

“You said you made suggestions?” Wille prompted.

“I pointed out that you two were being discreet, and that there are a lot of other royal secrets that would be a lot more damning if they got out,” he shrugged as he spoke.

“Erik,” Wille paused, “Did you blackmail our mother, the Queen of Sweden?”

Erik grimaced, “Blackmail is such a harsh word.”

Wille gaped, “Erik I- I can’t believe you did that for me.”

Erik’s gaze softened, “Of course, you have to know that you always come first. Always.”

Wille leaned in to hug Erik, but hesitated, he didn’t want to hurt him. Erik seemed to sense his thoughts, grabbing his arm and pulling him into a hug.

“I don’t know what I would do without you,” Wille bit his lip, gripping his brother tightly.

“You don’t have to,” Erik promised.

—

Their mother visited significantly less after that, which considering how often she'd come before meant she barely came at all. Erik was able to be pushed around in the wheelchair now, although he still spent most of the day in the hospital bed. August had visited Erik a few times, but Wille just made excuses to leave the two of them alone. He felt so guilty about what Erik had done for him, he didn't want to burden him with anything more.Today though, he was able to push all of that outside of his mind. Because today, Simon was coming to visit. Wille was practically buzzing with excitement knowing he would be able to see Simon soon.

"Check mate," Erik grinned, and Wille swore under his breath when he saw Erik had won. They'd been playing chess together, but Wille knew Erik could tell his head wasn't in the game.

Erik smirked as they began to put away the pieces, "I'll have to remember that if I ever want to beat you at something I just need to get Simon to distract you."

"I am not that bad," Wille tried to defend himself, which proved to be more difficult when he practically leapt off the bed at the sound of Erik's phone beeping. His shoulders sagged a little bit when he saw it wasn't a message from Simon saying he'd arrived, but instead one of Erik's school friends.

"Who kicked your puppy?" a voice asked from the doorway, and Wille whipped around to see Simon standing there. He couldn't help the smile that spread across his face at Simon being right there, in person.

"Hi Simon," Erik grinned, looking between the two of them.

"Hey Erik," Simon greeted, hesitating in the doorway.

Erik rolled his eyes, “Just kiss and do your teary reunion or whatever. I’ll survive with you two taking some time to yourselves for a minute.” He grabbed his phone from the side table and shifted his focus to it.

With that, Simon stepped into the room, closing the door behind him.

“Hi Wille,” Simon smiled at him as he dropped his bag and went up to him, putting his arms around Wille’s shoulders.

“Simme,” Wille grinned, giving Simon a quick peck on the lips before pulling him into a tight hug. They would have time for a deeper kiss later, when they weren’t standing in front of his brother. Right now, he wanted nothing more than to hold him.

Simon’s fingers curled into Wille’s sweater and he pressed a soft kiss to his neck. Wille’s skin tingled at the feeling, his mind a stream of *SimonSimonSimon* . When they finally pulled away, their hands reached for each other, and Wille led Simon over to his cot as they laced their fingers together. Simon sat beside him, and Wille immediately leaned into him so they were completely pressed together. Here now, with the two most important people in his life safe and with him, he felt his body lose some of the tension he hadn’t even realized he was holding.

“How are you doing Erik?” Simon asked as he slipped his arm around Wille’s waist, thumb rubbing at the skin just under his sweater.

“I’m improving every day,” Erik answered, “Wille has been a great nurse.”

“A nurse huh?” Simon teased.

Wille rolled his eyes, “I haven’t done anything.”

Erik looked at him sternly, “You’ve been living off a cot at a hospital bed for weeks to keep me company. You’re doing a lot.”

“You’d do the same for me,” Wille shrugged.

“Still,” Erik’s gaze shifted to Simon, “He’s spent all the time taking care of me, I’m glad you’re here to take care of him.”

Wille wanted to protest that he didn’t need to be taken care of, but he couldn’t deny how happy and relieved he was to have Simon there.

“I brought the third Sharknado,” Simon grinned, seeming to sense that Wille was a bit uncomfortable and changing the subject. “If we wanted to watch it.”

Erik grinned, “I think that’s an excellent idea.”

Simon squeezed Wille’s hip before moving away to go get his bag, pulling out the dvd. The tv didn’t have a dvd player, so they opened it on Erik’s laptop, setting it on one of the trays at the end of the bed. Wille pulled Simon with him to lie down on the cot, and as Simon laid his head on his shoulder Wille couldn’t help but think about how lucky he was to have this. Things were still a fucking mess, but in this moment he got to just *be* with Simon and share this with Erik.

—

After the movie, Wille was yawning, half asleep with the warmth of Simon curled up against him.

“Well that’s an hour and a half of my life I won’t get back,” Erik commented as the credits rolled on the screen.

“Sharknado 4 next time?” Simon grinned.

“Absolutely,” Erik nodded.

Wille groaned, “How many more are there?”

“Six,” Simon laughed as Wille grimaced at the number.

“For another day though,” Erik responded as he closed the laptop. “For tonight, I’m kicking you both out.”

“Are you su-” Wille started to ask, but Erik quickly cut him off.

“Wille, I’m a big boy, I’ll be fine on my own,” He chided, “Go spend time with your boyfriend and sleep in a real bed for once.”

“If you’re sure,” Wille hesitated, but got up when he saw Erik roll his eyes. Erik was also falling asleep so they packed up and headed out to the waiting car relatively quickly. After telling Wille to invite Simon, Erik had gotten him a room at a hotel close to the hospital. Simon went in ahead and let Wille in through a side door to avoid drawing extra attention. Then, they were finally alone in the room.

“What do you want to do cariño?” Simon asked gently, lifting their joined hands up to kiss Wille’s fingers. “If you’re tired we could go to bed.”

Wille looked around the room as he considered it, and his gaze focused on the bathroom.

“Maybe a shower?” He suggested. “I feel a little gross from the hospital, and maybe food?.”

“I think this room has a tub also if you wanted a bath,” Simon offered.

“Is it big enough for both of us?” he asked hopefully, he wanted to stay as close to Simon as possible while he was here.

“Yeah,” Simon nodded, “I can go start it if you want to choose something to order.”

He kissed Wille gently before heading into the bathroom. Wille went to the side table and looked through the room service menu. Simon came and sat beside him, resting his chin on Wille’s shoulder to look down at the menu.

“Do you wanna just get pizza?” Wille asked, he felt too tired to think too much about what he wanted, and he figured it would be a safe bet.

“Sounds great baby,” Simon squeezed his shoulder before reaching for the phone.

“I can do it,” Wille offered, he didn’t really feel up to talking but he felt guilty that Simon was going everything.

“Wille,” Simon said gently, leaning their foreheads together, “I want to take care of you tonight. Is that okay?”

Wille nodded slowly, letting his eyes fall shut. He stayed leaning against Simon’s shoulder as his boyfriend ordered the room service, feeling all the exhaustion he’d been keeping at bay seeping in.

“I’m just going to check on the tub,” Simon told him, kissing his forehead as he stood up. “I’ll be right back.”

Wille pressed on his chest, trying to focus on his breathing until Simon came back.

Simon sat back beside him, brushing Wille’s hair out of his face, “How are you feeling?”

“Tired,” Wille answered honestly, “I feel like everything is happening at once. Everything I’m feeling.”

“You’ve been so focused on Erik,” Simon rubbed his arm, “If this is your first night away from him since he woke up it makes sense that you’d have a lot of emotions about it.”

“I feel like,” Wille paused, throat feeling dry as he tried to think of how to word his thoughts, “I don’t want to worry him, or add to his stress. I’m nervous about being away from him. Like now that he’s up,

I'm so scared to lose it."

He felt Simon's arms wrap around him, holding him close as he started to cry.

"I've got you," Simon promised, pressing a kiss to his temple. "Erik is getting better, and didn't you say they're talking about him being able to stay at the palace soon and have doctor's visits there?"

Wille nodded against Simon's shoulder.

"They wouldn't do that unless they were sure it would be okay," Simon reassured, "He's going to be okay, but it's also okay to feel that way. It's okay to be scared."

"I love you," Wille sniffled, "Thank you for being here."

"There's nowhere else I'd rather be," Simon said softly, "I love you so much Wille, you are so strong, and you're getting through this."

They stayed on the bed, Wille curled into Simon, until the room service arrived. Simon got the door, blocking Wille from their view, then brought the food back to the bed. They were mostly silent as they ate, both hungry and focused on their food, but it made Wille laugh to see Simon take giant bites and struggle to chew. When they'd finished eating, Simon took his hand and led him to the bathroom, carefully undressing him. Simon took his own clothes off quickly, then held out his hand to help Wille into the tub. He sunk down into the water, leaning against Simon's chest. He kissed his collarbone as he felt his eyes drift shut.

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wille drifted in and out of consciousness, occasionally adjusting his position against Simon's back. Simon ran his fingers along Wille's side, pressing gentle kisses to his cheek and neck. The water started to grow cold, and Wille sighed when Simon suggested they get out.

"We don't have to," Simon laughed at Wille's pout, "It's just starting to get cold."

"I know," Wille groaned, "I'm getting cold too, it was just nice."

"I'm sure getting to lay down in a bed that isn't a hospital cot will also feel nice," Simon answered, kissing Wille's cheek before they both started to get out of the water. The hotel had giant towels that they wrapped themselves in, and Simon pulled Wille close to him, hovering together for warmth.

"How are you feeling?" Simon asked as they made their way out of the bathroom.

"Okay," Wille shrugged, "I am excited to sleep in a real bed, my back is actually pretty sore from the cot."

"Yeah, I noticed it felt tense in the tub," Simon bit his lip before continuing, "Do you want a massage?"

Wille considered it, he'd never actually had one before, too uncomfortable by the thought of a stranger touching him. This was different though, this was Simon, the one person he let himself be truly vulnerable around. He instinctually went to fidget with his ring before realizing he'd take it off for the bath.

"Okay," he brushed his hair back, anxious to do something with his hands.

"Only if you want me to," Simon said softly, clearly noticing Wille was uncomfortable.

"I do," Wille assured him, "I've just- never had one before."

"We can try," Simon offered, "If you don't like it or are uncomfortable just say the word and I'll stop."

Wille nodded, "Um, what should I do?"

"Just get comfy on the bed," Simon instructed, "I think I saw some lotion in the bathroom, I'm just going to go get it okay?"

"Okay," Wille agreed, sitting down on the bed while he waited. He knew sitting on the edge of the bed wasn't exactly what Simon meant when he told him to get comfortable but he didn't know what else to do.

Simon came back holding one of the small hotel bottles and sat down beside him. He put his hand along Wille's chin, turning it to face him.

“Hey,” he said softly, “I love you.”

Wille couldn’t help but smile at the words, feeling a little bit more comfortable, “I love you too.”

“We can stay sitting like this for now if you want,” Simon kissed his shoulder, “I’m just going to put some lotion on your back, tell me if it’s too cold.”

It was a weird sensation, feeling the cool lotion on his back underneath Simon’s hands. He wasn’t sure how to feel about it, and then Simon pressed on a tense spot on his shoulder and he gasped.

“Is that okay?” Simon asked, drawing his hands back immediately, “Did I hurt you?”

“That spot really hurts,” Wille admitted.

Simon lightly placed his hand on it, “you have a pretty big not there. I can work it out but it will hurt a bit.”

“Ok,” Wille nodded, taking a deep breath as Simon massaged the spot again. He tried to focus on relaxing his body, and he felt the pain slowly start to fade.

“How is that?” Simon asked, placing a kiss on the spot.

“A lot better,” Wille sighed in relief, he hadn’t realized how much that area was bugging him.

“Do you want me to keep going?”

“Please,” Wille answered, “It really helped.”

“Are you okay to lie on your stomach? It would help me reach the spots on your back better,” Simon suggested.

Now that Simon had started, Wille couldn’t even remember what he’d been so nervous about. He moved further onto the bed, lying on his stomach.

“Is it okay if I sit along your back?” Simon asked, straddling Wille’s waist after he nodded. Both Simon’s hands went back to his shoulders, rubbing along where they were tense. Wille couldn’t help but moan when Simon pressed on a particularly sensitive spot. His eyes widened and he felt the heat rush to his face.

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

“Wille,” Simon leaned down and kissed his shoulderblade, “You don’t have to apologize, it’s supposed to feel good. It’s like another way of you telling me you like what I’m doing, I like hearing you.”

Wille was sure he was flushing even harder at Simon’s words, but he tried to stop holding himself back letting out some more quiet moans as Simon carefully worked out the knots along his shoulders. He felt like he was turning into putty under Simon’s hands, melting into the bed as Simon moved to focus along his spine. He wasn’t sure how much time had passed when Simon lightly ran his hands back up Wille’s back, leaning forward to kiss his cheek.

“How are you feeling?” He asked, kissing Wille’s cheek.

“Really good,” Wille admitted, he couldn’t remember the last time he’d had so little tension in his back. “A little sore but good.”

“Sorry,” Simon frowned, “You had some really tight knots, I had to press pretty hard to get them.”

“S’okay,” Wille slurred, feeling a little drunk with the weightlessness.

“Where does it hurt?” Simon asked, sitting up to run his hand back along his back.

“There,” Wille answered when Simon’s hand drifted over where one of the worst knots had been.

Simon leaned down to kiss it, lips trailing around the spot, “where else?”

“A little lower,” Wille breathed out, skin buzzing as Simon kissed his way down.

“Anywhere else?” Simon asked, Wille could feel Simon’s lips moving against his skin as he spoke.

“Mmmm, my shoulder,” Wille hummed, smiling as Simon kissed his way upward. His smile widened and he couldn’t help but laugh when

Simon continued, pecking kisses along Wille's neck. Simon moved off enough for Wille to roll onto his back, before moving right back to his spot on top of him.

"Thank you," Wille said softly, placing his hand on Simon's cheek.

"Anytime," Simon promised, finally kissing Wille on the lips, Simon's weight pressing him down into the bed.

"I love you," Wille said in response, feeling Simon's breath against his lips as he said the words.

"I love you," Simon answered, leaning their foreheads together. "I love you so much, Wille."

"Simon," Wille pulled him down into another kiss, desperate to feel closer.

"What do you want baby?" Simon asked, breathing heavily.

The words tumbled out of Wille's lips without a thought, "you. Just you."

"Wille," Simon breathed out, "I'm yours, completely."

Their kisses turned more frantic, both pulling each other as close as possible as they moved together, hands drifting over each other.

“I um, I brought condoms and stuff,” Simon blushed as Wille moved to kiss along his jaw, “If you want.”

Wille’s breath hitched as he pulled back to meet Simon’s eyes, “yeah.”

Simon fumbled off of him to go to his backpack, pulling out an unassuming black pouch.

“Your sex bag?” Wille teased.

“Shut up,” Simon mumbled, a small smile on his face as he climbed back onto the bed.

“Maybe,” Simon hesitated, “I still want it to be about you, I don’t want you to have to do the work, I could be on top?”

Wille nodded before pulling him into a kiss in response, reaching for the lube. He coated his finger, hand trailing down Simon’s back, finger lightly running over his hole. He felt Simon shiver against him.

“Is this okay?” He asked, very aware that this was only the second time they’d done this.

“Yeah,” Simon nodded, “I uh- I like the feeling.”

Wille mimicked the action again, rewarded by Simon pressing a kiss to his neck. He gently pushed a finger in, gaining confidence when Simon moaned above him. Simon kissed him again, turning more desperate as Wille stretched him open.

“Wille,” Simon pleaded, “I’m ready, please.”

“I don’t want to hurt you,” Wille answered softly, “Just a little bit more first.”

Simon whined as Wille pulled out to coat his fingers with more lube before pushing back in.

“Okay,” he breathed out once he was finally satisfied, “I think- I think that’s probably good.”

“Fucking finally,” Simon sighed, making a noise of complaint when Wille slid his fingers out. He reached for the condom and started to open it when Simon stopped his hand.

“Could I do it?” he asked gently, taking the wrapper from Wille when he nodded. Simon opened the packet and rolled it down, Wille bit his lip at the touch.

“Ready?” Simon asked, moving back to straddle Wille.

“Yeah,” Wille leaned up to kiss him before Simon sat up, hand reaching behind him to add more lube to Wille’s cock before starting to lower himself onto it.

Wille focused on staying still as Simon slowly sunk down, overwhelmed in the best way by the feeling of Simon around him. It took all his concentration not to buck his hips, instead trying to focus on the way Simon’s head tilted back and his eyes fell closed, lips

slightly parted. He was mesmerizing.

“How are you feeling?” Wille managed to get out, voice raspy.

“Good,” Simon bit his lip, opening his eyes again to look down at Wille. “It’s… a lot more from this angle, I just need a minute to get used to it. But it’s- it’s good.”

Wille rubbed circles into Simon’s thighs, the movement grounding them both as they adjusted to the feeling. Simon rolled his hips experimentally, and Wille gasped at the sensation.

“Ok,” Simon breathed out, eyes fluttering shut again, “Fuck. Yeah, that was good. I’m good.”

He guided Wille’s hands to his hips as he started to roll them again, moaning at the sensation.

“Fuck Simme,” Wille groaned, “You feel- fuck.”

Wille could feel the muscles in Simon’s thighs flex as he moved up before sinking back down, slowly at first, then repeating again a little quicker. He leaned up to meet Simon’s lips in a kiss, falling back when Simon moved his hips again and his arms shook too much to hold himself up.

“Baby,” Simon whimpered as Wille’s hips bucked involuntarily.

“Shit, sorry,” Wille swore, immediately stilling. “I didn’t-”

“You can do it again,” Simon interrupted. “I- I want you to.”

He looked up at Simon, who was looking at him so openly. How could he ever refuse him anything?

Their motions became more frantic as they moved together, Wille's hand keeping rhythm with their hips as he wrapped around Simon. He ran his thumb over the head and Simon fell forward at the touch, Wille’s name on his lips as he cried out, his whole body shaking. Wille expected him to move off once his shaking had slowed, but he rolled his hips again, pulling Wille into a needy kiss.

“I love you, Wille,” Simon’s lips moved against his mouth. He started grinding down his hips again until Wille was tipping over the edge, moaning into Simon’s mouth as he came.

Simon moved off slowly, kissing along Wille’s chest before he took off the condom, tying it and throwing it out then grabbing a cloth to wipe them up. He collapsed on the bed beside Wille.

“I love you,” Wille sighed, still a little breathless as he pulled Simon closer to him. “I love you so much.”

“Mmm, love you, baby,” Simon hummed nuzzling into Wille’s neck. Wille could tell the exhaustion was starting to hit Simon just as much as it was hitting him.

“Thank you for tonight,” Wille kissed his head, reaching to turn out the light.

“Anytime,” Simon pressed a kiss to his shoulder before pressing his face back into Wille’s neck, both of them easily falling asleep.

—

Wille was feeling considerably more well-rested when they got up the next morning. Being with Simon mixed with being in an actual bed meant he was able to sleep through the night, not waking up until sunlight was pouring through the window and Simon was trying to squirm out from under his arm.

“Where are you going?” Wille asked, moving his arm out of the way.

“Bathroom,’ Simon answered, “I was trying not to wake you up, I’ll be right back.”

Wille reached for the phone on the side table to check the time, surprised to see it was almost ten. He went to put it back down, realizing that it was Simon’s phone and that he’d left Erik’s at the hospital when he saw his name on screen in a text from Ayub.

AYUB

you better to tell wille to thank me for the sex

“Sorry baby,” Simon yawned as he walked back into the room, “Good morning.”

“Simon,” Wille said slowly, brain trying to decipher what Ayub meant, “What’s Ayub talking about?”

Simon looked at the phone and raised an eyebrow, “i don’t know, what did he say?”

“I didn’t mean to read your message,” Wille rushed to explain, “I was just checking the time and saw my name.”

“It’s okay Wille,” Simon reassured, “I believe you I just haven’t checked my phone, I don’t actually know what he said.”

“That you should tell me to thank him for the sex,” Wille repeated, and Simon’s eyes widened.

“What the fuck Ayub,” he muttered before climbing onto the bed and taking his phone. He rolled his eyes when he opened his messages and tilted the phone for Wille to see, “he’s just being a pain in the ass.”

AYUB

yo simme wanna game tonight?

SIMON

I’m not home

I’m with wille

AYUB

bros before hos :(

SIMON

dont call my boyfriend a ho

ROSH

not everything is about you

AYUB

fuck you rosh

ROSH

besides

we all know simon is the real ho

SIMON

fuck off

AYUB

lmao so true rosh

fineee have fun

i will graciously allow you to bail

you better to tell wille to thank me for the sex

Wille laughed, “okay that makes slightly more sense.”

He skimmed over the words again and hesitated before asking, “Do you uh… talk about sex with them?”

“Sometimes,” Simon answered sheepishly, “Not like, in a lot of detail but yeah, is that okay?”

Wille nodded, he knew Simon was more comfortable than him talking about sex so it made sense he’d talked to his friends about it. He was getting more comfortable talking about it with Simon, but it was hard to imagine being so open with a friend.

“It’s nice,” he answered, voice quiet, “That you’re so comfortable with them I mean.”

“They really like you,” Simon tossed the phone to the side, wrapping himself around Wille, “They’re happy we’re together.”

“Yeah?” Wille asked, “I like them too.”

Simon grinned, “and don’t worry I don’t tell them anything bad. Based on our conversations they probably think you’re some sort of sex god.”

“I’m not?” Wille asked, pretending to be offended after he got over the shock from Simon’s statement.

“I might need more testing,” Simon smirked. He yelped as Wille flipped him over, pushing him down into the mattress and kissing him.

—-

While Wille would have loved to spend all day in bed with Simon, he was also anxious to get back to the hospital, so they started getting ready as soon as Erik texted that he was awake. They ate a quick breakfast before calling a car to take them. When they got there they were surprised to find more doctors than normal leaving Erik's room, and Wille immediately panicked. Something must be wrong. He ran to the room, ignoring a nurse's protest about running in the hall, heart racing as he entered.

"Wille," Erik grinned, giving Wille pause.

"What's going on?"

"They're checking me out today," Erik explained, "I'm just getting a final lookover and then I can stay back at the palace."

"Really?" Wille's eyes widened, "You're coming home?"

"I'm coming home," Erik confirmed, and Wille burst into a smile. He turned to Simon who was just catching up. He'd waited to make sure he wouldn't be in the doctor's way in case something had happened.

"Erik's getting released today," Wille told him, a smile on his face.

Erik rolled his eyes, "You make it sound like I'm an inmate."

He turned to thank the doctor as they got up to leave the room after

checking his blood pressure, then looked at them with a smirk on his face, “You know, Simon hasn’t seen our movie room.”

Wille groaned at the same time as Simon grinned, both realizing where Erik was going with this.

“No complaining Wille,” Erik laughed, “It’s my first night back home so I get to pick the movie.”

“Remember when we used to watch actually good movies?” Wille asked, but he couldn’t find it in himself to actually be upset. Erik was coming home.

“I don’t recall,” Erik teased, before his voice turned a little more serious. “Mamma is away until tomorrow but Pappa will be home. He’s coming to help me when I’m discharged this afternoon. He uh- he knows Simon is here but he said he doesn’t want to push.”

Wille turned to Simon, “Do you want to meet my dad?”

Simon’s eyes widened, “Uh- yeah. I mean, if you’re okay with that.”

“I am,” Wille nodded, “He did tell me before he wanted to meet you, and I do really feel like he’s on our side.”

“Okay,” Simon agreed.

The rest of the morning was spent packing up Wille’s stuff. He hadn’t realized just how much he’d brought over to the hospital, but he

supposed it made sense considering he'd been practically living there for weeks. It was arranged that Simon would go ahead with Wille to the palace to help him unpack there, and then they'd all have dinner together, their dad included.

He was nervous about introducing his dad to Simon, but he was also excited. His dad was really putting in an effort, he felt closer to him than he had in years. Being able to introduce his dad to Simon as his boyfriend, and to have his dad accept him as such felt like something he'd only have been able to dream of a few months ago.

He felt hopeful that it would go well, and now that Erik was coming home things were really starting to look up.

Chapter End Notes

> I started another YR fic because I have no self control. It can basically be summarized as "Wille and Simon do progressively gayer things together while Wille says no homo". You can check it out here!

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

> Well, hello there lovely readers, it's sure been awhile. I took a hiatus from this fic to focus on my other one (which is complete and I will now plug here): i hate accidents except when we went from friends to this
>
> Then I didn't want to start publishing again until I had finished the fic so this wouldn't happen again 😷
>
> Can confirm that didn't happen either, I'm not done the whole fic, *but* I have gotten a decent chunk more done, and the end is in sight! With that being said, I'm excited to finish sharing this story with you all, and I'm sorry it's been such a long time coming.
>
> Endless thank yous to Kya who beta reads everything for me and has now taken this on as well, i love you so much ❤❤❤
>
> Without further ado, the next chapter of You're Simply the Best:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wille gripped Simon's hand tightly in the back of the palace car. Simon had always been separate from his life at the palace; merging the two of them made him nervous. Simon hadn't been dragged into the publicity and the expectations that came from being a royal. When Simon had visited him before, it had been just the two of them in his room. Now though, he was inviting Simon to the palace, to meet his father and be involved in that part of his life. He reminded himself of what Simon had said to him before, that he knew what came with being with Wille - about the complications that came with his family - and that he still wanted this. Simon seemed to sense that he was nervous and rubbed his thumb along Wille's hand soothingly.

They'd put up the privacy divider as soon as they'd gotten into the back of the car, so Wille let himself lean into Simon, drawing comfort from the light kisses on his head. They were mostly silent on the drive, Simon humming an unfamiliar song under his breath. When they got to the palace they headed straight for Wille's room, his bags from the hospital brought up behind them with their bag from the hospital already left at the door.

“How are you feeling, cariño?” Simon asked, turning to Wille and taking his hand again as soon as they were alone.

Wille shrugged, biting his lip before answering, “I don’t know. I feel all this anxiety and I don’t know why.”

“Is it about me meeting your dad?” Simon offered.

“No,” Wille shook his head. “I think- I think it’s more about being away from Erik. Like what if something happens on his trip home and I’m not there.”

“Wille,” Simon said softly, taking his hand and guiding them to sit facing each other on Wille’s bed. “You’ve been through a lot, and I understand why you want to be with Erik. He’s going to be okay though. It’s a short drive from the hospital and he’ll be here before you know it.”

“It’s the first time he’ll be in a car again since it happened,” Wille breathed out, voice barely above a whisper, as if speaking the words would will something terrible into existence.

“Did you feel scared getting into a car again?” Simon asked, pulling Wille into his arms.

“I didn’t think about myself,” Wille admitted. “Erik is more important.”

Simon cupped Wille’s cheeks to lift his head and meet their eyes.

“ *You* are important too, Wille,” Simon had a seriousness to his tone as he spoke, and Wille realized he maybe shouldn’t have been so casual in his words.

He shrugged, looking down again to avoid Simon’s eyes, “I’m just the spare.”

“Wille,” Simon’s voice cracked, leaning their foreheads together. “You’re not *just* a spare or *just* a prince. You’re Wille. There are so many people who love and care about you.”

“My mamma didn’t,” Wille choked on the words as they spilled out. “When we found out Erik was waking up she showed so much emotion - she’s never shown that with me.”

“Baby,” Simon kissed him gently, as if he might break; in the back of his mind he felt like he might. “I’m so sorry, you deserve so much more than that. But I love you, and Erik loves you, and my family loves you. My mama asks about you every single day, wanting to know how you’re doing and if you need anything.”

“Linda is the best,” Wille sniffled. “I wish- Sometimes I wish she was my mom instead.”

“We can share her,” Simon promised, running his fingers through Wille’s hair. “She already sees you like her son. I swear that when you come back to Bjärstad it’ll be like I don’t even exist, she’s just going to fuss over you.”

Wille couldn’t help but smile slightly at his words, even with the tears slowly starting to stream down his face.

“You already know my thoughts about the monarchy,” Simon continued. “As far as I’m concerned, the queen can go fuck herself.”

Wille’s eyes widened, and he let out a startled laugh at Simon’s words.

“Sorry,” Simon grimaced. “I know she’s still your mom.”

“Yeah, it’s complicated,” Wille answered. “But you’re right… she hasn’t been acting like a mom at all recently - barely ever.”

“What do you need, right now?” Simon asked, kissing Wille’s nose.

“Just- hold me?” Wille asked and Simon nodded, moving back on the bed so that they could lie down. Wille moved to his arms, pressing his face into Simon’s neck, focusing on the rise and fall of Simon’s chest as his fingers ran along Wille’s back.

—

At some point, Wille must have fallen asleep, because he woke up to Simon lightly kissing his hand and whispering his name. He blinked slowly, letting his eyes adjust to the light.

“Erik texted me,” Simon told him. “Dinner is going to be ready right away.”

Wille groaned, not wanting to leave the comfort of Simon’s arms. Still,

he didn't want to keep anyone waiting so he got up, looking down at his crumpled clothes.

"I should probably change," he sighed.

"Do you want to change?" Simon asked, sitting up to rub along Wille's back.

"Not really," Wille admitted. "I'm comfy."

"Why don't you just stay in this then?" Simon suggested. "It's just Erik and your dad right? They both understand that you're tired and not feeling your best."

"Yeah," Wille nodded. If his mother had been home it would've been different, but he really was comfortable and didn't want to take off Simon's sweater.

Wille took Simon's hand as they left his room, leading him towards their smaller kitchen. Erik was already there at the table in his wheelchair, their father sitting across from him. He looked up when they came in, standing up to greet them.

Wille gripped Simon's hand tighter, taking a breath, "Pappa, this is Simon."

"Simon," he repeated, reaching a hand out. "It's very nice to meet you."

“You as well,” Simon bowed his head slightly. “Thank you for having me sir.”

“You can call me Ludvig,” his father offered as they sat back down. “I have a feeling we’ll be seeing more of each other.”

They sat down beside Erik, Wille keeping his leg pressed against Simon’s under the table.

“Did you finish unpacking?” His pappa asked as the food was brought to the table.

Wille shook his head, “I fell asleep.”

Ludvig nodded, “That’s good, you probably needed it.” He turned towards Simon. “Wilhelm said that you’re in the choir?”

“Yes,” Simon nodded. “I’m a tenor.”

“Simon gets almost all the solos,” Wille added, unable to resist bragging a little bit on Simon’s behalf.

“You must be very good,” his father commented as he took a sip of his water.

He asked Simon a few more questions about school and his family, and thankfully didn’t press when Simon talked about Linda and Sara with no mention of his father. The conversation moved on to Erik and the plan for his care at the palace, and Wille felt like he could let out a

breath of relief. His father had seemed genuinely interested in getting to know Simon, and he felt like things were going well. They were finishing up their food when Erik brought up the movie room. Simon and Erik both laughed as Wille groaned, eyes widening when his father expressed interest in joining them.

They made their way to the room, Simon pushing Erik's wheelchair as he directed him where to go, Wille and his father lagging behind.

"Pappa," Wille paused, turning to face him. "Thank you, for trying and for meeting Simon."

His father looked at him softly, an expression Wille had started to see more of since the accident. He couldn't remember the last time he'd seen it before.

"I can tell he's very important to you," Ludvig answered, placing a hand on Wille's arm. "I know this hasn't been easy for you, but seeing you two together I think I understand. I know Erik has made his stance very clear, but I want you to know I'm going to try to talk to your mother."

Wille felt his eyes tear up as he stepped forward to hug him, overwhelmed with emotion. It was going slowly, but he was finally starting to feel like he had a real father rather than the passive man who stayed in the background while his mother called the shots. They hugged for a moment before Wille stepped away, wiping at his eyes before going into the movie room where Erik was directing Simon how to set up the screen.

"So this is a movie about sharks?" His father asked as he sat down.

"Tornadoes with sharks," Erik answered as the title screen popped up

in front of them.

“The fifth in the series?” Ludvig observed. “It must be good.”

Simon snorted as he moved to sit beside Wille. “It’s not.”

Wille could tell his father was confused, trying to comprehend why they’d purposefully watch a bad film. Still, he sat back to watch, and Wille tried not to snicker at the face he made every time the sharknado appeared on screen. He grabbed a blanket, draping it over himself and Simon, wanting to hold his hand without feeling in his head. It had taken him so long to get comfortable with small displays of affection around Erik; he couldn’t imagine ever getting quite so comfortable with his father. Still, as the movie went on Wille let himself lean into Simon’s side. Simon was rubbing circles into his thigh, the movement soothing and comforting, lulling him into a half conscious state. Even though he’d had the nap earlier, he still felt exhausted, his body not having recovered from all it had gone through since the accident.

When he woke up again, his father was gone, the movie long over. Simon arms were draped over him, holding onto a controller playing a game against Erik. He looked down when Wille moved his arms to stretch, smiling softly at him.

“Hey,” he greeted, flicking a button on the controller before putting it down.

“Time is it?” Wille mumbled, yawning.

Simon shrugged, “Not sure, getting late.”

“Good morning sleepyhead,” Erik teased.

Wille flipped him off, leaning back into Simon. He felt tired enough that he knew he could probably fall back asleep. He’d started to feel a kink in his neck though, and would much rather be draped over Simon under the covers than on the couch. He rolled his neck before sitting up.

“Wanna head back to your room?” Simon asked, squeezing his hand.

“You can finish your game,” Wille answered. Even though he was tired, it was clear Erik and Simon were having fun; they both deserved that after everything they’d been through.

“Nah,” Erik shrugged, yawning. “Simon’s kicking my ass anyways.”

Simon grinned, looking smug at Erik’s words. They put away the blankets and turned off the console, just finishing up when Erik’s nurse came to give his scheduled medication. Wille wanted to wait to help Erik back, but Erik rolled his eyes at him, reminding him that he had the full time nurse and insisting that Wille go back to his room for a proper sleep.

“I felt weird just leaving him in the movie room,” Wille admitted as they walked down the hall, lacing his fingers with Simon.

“He has a nurse with him,” Simon rubbed his arm, voice soft and comforting. “He’ll make sure that he gets to bed okay. He’ll literally come as soon as Erik presses a button, your brother is being taken care of.”

“I know,” Wille sighed, not saying anything further as they got to his room and got ready for bed. He knew, logically, that Erik was getting the best care possible. He was staying in a room on the main floor so he could get everywhere in his wheelchair, and it had been set up with any needed medical supplies. Along with the 24 hour nurse, they had a doctor staying in the palace. Still, Wille couldn’t settle the anxiety in his chest.

It wasn’t until they were under the covers that Wille brought it up again. With their teeth brushed and faces washed they stripped to their boxers, Wille wrapping himself around Simon under the covers. He pressed a kiss to Simon’s neck, taking a deep breath as Simon’s hand drifted along his back.

“I’m scared,” Wille admitted, speaking so quietly he could barely hear himself. Simon didn’t say anything, instead pulling Wille closer and kissing the top of his head. “What if something happens to Erik and I’m not there.”

“Cariño,” Simon breathed out, tightening his grip around Wille. “Erik has lots of people looking out for him, you can’t take it all on yourself.”

“It was my fault,” Wille answered, the words tumbling out before he could stop himself, gaining courage from the darkness.

Simon paused. “The car accident?”

Wille nodded against Simon’s chest. “We wouldn’t have been in the car if it wasn’t for me. The only reason we were is because Erik had a fight with mamma, because of me.”

“That’s not your fault Wille,” Simon reminded him. “The accident or

the fight. Erik chose to bring it up with your mother, he knew she would probably react badly. You didn't go into any of this asking for a fight or an accident."

"But if I just hadn't let it affect me so much he wouldn't have suggested leaving the palace," Wille sniffled, the tears flowing freely now.

"Maybe he would have anyway, or he did something else while upset and still got hurt," Simon answered. "None of that is your fault Wille, it wasn't under your control."

"Part of me knows that, but the other part just feels so guilty," Wille shuddered as he sobbed against his pillow, Simon's arms tightly around him. "I almost lost him."

"You didn't lose him, he's still here," Simon reassured in soft tones. "You did nothing wrong, cariño. Nothing. Okay?"

Wille nodded against him, clinging to Simon as he rubbed his back, comforting him as he cried. Wille wasn't sure how much time had passed until he felt his breathing calm, not having anymore energy to cry.

"Thank you," Wille whispered.

Simon reached up, brushing away Wille's remaining tears with his thumb. "Always."

Wille yawned, making Simon yawn as well, and they both giggled at the action. For just a moment, Wille felt lighter again, a weight lifted

in a way it seemed only Simon could do.

“I love you,” Wille breathed out, moving his hand up Simon’s arm to cup his face and meet his lips in a gentle kiss.

“I love *you* ,” Simon answered without hesitation, resting their foreheads together. They lay there quietly, wrapped up in each other, breaths mimicking the rise and fall of each other’s chests until they fell asleep.

—

The next morning, Wille woke up before Simon. He took the time to look at him, admiring how peaceful he looked in his sleep. He wished he never had to leave this moment, Simon relaxed and happy beside him. Too soon, Simon stirred, rolling to his side and quirking the corners of his lips up in a smile.

“You’re staring,” Simon mumbled, slowly blinking awake.

“You’re beautiful,” Wille answered, his eyes continuing their journey across Simon’s face.

“Sap,” Simon grinned, affection clear in his voice. Wille grinned in response, leaning in to kiss Simon’s cheek, trailing his lips across the bridge of Simon’s nose.

Simon laughed, taking Wille’s chin and guiding it to his lips, sighing in contentment when they kissed. Wille let himself get lost in the feeling, for a moment everything melting away but Simon.

“How are you feeling?” Simon asked when they pulled back, eyes searching Wille’s for an answer.

“Better,.” Wille bit his lip. It hadn’t been his first difficult night, and he was sure it wouldn’t be his last. Still, having Simon there made it more bearable. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Simon pecked his lips, seeming to hesitate before saying his next words. “Have you thought about talking to someone about all of this? Like a counselor?”

Wille paused. “They had a psychiatrist visit me in the hospital. They said it was routine for anyone who had been through something traumatic. They were nice enough- I just can’t- how can I just trust someone like that?”

Simon brushed a strand of hair from Wille’s face. “It probably would take some time, and I can’t tell you what to do- but maybe it could be worth looking into?”

Wille nodded. He knew Simon was right, even if he didn’t want to think about it.

“You carry so much,” Simon said softly, taking his hand. “You don’t have to do it all on your own.”

Wille wrapped his arms around Simon, pulling him into a tight hug. How he got so lucky to have someone who cared so much about him he felt like he’d never understand. They stayed huddled together until Simon’s stomach growled, making them both laugh.

“I guess we should go get food,” Wille grinned, Simon’s laugh instantly brightening his mood.

“Yes,” Simon agreed, resting his head on the pillow to look at Wille. “I wish I didn’t have to go back today… weekends should be longer.”

Wille sighed, moving to rest his forehead against Simon’s.

“They should be,” he agreed. “I wish you could just stay here with me.”

“When do you think you’ll come back to school?” Simon asked, lacing their fingers back together.

“I don’t know,” Wille admitted. “The doctors said that I’ve healed enough to go back, but-”

“But you don’t want to leave Erik,” Simon finished for him.

Wille nodded, “I can’t- I know it’s probably not healthy but being away from him for too long right now is scary. I just- it feels like he barely just woke up.”

“You don’t have to explain,” Simon assured, cupping Wille’s cheek. “I understand.”

“I miss you so much though,” Wille closed his eyes, trying to blink

back his tears. “I miss seeing you everyday.”

“I miss you too,” Simon said quietly. “But I know it’s important for you to be here right now. Then, when you’re ready to come back, I’ll be waiting.”

“I love you so much,” Wille breathed out, feeling tension drain with the exhale at Simon’s understanding.

“And I love you so much,” Simon answered, pecking Wille on the lips. “This weekend was really nice, I missed just being able to kiss you.”

“Better make up for lost time then,” Wille smiled, leaning in to kiss Simon again and running his fingers through his hair.

Simon moved forward into the kiss, following Wille’s lead by tangling his fingers in his hair, deepening it. Wille wrapped his arm around Simon’s waist, rolling to his back and pulling Simon with him so he was lying over Wille. He felt Simon’s smile against his lips at the action, quickly replaced by a gasp as Wille moved his hand downwards, squeezing at Simon’s ass. Simon squirmed above him, leg slipping between Wille’s thighs as they started to roll their hips together, Wille letting out a quiet moan. Simon’s hand slipped up Wille’s shirt, running along his abdomen when Simon’s stomach growled loudly, bringing them out of the moment.

“Sorry,” Simon winced, although Wille could tell he was trying not to laugh.

“I get the feeling you’re hungry,” Wille teased, giving Simon one more quick kiss before rolling him off to get up. He pulled on Simon’s hoodie and some sweats while Simon got dressed, offering out his hand. They ate the two of them, Erik still asleep and his father having

eaten earlier, before going back to Wille's room. Simon packed his back while Wille unpacked his, the two of them putting on music in the background while they worked, Simon singing along. When they finished they took Wille's laptop, pulling up Schitt's Creek to watch on the bed, Simon nestled between Wille's legs. All too soon, there was a knock on the door, a reminder that the car was ready for Simon. They got up, grabbing Simon's bag to head to the door, pausing before opening it.

"Thank you for coming," Wille leaned his forehead against Simon's, pulling him in.

"Anytime," Simon assured him, kissing him softly. "Keep me updated?"

"Yeah," Wille nodded. "I'll probably get my phone back soon, I'll let you know as soon as I do."

"I love you, Wille," Simon met his eyes.

"I love you too," Wille breathed out, steeling himself for the moment Simon would leave.

They shared another quick kiss, pulling each other into a tight hug before Wille walked Simon down, watching as he got into the waiting car in the parkade. He took a deep breath, trying to hold back his tears as he watched it drive away. It was just temporary; he'd see Simon again soon - he'd make sure of it.

He spent the rest of the day with Erik, in a flurry of emotions. He already missed Simon, wishing he was back curled up with him. Then, there was the anxiety of their mother returning soon. He hadn't seen her since the argument with Erik, and he had no idea how she'd react.

He reminded himself that this time he also had his father on his side, although he wasn't sure how he'd actually act when faced with his mother.

Erik seemed to send his nerves, reassuring him that whatever happened he had Wille's back. Once again, Wille thought about just how grateful he was to have Erik there - and how he didn't think he could have survived if the unthinkable had happened.

His mother got back to the palace for dinnertime and insisted that they eat together as a family. Wille had spent up till then hiding out in his room, but he dutifully got changed into something she'd consider more "appropriate." When he went down to the room, his parents were already there, sitting in relative silence. He sat down in his usual spot, not saying anything. Erik was wheeled into the room shortly after, and it wasn't until their food was in front of them that anyone actually spoke.

"Well," his mother broke the silence. "I understand that while I was away you had a visitor, Wilhelm."

Wille looked up, trying to discern from her expression how she would react, but she'd had years of practice hiding it and she kept her face frustratingly neutral.

"Yes," he said finally. There was no use denying it.

She pressed her lips tightly together. "I see."

She didn't say anything further and the awkward silence continued for a moment before his father broke it, clearing his throat.

“I found Simon to be a nice young man,” he told her, and although he had told Wille he would, he still couldn’t quite believe his father was actually going against his mother on this.

He could tell it surprised even her, her carefully schooled expression fading for a moment at his words.

“It’s not a matter of him being a *nice young man* ,” she scoffed, her tone indicating she believed Simon to be anything but. “It’s what this would mean for the crown, for how the public sees us.”

“It’s not like we’re going around announcing it to everyone,” Wille muttered.

“It *will* come out Wilhelm,” she answered matter of factly. “These things always do. Are you prepared for that? For the scrutiny you and *that boy* would face?”

Wille took a deep breath, squaring his shoulders as he met her eyes. “His *name* is Simon.”

“Is *Simon* prepared for that?” she countered, making a face as if his name left a dirty taste in her mouth. Wille hated the way it sounded when she said it.

“He’s not stupid,” Wille answered. “He knows what that would mean.”

“Mamma,” Erik cut in. “Where are you going with this?”

“Since you insist on Wilhelm continuing this relationship, I need to make sure he’s aware of the consequences of his actions,” she narrowed her eyes at him.

To his credit, Erik didn’t even blink, “I’ve spoken with Simon about this myself. He is fully aware of how a public relationship would affect both his life and his family’s life.”

“His family-” she began to protest.

“His family is his business,” Erik interrupted. “If or when Wille and Simon choose to share their relationship, we can discuss how they might come into play.”

“If you’re still feeling these- *tendencies*- when you’re older, we can find you a more appropriate match,” she said matter of factly, as if Wille could just easily move on from Simon.

“Tendencies?” Wille scoffed. “Just say it mamma, you think it’s wrong.”

She sighed in exasperation. “Wilhelm you’re putting words in my mouth. I simply think that you are much too young to be making these kinds of decisions.”

“This isn’t a *choice* I’m making,” Wille cried out. “I never would have chosen this. Why would I? You think I don’t know this all could’ve been avoided if I just liked a girl? And I don’t want a more *appropriate* match, I want Simon.”

“You’re both being foolish,” she scolded. “When you’re young, love

might seem like the most important thing, but this *fling* of yours won't last."

"It's not a fling, Mamma," Wille said firmly, digging his nails into his palm to maintain his composure. "You can believe that all you want but Simon isn't going anywhere."

She opened her mouth, likely to berate him some more, when his father placed his hand on her arm.

"Perhaps it might be better to continue this discussion after everyone has had a moment to reflect," he suggested.

She turned to look at him, frustration evident in her eyes. "You're siding with a boy you met once?"

"I'm siding with our son, Kristina, with his happiness," Ludvig answered, voice almost pleading. "I'm thinking of his happiness - clearly Simon makes him happy."

For a moment Wille thought his father had gotten through to her, her expression momentarily shifting before moving back to the same stony exterior.

"You've made it clear you will be continuing with this relationship no matter what I say," she said finally, turning back towards Wille. "I only hope that you know what you're doing and are ready for the fallout when this blows up in all of our faces."

She stood up, exiting the room before giving anyone else a chance to speak.

“I’ll keep working on her,” Ludvig promised, before leaving his own meal behind to go talk to her.

Wille turned towards Erik as soon as he exited the room, adrenaline from standing up to his mother starting to wear off now that they were alone.

“Thank you,” he breathed out. “I don’t know what I would have done if you weren’t there.”

“I’m always here for you Wille,” Erik promised. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Wille got up to hug him, feeling steadier after doing so, a physical reminder that Erik was here and was okay.

“How are you feeling?” Wille asked, he felt guilty that all of this was happening while Erik was still in the middle of his recovery.

“I’m feeling a bit better everyday,” Erik assured him. “The doctor is happy with my progress.”

“I’m so glad,” Wille sighed; at Erik’s assurance he felt like he could breathe even easier.

They finished the rest of their dinner together, neither of their parents returned.

—

After they'd finished eating, Erik had a meeting with the doctor to discuss his progress, so Wille decided to go back to his room. As he walked down the hall, he heard raised voices come from one of their living rooms, the familiar tone of his mother's voice drifting out. He paused for a minute to hear, sure they were talking about him.

"We almost lost *both* our sons, Kristina," Ludvig could be heard through the door. "The doctors told us Erik wouldn't wake up and we got a miracle. Wilhelm could have been hurt worse and we could have lost him without him ever trusting us enough to share an important person in his life."

His voice got quieter, and Wille couldn't quite make out what he was saying - or his mamma's response. He turned away and kept walking; he didn't think he could handle her saying anything else about Simon. Simon, the most incredible person he knew, who didn't deserve *any* of this. Wille still couldn't believe that Simon had chosen to be with him, despite all the complications. When he got to his room, he pulled out Erik's laptop. Erik had insisted that Wille kept it until he got his own back, and he smiled when he saw he had a new email from Simon.

to: wilhelm@hillerska.se

from: simon@hillerska.se

Home now, miss you already

I hope things went okay with your mom

I'm here if you want to/can talk <3

to: simon@hillerska.se

from: wilhelm@hillerska.se

Dinner with mom went about as well as could be expected

Pappa stood up for us though, I didn't know if he would

He likes you

Simon had to catch up on homework since he'd been in Stockholm all weekend, so Wille spent the time going down a youtube rabbit hole, somehow ending up on a compilation of Mort scenes from Madagascar before falling asleep.

—

The next morning, when Wille went down for breakfast, his mother had already left - leaving him alone with his father.

"Wilhelm," Ludvig greeted when he entered the room. "I have something for you."

He reached into his pocket, pulling out Wille's phone and holding it out for him.

"Your laptop will be brought to your room later," he added as Wille took the phone.

"Thank you, pappa," Wille stood in place for a moment, feeling the urge to hug his father but still feeling somewhat uncertain about their relationship.

Ludvig answers for him, awkwardly holding his arm out in offering. Wille was pretty sure he'd hugged his father more since the accident than the rest of his life put together, but it was nice to feel like for once he could have this. He sat down once they stepped back, moving to fill his plate.

"I have some good news," Ludvig sat down across from him. "The doctor said that you're well enough to go back to Hillerska."

Wille felt his stomach plummet. While part of him did want to go back, like he'd told Simon before, he wasn't ready to leave Erik.

"Could I," Wille cleared his throat, trying to keep his voice even. "Could I stay here a bit longer? I could get my schoolwork sent to me so I don't fall behind."

His father looked at him with understanding and nodded, "I don't see why not. You'll have to get in touch with your teachers."

"I'll email them right away," Wille promised, relief coursing through him. He could stay with Erik.

His father left the room shortly after, having already finished eating, and Wille powered on his phone. Immediately, it was overwhelmed with notifications after weeks of disuse. He cleared them all, overwhelmed by the sheer number before sending quick texts to Simon and Felice letting them know he'd gotten his phone back.

After he finished eating he went straight to Erik's room, where his brother was chatting with the nurse. He grinned when he saw Wille in the doorway, waving him in.

“Hey little brother,” Erik greeted, pulling on his jacket.

“Where are you going?” Wille asked, surprised Erik would be leaving the palace.

Erik motioned to his leg, cast standing out against his dark pants. “Finally getting this off. I also need a CT scan to make sure everything is still going well.”

Wille smiled at that; he knew the cast had been driving Erik crazy. “Can I come?”

Erik raised his eyebrow. “You want to go to the hospital with me?”

Wille nodded. “You should have someone with you. Besides, this is exciting!”

“You’ve been in the palace for too long,” Erik teased. “I wouldn’t call visiting the hospital exciting, but if you want to come I won’t say no.”

—

It surprised Wille how easily he was able to fall back into a routine of doing schoolwork.. After he’d been given the clear to do so, he worked on it constantly, using it as an excuse to leave the room when his mother was there and as a way to keep himself busy while Erik was off at appointments. Erik was even feeling better enough to start sitting in on some meetings, although Wille hated that their mother wasn’t giving him more time to rest.

Linda had agreed for Simon to visit earlier with the expectation that he wouldn't let it affect his schoolwork, so Wille spent time in the evenings on calls with Simon studying together. Working at his own pace Wille found he was able to get even more done than he did at school, and with a private tutor at the palace a few times a week to help him he soon found himself caught up on what he'd missed, and even ahead in some classes. It was a relief that when he did go back he wouldn't be struggling behind everyone.

His mother avoided the topic of Simon, but she would still sometimes make vague comments about the importance of maintaining the royal bloodline and similar bullshit before looking at him - it never failed to make his stomach drop. Still, he preferred it to her outwardly talking negatively about Simon, even though he could tell she was itching to do so.

Wille spent as much of his free time as he could spending it with Erik. They'd gotten through multiple movie series together and even played enough video games that Wille was starting to be able to hold his own - something that he couldn't wait to show off to Simon. Wille was finally starting to feel like things were okay again, but he still kept waiting for the other pin to drop.

—

Wille woke up earlier than usual that morning. He'd stayed up late talking to Simon, but falling asleep with him on the line had helped him to feel more rested than usual. He decided to see if Erik was up and wanted to have breakfast with him, heading down towards his room after brushing his teeth and getting dressed. When he got there, Erik's room was empty, so he decided to check the dining room, figuring that Erik had beaten him there. It wasn't until he found the dining room entry that he could feel his anxiety begin to grow. He checked the sitting room and study, heart sinking lower with each space he found empty. Erik's nurse and Malin were also gone, nowhere to be found, and his head started to spiral. What if something

had happened overnight? What if Erik was at the hospital right now and no one had told him? He leaned against the wall, trying to regulate his breathing, rubbing his chest. He pressed so hard it felt like it would bruise, but he needed the pressure to ground himself, already feeling out of his body.

He wasn't sure how long he stayed there, sinking to the ground against the wall from sheer exhaustion, his well rested feeling from earlier vanished. He leant forward, resting his arms on his knees and laying his forehead on them, closing his eyes to try and hold back his tears. In the back of his head he registered footsteps coming towards him, and he could only hope it wasn't his mother, who surely would scold him for having a breakdown where anyone in the palace could see him.

He felt a gentle hand on his back and finally turned his head to see Malin crouching beside him, talking to him quietly, "Prince Wilhelm?"

"Malin," he choked out. "Is Erik-?"

"The crown prince is in his room," she furrowed her brows, confusion evident on her face. "He just went out to the garden for fresh air."

Wille breathed out a sigh of relief. "He wasn't there- and I thought- I thought maybe-"

He couldn't finish his words, suddenly feeling ridiculous at how worked up he'd gotten by his brother going for a walk.

"He's alright," she reassured. "In fact, he seems to be feeling even better today than he has been."

He nodded in acknowledgement of her words as she kept her hand on his back. She seemed to hesitate before speaking next. “Prince Wilhelm-”

“Wille,” he interrupted. “Please.”

“Wilhelm,” she conceded, and Wille took her dropping the title as a win. “I know it’s not my place- but have you considered speaking with someone about this? You went through something very traumatic, it’s understandable that it would be affecting you.”

He sighed, he knew she was right. He’d already been considering it after his talk with Simon, and this moment just solidified it- he couldn’t keep going like this.

“Would you-” he began after a moment. “Would you help me find someone?”

He knew it wasn’t in her job description, but he didn’t want someone who could be connected to his mother. He didn’t feel like he’d be able to trust them, and he trusted Malin.

“Of course,” she nodded, giving his shoulder a reassuring squeeze before standing up, holding her hand out to help him up.

—

Malin found a counsellor for him who specifically listed as having experience working with the LGBT+ community. It wasn’t something he’d asked for, but he appreciated that it was something Malin had considered. He had his first session with Corrina virtually, and she had

an ease around her that immediately made him feel comfortable. She reviewed confidentiality with him in detail until he felt comfortable slowly opening up. When he told Simon that his first session had gone well, Simon's whole face lit up, which solidified for Wille that it was the right decision.

He started meeting with Corrina regularly, eventually confiding in her about Simon, and everything that had happened with August and his mother. August had come by a few times to visit Erik, and every time Wille had managed to avoid him, not trusting himself to not do something he'd regret by making a scene at the palace. Simon told him that after everything had happened he'd dropped the rowing team, not wanting to deal with seeing August constantly after school.

"I feel so guilty," Wille admitted to Corrina at their next session. "I know he didn't care about rowing that much but it was important to him to get the extra credit for school, and now he won't get that because of me."

He buried his head in his hand, thoughts drifting through his head again of how much easier things would have been for Simon if he'd fallen in love with anyone else.

"It sounds like it's August's fault," Corrina said softly. "You said Simon has always had problems with August. Remember how you told me what Simon had said to you, that he knew things would likely be complicated, but that he still chose you? You need to trust him with that."

"I know," Wille sighed, biting on his nail. "I know that he means it too, but if I'd just kept my distance…"

"You deserve happiness too, Wilhelm," she reminded him, meeting his eyes. "It sounds like you and Simon make each other happy."

“We do,” Wille couldn’t help but smile slightly, thinking of just how much better everything felt when he was with Simon.

“Can you focus on that?” She suggested. “Simon is choosing to be in this relationship with you, which means he is choosing all of it - including the complications.”

“It’s easier when I’m with him,” Wille shrugged, looking at the ground. “I don’t think about it as much.”

“How have you been feeling about returning to Hillerska?” She asked, tilting her head.

“I don’t know. I do miss it and I hate being stuck in the palace, but I still just get so anxious about Erik,” Wille tugged at his hair, feeling his frustration building. “And like I know that me being here wouldn’t actually stop anything from happening - but if something happened and I wasn’t here I would just feel so helpless.”

She nodded, “I know we’ve talked about this before- you feeling helpless and having a loss of control in situations. Being sent to Hillerska against your will, having your private life shared and speculated about, having your mother interfere in your relationship and try to stop it - those are all things that would make anyone feel that way.”

Wille shrugged. He always felt like he was just not strong enough to carry it all; it made him feel weak. Still, hearing it laid out in front of him did help to see that it wasn’t just him being sensitive, that it was a lot to deal with.

“If you’re open to it,” Corrina continued. “I think it could be beneficial for our sessions to start looking more at setting boundaries for yourself, even small boundaries can be helpful for you starting to take back more control over your life. Does that sound okay to you?”

Wille nodded, spending the rest of the session reviewing how he interacted with his family and others, and by the end of it he felt exhausted. Exhausted, but hopeful.

—

Weeks later Wille was starting to feel more like himself again. He still felt the familiar drop in his chest when he went too long without seeing Erik, but it had faded somewhat, Erik's recovery continuing to improve every day. Still, he felt hesitant, and it wasn’t until another video call with Simon, seeing him with a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes that were filled with longing, that the feeling of missing Simon overtook everything else. He didn’t want to be away from him anymore. He felt ready to go back. He spoke in detail with Corrina about it, as well as Erik and his father, and they began making the arrangements. They decided Wille would come back to the palace every second weekend, and it was an arrangement he actually felt okay with. After that, things moved quickly, and it felt like no time at all until his bags were packed and he was hugging Erik and his father goodbye, the car pulling up to take him back to school.

Wille felt his body buzzing with excitement as the car made the trip to Hillerska. He still felt anxiety about leaving the palace, but he focused on how excited he was to see Simon again. It had been far too long since he’d been able to hug him, or see his smile in person. When they arrived at the school it reminded him of when he’d first joined - all the students gathered in the auditorium. The staff greeted him as he entered and made his way to his seat, finding a spot besides Henry and Walter. He could feel August’s eyes on him but pointedly didn’t look in his direction. He said a quick hello to those around him before the choir walked out and everything else faded into the background.

There, front and center and looking beautiful in his uniform, was Simon. Wille felt captivated by the way his curls fell around his head, Simon's eyes scanning the audience. His eyes fell on Wille, and it felt like his heart lifted ever so slightly, light under Simon's gaze.

The music started and Simon began singing, as usual performing the solo. Wille was well aware of how much he loved Simon's voice; he'd replayed his Instagram cover more times than he could count. Still, in that moment, hearing Simon's voice echoing through the chapel, it felt like he was hearing him again for the first time. He was captivated.

When the performance ended the headmistress went up and did a small speech, words barely registering as the choir sat down in the front, his only focus on Simon. Then, it was over, and everyone was standing up, filing out of the pews. The teachers had all lined up outside the door to greet him, and he shook their hands as he exited, each one telling him how glad they were he was back and that he was alright. Wille felt overwhelmed with all the people, going through the motions until finally it was over. He excused himself to his room, saying he was tired from the trip and needed rest- it wasn't a lie, although he mostly just needed a break from all the social interaction.

As soon as he was in his room alone he let out a breath, pulling out his phone to text Simon. As he was typing he heard a knock, and he turned towards the sound, seeing Simon grinning at him through the window. He opened it to let him in, locking it and closing the curtains behind him. When he was done, he turned to face Simon, looking at him with care in his eyes.

"Hi cariño," Simon said quietly, and Wille immediately threw his arms around him, holding him tightly. Simon returned the hug without hesitation, and for a moment they just stood there holding each other.

Wille pressed his face into Simon's neck, taking a deep breath, letting himself melt into Simon. It was another moment before he spoke, "I

love you.”

Simon moved back to rest their foreheads together, smiling softly at him. “I love *you* .”

Simon kissed him then, gentle and sweet and exactly what he needed.

“Mama isn’t expecting me back tonight,” Simon told him. “I can stay the night.”

Wille grinned, holding Simon so tightly he was practically off the ground, the two of them swaying from side to side. He sat on the bed then, pulling Simon down with him as Simon took off his suit jacket. They laid on their sides facing each other, legs intertwined as their hands wandered over each other's arms and backs.

“I missed you so fucking much,” Wille breathed out, finally feeling secure in the bubble they’d created. His hand moved to cup Simon’s cheek; he felt like he couldn’t get close enough, couldn’t touch him enough.

“Me too, baby,” Simon answered, moving closer.

Wille’s fingers played with the hem of Simon’s dress shirt. “Your uniform looks nice on you.”

“Yeah?” Simon asked, the corner of his lip quirking up. Wille couldn’t resist the urge to lean in and kiss it. “I hate wearing it.”

“You can take it off,” Wille offered, realizing it probably wasn’t the most comfortable.

“Already trying to get me out of my clothes,” Simon smirked as he sat up, loosening the tie before pulling it off.

“You know that’s not what I meant,” Wille rolled his eyes, pressing his lips together to try and hide his smile.

“Do I?” Simon asked innocently, pulling off his shirt. He moved to look through his bag, likely finding a change of clothes when Wille reached an arm out to stop him.

“I just want-” Wille paused, trying to figure out how to explain what he wanted. He sat up, pulling off his own sweater and starting to unbutton his own shirt.

“Not sex,” Wille explained sheepishly. “I just- I just want to feel close to you.”

Simon nodded, and Wille felt relieved that he seemed to understand. He stood up, stripping to his boxers before crawling under the covers, Wille following suit. He pulled Simon closer, the warmth of their skin pressed together bringing him comfort, making him feel even closer to Simon. Simon rubbed circles on his back, the motion soothing as Wille pressed a light kiss to his neck. It felt like all the tension drained from his body at the action, being back with Simon feeling so right, like it was exactly where he was supposed to be.

Chapter End Notes

come talk to me on tumblr

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wille's first full day back at the school was overwhelming to say the least. It felt as if every student at the school wanted to talk to him, to tell him personally how worried they'd been about him and how glad they were he was alright. By the end of the day, he was exhausted, and he found himself wishing they hadn't thought about him at all rather than have to talk to all of them now. He saw August at mealtimes and pointedly avoided eye contact. He knew the other boys noticed and wondered what was up, but he couldn't bring himself to care. He'd rather they speculate than have to make nice with August.

Simon had let Wille know he had an open invitation to Bjärstad whenever he was feeling up to it, and they planned to go in the middle of the week, after Wille had gotten a little more settled in. At least transitioning back to classes progressed nicely; he was caught up and understood all the concepts, so he was able to help Simon during workies. Felice, Maddie, and Sara sat with them and he found himself grateful for Maddie when she glared at anyone who looked like they were about to approach their table to talk to Wille. It was a welcome relief, and Wille found himself thinking he'd like to get closer to her. Whenever they'd hung out in the past it was because she was friends with Felice and Sara, but he thought that building a friendship with Maddie would be worth it.

After workies Simon had choir, and Wille went to his room to check in with Corrina. He'd already been drained from the day, and by the end of the session after unpacking even more emotions, he felt completely exhausted, falling asleep on the bed as soon as he closed his laptop. He woke up a short while later to his door opening, and he realized he'd forgotten to lock it. He squinted at the figure stepping in, sighing in relief when he recognized Simon's curls. He heard the sound of the door locking before Simon walked over, kicking his shoes off as he crawled onto the bed beside Wille.

“Hi baby,” he said softly, brushing Wille’s hair out of his face. “How are you feeling?”

“Mm- tired,” Wille hummed.

“Did you get supper?” Simon asked, opening his arms for Wille to curl into.

Wille moved closer to Simon, shaking his head no against his chest.

“Are you hungry?” Simon asked, and Wille shook his head no again. “Cariño, you should eat something.”

“Don’t wanna see everyone in the dining room,” Wille admitted.

“Can you get something after?” Simon suggested, running his fingers through Wille’s hair.

“Okay,” Wille agreed, wrapping his arm around Simon’s waist. “Later.”

Wille couldn’t help but smile as Simon kissed his forehead gently.

“I love you,” he pressed a kiss to Simon’s neck.

“I love you too,” Simon answered, meeting his lips in a kiss because peppering them over Wille’s cheek. Wille couldn’t help but laugh at the touch, ticklish as Simon kissed his neck.

“Linda is okay with you sleeping over again?” Wille confirmed, smiling as Simon nodded.

“She loves you,” Simon assured. “And she knows how much I’ve missed you.”

“I missed you too,” Wille whispered, meeting Simon’s lips in another kiss. He knew it wasn’t going any further that night, both too tired, but it was comforting to be back in Simon’s arms, kissing him slowly. He wasn’t sure how long it had been when they finally pulled back, Wille sitting up from where he’d ended up on top of Simon.

“You’re beautiful.” Wille traced the side of Simon’s face with his finger, running it over Simon’s lip - slightly swollen from the kisses.

Simon smiled up at him, putting his hand over Wille’s to hold it against his cheek. “I’m so glad you’re here.”

“Me too,” Wille smiled, finding he meant it. Obviously he was happy to be back with Simon, but being out of the palace for a day and back in his own space made him realize just how stressed he felt with the constant threat of running into his mother. Here, there was always August, but he could avoid August - he couldn’t avoid the queen. They curled up together, watching Schitt’s Creek on Wille’s laptop until they fell asleep.

—

Wille buzzed with excitement as they waited for the bus to Bjärstad.

He was a little nervous; since the accident, people had been paying even more attention to the royal family. He wore a hat and glasses to disguise himself, but he knew it wasn't very effective. Still, his desire to see Linda and be back at Simon's home outweighed his nerves, and he was able to ignore the stares he got stepping onto the bus.

Simon sat pressing his shoulder against Wille's, linking their pinkies together out of view. It reminded him so much of the first time they'd taken the bus together - so nervous at the action. He almost couldn't believe everything that had happened since then, how far they'd come. He recognized them pulling up to the Marieberg stop where Ayub and Rosh got in. They waved when they saw him, Ayub's easygoing grin helping him to feel at ease as they sat across from him.

"Hey bro," Ayub greeted. "How are you doing?"

"Hey," Wille answered. "I'm okay, doing better."

"Yeah," Ayub nodded. "Shit man, I'm glad to hear. Simme was a wreck, we were all worried. When we first heard, I mean."

"Ayub," Rosh rolled her eyes. "Not the place."

"Sorry," he apologized, looking around and realizing there were a few people looking at them, curious to see if it really was the prince.

"Don't worry about it," Wille assured him.

Simon seemed to sense Wille didn't want to talk anymore about it in public so he changed the subject, leading the conversation so Wille didn't have to speak, just sit and listen. They said their goodbyes to

Rosh and Ayub at Simon's stop, and finally they were walking up to the door of Simon's house. They walked in through the entrance, shutting the door behind them.

"Mama," Simon called out, kicking off his shoes.

"Simon?" she called back, stepping out from the kitchen. She turned towards Wille, holding her arms out.

"Hi Linda," Wille greeted, walking over to her.

"Wille," she smiled, pulling him into a tight hug, "I'm so glad to see you, I thought about you all the time."

Wille leant into the hug, resting his chin on her shoulder. "Thank you, Linda."

"I know you have a lot to deal with and Simon said you'll be going back to Stockholm more," she began. "But please know that you always have a place here with us."

He'd started to hug his father more, and of course there was always Simon and Erik, but he couldn't remember the last time he'd gotten a mother's hug. He felt his eyes well up as Linda rubbed his back - he hadn't realized just how much he'd needed it.

When they pulled back, she kept her hand on his shoulder. "I mean it, you're a part of our family now."

Wille sniffled, trying to keep his tears inside.

“I’m going to make you boys a snack,” Linda turned back towards the kitchen, leaving Wille alone with Simon. He thought maybe Linda had done it on purpose- to give him space to process. He was grateful for her quiet understanding, something Simon seemed to pick up on as well.

“Do you want to go to my room?” Simon offered, holding out his hand. Wille nodded as he took it, the two of them walking through the doorway, Simon shutting it behind him as Wille sat down on the bed. Simon sat beside him, putting his arm over Wille’s shoulder, pulling him closer as Wille let the tears fall. Simon held him as he cried and placed gentle kisses along his forehead.

“I don’t know why I’m crying,” Wille admitted, reminding himself it was okay to be vulnerable with Simon. “I just- I can’t remember the last time my mom hugged me like that.”

“It’s okay to feel sad about that, Wille,” Simon assured him. “You’re allowed to feel your emotions.”

Wille took a shaky breath at Simon’s words. He knew that was something Corrina was working on with him, helping him accept how he is feeling and sit with it, but it was easier said than done. Still, to hear Simon say it too felt validating, like he wasn’t crazy for feeling big emotions.

“I’ve got you,” Simon murmured, running his fingers through Wille’s hair. “I’m here whatever you need cariño.”

“I love you,” Wille sniffled, wiping at the teardrops sliding down his cheeks.

“And I love you,” Simon promised. “I’m with you all the way.”

They stayed in Simon’s room until Wille was feeling a bit better before heading out to the kitchen where Linda was waiting patiently. She offered them each a cookie for a snack before dinner. Sara returned home later, having stayed late to ride Rousseau. Wille had barely seen her since being back, and his heart felt full at how easily he slipped back into the familiarity with her, the same way he felt like he slipped perfectly into their family dinners, feeling so at ease.

He stayed as late as he could, eventually having to leave before curfew- although Linda offered to drive him so he didn’t have to take the bus. She pulled him into another hug as they parked in front of the school, reminding him he could always go to her. He made his way up to Forest Ridge, hoping to avoid any of the boys there on his way to his room. Unfortunately, he had no such luck, and Henry (although well-meaning) called him into the main room.

“Hey Wilhelm,” he greeted. “Where have you been?”

August snorted in the corner, “Probably out with that sosse.”

Wille clenched his jaw, sick of August and his comments - of how he felt he had the right to comment on any part of his relationship with Simon.

“And if I was?” He asked, turning towards August, meeting his gaze in a challenge. It was the first time he’d spoken to him directly since being back at Hillerska.

August paused for a moment, seeming taken aback by Wille actually

acknowledging him.

“When are you going to learn, Wilhelm?” He sneered. “He’s obviously using you. People like him don’t care about people like you.”

“You’re wrong,” Wille answered, voice cold. “He’s a better person than you’ve ever been. He *cares* more about me than you ever have - you just care about the crown.”

“Oh *please* ,” August scoffed. “You’re just saying that because you’re fucking him.”

Wille froze, and August looked satisfied - as if he thought he’d just won the argument. It had already been silent, the boys in the room not saying anything as they’d watched them. Now though, it somehow felt quieter - as if everything had frozen and was moving in slow motion. He looked around the room, taking in who was there. Henry, of course, and Walter was beside him, both pointedly not looking in his direction. Vincent and Nils were sitting with August, and even they looked shocked - unsure of how to act in the situation. There were a few second-year boys in the corner.

Wille knew he could deny it, could laugh at August’s comment and say he didn’t know what he was talking about. For a moment, he considered it, but then he thought about Simon. Simon who had stuck by him through all of this, who was giving up so much to be with him. He wasn’t ready for everyone to know, but he couldn’t say the words, couldn’t lie about him. He opened his mouth but no sound came out, throat dry. He hated leaving August with the last word, but he couldn’t stay in the room a minute longer, turning and leaving the room. He walked quickly back to his dorm, eyes welling up. He was finally *just* starting to feel better, and then again August had to ruin everything.

As soon as his door was shut behind him he locked it, fumbling for his phone as he fell onto his bed, curling up in a ball as he dialed Simon's number.

"Hi cariño," Simon greeted, tone warm.

"Simon," he choked out. Wille hated that he was bringing him bad news.

Simon picked up on his tone easily, concern evident in his voice, "Wille? Did something happen?"

"August," Wille breathed out. "August told the boys at Forest Ridge."

"Deep breaths baby," Simon encouraged gently. "Can you tell me what happened?"

"We were in the common room, some of the other guys were there. He made a stupid comment about me being out with you, saying you were using me," Wille answered, biting his lip. "I said he was wrong and he said that- that I only was saying that because I- because I'm *fucking you* . I just- froze up and left, I couldn't be there anymore."

Wille's voice turned cold as the words. He would've been furious even if August had said that to him in private, but to have said it in front of others, Wille was livid. As if Simon was only someone Wille was just messing around with, as if Simon wasn't his whole world.

"That fucking asshole," Simon seethed, Wille could hear his anger through the phone. "I can't believe he did that to you. Just when I thought he couldn't stop any lower."

“What do we do?” Wille asked, voice shaky.

Simon’s voice softened again, anger momentarily gone in favour of comforting Wille.

“What do *you* want to do?” Simon asked.

“I don’t know,” Wille admitted. He felt so small; he wished Simon was there with him.

“Do you want me to come over?” Simon offered. “I’m sure if I explained to mama she’d give me a ride.

Wille shook his head, “As much as I want to see you I don’t know if it’s a good idea in case someone finds out. I just- we need to decide what we’re doing first.”

“Okay,” Simon agreed, and Wille could visualize his nod through the phone. “I think you should tell Erik.”

Wille froze, “I can’t bother him with this Simon. He’s recovered more but it’s still so much additional stress to give him.”

“Baby,” Simon said gently. “He will probably find out one way or another, better now from you than if August says something or it gets out later.”

“You’re right,” Wille sighed. “I just wish he could focus on his recovery.”

“I know, love,” Simon answered softly. Wille’s eyes widened at the nickname, it wasn’t one they had used before, but as with everything with Simon, it made him feel warm and safe.

“Will you stay on the phone with me until he can talk?” Wille asked quietly, moving to speaker so that he could go to his texts.

“Of course,” Simon assured.

WILLE

Hey

Are you free?

ERIK

I can be.

Give me ten minutes.

Wille took a deep breath. “I’m so sorry, Simon.”

“This is not your fault,” Simon replied firmly. “We haven’t done anything wrong.”

“I know,” Wille sighed. “I just- I hate August for what he’s done, and how he’s treated you. It’s been worse because of me.”

“This is happening to you too, Wille,” Simon reminded him gently. “August has always been a dick, you’re not responsible for what he says.”

“I didn’t want to lie,” Wille said quietly, fidgeting with his ring. “When August said it I froze up because I wasn’t ready- but I don’t want to lie about you.”

“Do you want to tell people?” Simon asked.

Wille shrugged. “I don’t want to make, like, an announcement or anything. I don’t really want to say anything. I just- I don’t want to say you aren’t anything to me when you are. Simon, you’re *so* much to me, you’re just everything.”

“I feel the same way,” Simon said softly, affection clear in his voice. “I love you Wille, we’ll figure this out together.”

“I love you too, Simon.”

Wille’s phone started buzzing with an incoming call.

“Erik is calling,” Wille told Simon. “I’ll call you after?”

“Of course,” Simon agreed. “Let me know when.”

The call disconnected as Wille answered Erik, taking a breath before

speaking, “Hej Erik.”

“Wille,” Erik greeted. “Is everything okay? You don’t normally text me to talk.”

“Well,” Wille grimaced, trying to think of how to explain. “I- there’s something I never told you.”

“Okay, and you want to tell me now?” Erik asked.

“I think I have to,” Wille admitted. “Before you- woke up- Simon spent a weekend at the palace with me, and August found out about us. He came into my room while Simon was there.”

“Is that why you two were so strange around each other?” Erik asked, reminding Wille of his few uncomfortable interactions with August around Erik.

“Yeah,” Wille sighed, focusing on his ring before continuing. “He didn’t react- the best. He hadn’t said anything about it since then and I hadn’t really talked to him.”

“But now you have?” Erik prompted.

“I just got back from Simon’s and he was in the common area. He made a comment in front of the others there about me and Simon.” Wille could hear the slight tremor in his voice as he spoke. Telling Erik made it all feel more real.

“What kind of comment?”

“About uh- that we’re sleeping together,” Wille winced as he spoke.

“He outed you?” Erik confirmed, tone sharp.

“I didn’t know what to do so I just stood there,” Wille continued, voice getting more frantic as he felt his heart rate quicken. “I should have said something but I didn’t know what to do so I just froze up then left. Now people know and I think it’s going to get out and I’m not ready for that. Erik, I don’t know what to do. I don’t think I’m ready to be out I thought we’d have more time but I can’t lie about Simon and I don’t-”

“Hey, Wille, breathe with me okay?” Erik interrupted, inhaling deeply, loudly enough so Wille could hear through the phone. Erik counted them through it until things felt a little calmer, the world spinning a little less.

“What do I do?” Wille’s voice cracked.

“That’s up to you,” Erik said softly. “You said you don’t want to lie about Simon, does that mean if one of the boys asks you you’ll tell them?”

“I don’t know.” Wille squeezed his eyes shut, blinking back tears.

“Do you think after what happened they’d believe you if you denied it?”

“Probably not,” Wille admitted.

“Do they have any proof besides what August said?” Erik asked.

“I don’t think so,” Wille shook his head.

“Okay, that’s good,” Erik answered, and Wille took a breath. Erik was right; that was good. “Even if one of them decided to say something publicly, if they don’t have any proof they probably won’t gain much traction.”

Wille nodded even though he knew Erik couldn’t see, throat feeling tight. There was a moment of silence before either of them spoke again.

“Will you tell me more about what happened with August?” Erik asked.

“It was just a stupid fight, not a big deal,” Wille lied, not wanting to think about August’s words anymore.

“You said he didn’t take it well?” Erik prompted.

“He uh- never liked Simon,” Wille answered. “He figured that Simon had told me about the drugs and blamed him for it.”

“Why didn’t you tell me sooner?” Erik asked gently.

“You’d just woken up,” Wille answered, voice quiet, straining to get the words out. “I didn’t want to worry you. The doctors said it was important to keep your stress low.”

“I’m sorry that you went through that alone,” Erik’s voice was warm, and Wille wished he could just reach through the screen and hug his brother. “Whatever you and Simon choose to do next, I’m behind you.”

“Thank you, Erik,” Wille let out a shaky breath, grateful for the reassurance.

There was a knock on Wille’s door, and he turned towards it.

“Wilhelm? It’s Walter,” a voice rang through. “Could I talk to you for a minute?”

“Uh- one of the guys are here,” Wille told Erik, unsure if he wanted to speak to any of them right now.

“I know you probably don’t want to, but you should see what they say,” Erik encouraged. “That might affect what you do.”

“Yeah,” Wille nodded, feeling at him he was swallowing something hard, throat dry. “Okay, I’ll uh- I’ll let you know.”

“I’ll be here,” Erik assured before hanging up.

Wille got up, walking over to the door to open it. “Hi.”

“Hi,” Walter greeted awkwardly. “Could I uh- could I come in for a second?”

“Okay,” Wille nodded, stepping aside.

“You don’t have to tell me anything,” Walter began, fidgeting in place. “But I wanted to see if you were okay.”

“Oh,” Wille’s eyes widened; for some reason he hadn’t expected that.

“Just- August was a dick and I’m sorry you had to deal with that,” Walter continued. “Sorry, I know he’s your family.”

“It’s okay,” Wille smiled a little at Walter’s words. “He is a dick.”

“We won’t- I mean I can’t speak for everybody, but I talked to Henry and neither of us will say anything,” Walter assured.

“Thanks,” Wille’s voice cracked. He couldn’t believe he was talking about this right now, with Walter of all people.

“I uh- like I said you don’t have to tell me anything,” Walter hesitated. “But if you do want to talk- you could talk to me.”

Wille glanced down, fiddling with his ring, unsure what to say.

“I just wanted to say that,” Walter added after a moment of silence. “”I’ll leave you alone though.”

He turned and started walking towards the door when Wille found himself speaking again.

“I’m not- Simon and I- it’s not a hookup,” Wille rushed the words out, unable to believe he was actually saying them. “We’re together. We have been for a while.”

Walter paused and turned. “Yeah?”

Wille nodded, heart racing.

“I think you two make sense together,” Walter commented.

Wille breathed out, anxiety still coursing through him, but he felt like some of the pressure of being outed had been lifted off, like he’d taken back some of that control.

“Thank you for coming to check on me,” he finally looked up to meet Walter’s eyes.

“Do you know what you’re going to do?” Walter asked.

“I don’t want to have to say anything,” Wille groaned.

“Then don’t,” Walter suggested. “I know that’s probably easier for me

to say when it's not happening to me, but I don't think any of the boys would say anything to you and your relationship with Simon isn't anyone else's business."

"You think they actually wouldn't say anything?" Wille asked, feeling hopeful.

"I don't know if everyone will keep it completely to themselves," Walter admitted. "But unless you say something it's just a rumour. Even if everyone knew it was true you don't have to say anything."

"Yeah," Wille sighed. "I guess you're right."

His phone lit up with a text from Simon, and he glanced down at the screen, smiling slightly at the hearts he'd sent after asking if Wille was still talking to Erik.

"That Simon?" Walter guessed, and Wille nodded. "I'll let you talk to him, I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Yeah," Wille cleared his throat. "Uh, goodnight."

Wille waited until the door was closed before turning back to his phone, dialing Simon.

He relayed his conversations with Erik and Walter to Simon, then sent Erik a text update on what Walter had said. They talked through their options, and agreed that they would act as normal for the time being, unless one of the other boys said something. After, Wille emailed Corrina, asking to schedule an appointment as soon as she was available- just in case.

The next morning at breakfast, no one said anything to him, although he noticed August wasn't there. That wasn't unusual per se, everyone went and left for breakfast at different times depending on when they woke up, but it still left him with an uneasy feeling. He headed for the classrooms early, where Simon had suggested they meet before class. He was grateful to find their classroom empty, not even their teacher there yet. He was just pulling out his phone to text Simon when the door opened, his boyfriend slipping into the room.

Wille felt some of the tension in his shoulders drain at the sight of him, the two of them moving towards each other as if on instinct until they met in a hug. Wille gripped the end of Simon's shirt in his hand, breathing in the scent of coconut shampoo as he pressed a kiss to Simon's cheek. Simon turned his head towards Wille's, lips grazing together as Simon leaned into him, kissing him gently.

"Was this morning okay?" He asked softly, cupping Wille's cheek.

Wille nodded, raising a hand to cover Simon's, holding it in place.

"No one said anything," Wille answered. "We'll have to see how they are during lunch though when we're both there."

"How are *you* feeling?" Simon prompted, nudging Wille with his hip.

"Like I might throw up," Wille answered honestly, nerves running through his body.

"I've got you," Simon assured him, taking his hand. "We're in this together."

“Thank you, Simon,” Wille whispered, meeting his lips in another quick kiss. They heard noise outside the room and pulled back, Simon squeezing Wille’s hand one last time before they moved to their respective seats. As students started to trickle in, Wille found himself wishing he was still sitting beside Simon, fingers laced together. The feeling grew as class went on, and by lunchtime he felt antsy, desperate to be close to him again. They walked back towards Forest Ridge together and took their regular seats beside each other. He waited for the moment someone said something, but it didn’t come. There were glances their way, but it seemed more like everyone was avoiding looking at them, not wanting to be caught staring. They stood up for prayer, and when they sat back down, he reached for Simon’s hand, feeling warm as Simon noticed and reached out as well. They held on for a moment longer before Wille needed to drop it to eat, so he hooked his ankle around Simon’s instead, not wanting to break the physical contact.

August sat at the head of the table as usual, and refused to look over at them. Erik had texted him hours after their talk saying he’d talked to August on the phone, but Wille wasn’t entirely sure what had gone down. Just that Erik said August wouldn’t say anything further about him or Simon. Erik definitely was upset with August, but apparently August had blamed it on a “misunderstanding”. It was a load of bullshit, and he suspected that Erik knew that as well, but he still wanted to give August the benefit of the doubt. For Wille, August had lost that the moment he burst through his bedroom doors at the palace, calling Wille a slur and using Erik’s near-death against him. To be fair to Erik, Wille had purposefully neglected to tell him those details, part not wanting to add to his stress and part feeling ashamed that he hadn’t stood up to August more in those moments.

Walter was sitting across from them and made small talk, enough that they could nod along but not have to contribute themselves. Wille was grateful for it, and he wondered if Walter was doing it on purpose. Every once in a while he would glance over at Wille and Simon, so Wille suspected that he was, and he made a mental note to thank him later. The rest of the afternoon, no one said anything, and besides the occasional moments he caught one of the boys watching them, it was as if nothing had happened.

At workies, he and Simon sat at their regular spot - a table they shared with Felice, Sara, and Maddie. They'd gotten there early, most of their classmates just slowly starting to trickle in. At their table in the corner it felt like they had some privacy, and as they talked quietly, Wille reached back for Simon's hand under the table. Maddie came in first, dropping her bag onto a chair and sliding into her seat with a groan. Wille and Simon jumped at the sound, both so wrapped up in each other for a moment that they hadn't noticed Maddie walk up.

"I'm so done with Mr. Englund," she grumbled. "I think he hates me personally with this stupid algebra assignment."

She looked up, finally seeming to notice the way they'd awkwardly moved away from each other, and narrowed her eyes. "What's up with you two?"

"What do you mean?" Simon asked, trying to sound casual.

"I mean that you two got fidgety as soon as I sat down," she deadpanned, eyes flickering between the two of them.

"We uh-" Wille hesitated, wondering how much to share.

Maddie seemed to sense his hesitance, leaning back, "sorry, I'm nosy. You don't have to tell me."

Wille tried to think about an excuse, but he realized he just- didn't want to anymore. Maddie was their friend, and he trusted her. Her easy acceptance of his hesitancy, that there was no pressure from her to explain, made him want to. He knew from Felice that Maddie was pan, she definitely wasn't homophobic, and before he could second

guess himself he began to speak.

“Not very many people know,” he started, and Simon turned to look at him wide eyed. He took a deep breath, working up the courage, “Simon and I are dating. He’s my boyfriend, has been for a long time now... I’m queer.” Simon smiled at him, reaching back for his hand under the table and squeezing it.

Maddie’s eyes widened, surprise evident at his answer before a smile overtook her face, “Hell yeah welcome to the club!”

Wille laughed at her response, high fiving the hand she’d extended with a grin.

She looked at Simon who nodded in confirmation, “Huh- I didn’t see that coming. It kind of makes sense though?”

“It does?” Simon tilted his head as he asked.

“Yeah,” Maddie nodded. “Just like, you two fit together really well. Thanks for trusting me.”

Wille smiled at that, and he knew telling Maddie was the right decision. Sara and Felice walked in together, waving as they made their way over. Felice sat beside Wille leaning over to him to whisper, “Sara told me what happened last night. Are you okay?”

“No one’s said anything,” he answered. He cleared his throat. “Uh, I just told Maddie. So uh, everyone at this table knows now- about us.”

Felice turned to look at Maddie, whose eyes had widened.

“Wait,” Maddie paused. “How long have you two known about this?”

“Since Lucia,” Felice admitted.

“The whole time,” Sara added with a smirk. “They didn’t tell me though, I just know Simon too well.”

“When did you two get together?” Maddie asked, turning back to Wille and Simon.

“Parent’s day,” Simon answered, running his thumb along the side of Wille’s hand.

Wille thought it might have made him uncomfortable, discussing his relationship with so many people. Instead, it felt freeing, and it was a relief not to hide anymore.

“Who else knows?” Maddie asked casually as she opened her books and pulled out a pencil.

“Both our families and Simon’s friends,” Wille told her, face falling as he added on. “August found out after the accident, he told some of the Forest Ridge guys last night.”

Maddie turned to look across the room, but August wasn’t there. She glared at some boys from Forest Ridge who were glancing over at them, and they quickly looked away. Wille couldn’t help but smirk at

the action.

“What a fucking dick,” Maddie grumbled. “Has anyone said anything?”

“No,” Wille shook his head. “We’re just kind of waiting to see what happens.”

As Wille said it, he felt the anxiety he’d been keeping down started to bubble to the surface. He hated sitting and waiting. He hated feeling out of control. He’d finally just started to get a feeling of control back before it was ripped out from under him. He was grateful he had a session booked with Corrina for later that night.

“Do you want me to fight him?” Maddie offered. “August, I mean. I’ve been wanting to punch him for a while.”

Wille laughed at that, “I think it would probably cause more problems- but I’ll keep that in mind.”

The rest of workies went by without incident, Simon keeping his left hand on Wille’s thigh the whole time, rubbing his thumb in soothing circles. While they were packing up, Wille looked at Simon, curls stretched out as his hair grew a bit longer. He wasn’t ready to say goodbye to Simon yet, but if Simon went back with him to his room, there’s no way it would go unnoticed. He turned to look at the Forest Ridge boys making their way out of the library. Walter turned and met his eyes, giving him a small smile an encouraging nod. Wille made up his mind, turning towards Simon.

“Wanna hang out in my room for a bit?” he asked, biting his bottom lip. Simon nodded, smile wide as he swung his bag over his shoulder, telling Sara he’d meet her later.

They didn't speak much on the way back to Wille's room, walking in a comfortable silence, content with each other's company. Some of the boys looked up as they walked past the common room, and while Wille's anxiety skyrocketed, he forced himself to look forward. It was both terrifying and exhilarating, two parts of himself conflicting. At the back of his mind was a warning bell: they were going to talk. But as they stepped into Wille's room, Simon pushing Wille against the door as it closed to kiss him, he couldn't bring himself to care. *Let them talk* .

"Baby," Simon murmured against his lips, fingers running through his hair. "You told Maddie."

"I did," Wille nodded, it still felt surreal.

"I'm so proud of you," Simon said softly, cupping Wille's cheek. "You're so brave."

"Simon," Wille whispered against his lips, cheeks flushing at the compliment. "I love you."

"I love you so much, Wille," Simon grinned, kissing him again. Wille leaned into the touch, arm wrapping around Simon's waist to pull him closer. He reached behind him, fumbling for the lock before walking Simon backwards towards the bed. He knew they didn't have time for sex before his session with Corrina, and he wasn't sure he'd be comfortable with that anyways since all the boys knew Simon was in his room. Still, he wanted to enjoy the time with Simon, to feel like a regular teenager making out with his boyfriend. He quickly lost himself in the feeling of kissing Simon, tumbling onto the bed together, legs intertwined. He slid his hand up the back of Simon's shirt, savouring the hitch in Simon's breath at the touch. When he walked Simon out of the building an hour later, it was with swollen lips and ruffled hair, a lightness in his chest from getting to spend

time close to him.

He went back to his room, opening his laptop to join his call with Corrina, recounting to her the events of the past 24 hours. They talked through what he was most worried about with people finding out, and he realized that one of his biggest worries had already happened. His mother knew now, and though she wasn't happy about it she also couldn't do anything to stop it. There was still the matter of the press, and the general population; he wanted to protect Simon from that as much as possible. Still, at least with the Forest Ridge boys it didn't seem they had to hide anymore, and the realization was freeing. Corrina encouraged him to tell Erik the full truth about what had happened with August, but that was the one thing he wouldn't consider. Erik had done so much for him, he didn't want to burden him with that. He couldn't bring himself to admit that out loud, so instead he shrugged, saying he'd consider it. He knew he couldn't avoid the August problem forever, but thinking about dealing with it was so overwhelming, he couldn't help but put it off.

After his appointment, he decided to go to the common room, at least to hear what people were saying. He peeked in first, making sure August wasn't there before going in and approaching Walter.

"Uh, hey," he greeted, nodding at the others sitting around him. "Mind if I join you?"

"Of course," Walter nodded, scooting over to make room. "Did Simon leave?"

"Yeah," Wille nodded, clearing his throat as he pushed his hair back. "Uh, he left a while ago."

"Oh okay," Walter shrugged. Wille was grateful for how nonchalant he was about it. "You two should join us for cards or something

sometime.”

“Maybe,” Wille smiled softly. Walter was clearly making an effort to act as if Wille being with Simon was no big deal, and he started to feel like maybe he could too. It was a start at least, and Wille started to let himself relax around the group for what felt like the first time.

—

ERIK

How did the day go?

WILLE

It went okay

No one really said anything

ERIK

That’s good!

I have some news

WILLE

Good or bad?

ERIK

I'm really not sure...

Mamma wants to meet Simon

Chapter End Notes

Endless thank yous to Kya who beta reads everything for me and has now taken this on as well, i love you so much ❤❤❤

Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Thank you Kya beloved for beta-ing ❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After his texts with Erik, they'd arranged for Wille to go back to the palace for the weekend. This time, Simon was coming with him. His mother had decided that if she couldn't stop Wille from seeing Simon, she needed to meet him to decide if she deemed him "appropriate". It was a load of bullshit and a desperate attempt to be in control again, but at least he got the weekend with Simon.

Still, he felt horrible for the way Simon was clearly anxious on the drive from Hillerska. They'd put up a privacy divider as soon as they were in the back of the car, Wille taking Simon's hand as Simon rested his head on Wille's shoulder.

"Nothing she says is going to change anything," Wille assured him, pushing down his own nerves to focus on Simon. "We have Erik and my dad supporting us."

"I know," Simon said quietly, adjusting to lean more into Wille's side. "Still intimidating to meet the queen of Sweden who hates me."

"She doesn't hate you," Wille sighed, rubbing Simon's arm. "She hates that I'm queer, and how it looks for our family's image."

Simon turned his head to look up at Wille. "I'm so sorry baby."

"You don't have anything to be sorry for," Wille said firmly before pressing a kiss to Simon's forehead.

“You don’t deserve that.” Simon cupped Wille’s cheek. “You are *so* good. I hate that she can’t see that.”

Wille closed his eyes, trying to imagine a world where his mother was different, where she didn’t put the crown above family. Overwhelmed thinking about it,Wille changed the subject.

“We’ll probably just deal with her tonight and then she’ll ignore us the rest of the time. Then we can just hang out with Erik and have time to ourselves.”

Simon smirked, “Two nights to ourselves in your big fancy bed?”

“Exactly,” Wille grinned, pressing a kiss to the tip of Simon’s nose.

“Hmm,” Simon hummed, pressing his face against Wille’s neck. “Wonder what we could get up to during that time.”

“I have a few ideas,” Wille murmured, turning to meet Simon’s lips in a kiss, leaning into him.

“Can’t wait,” Simon answered, lips moving against Wille’s as he spoke.

Wille shut his eyes, savouring the feeling of Simon’s forehead against his, noses brushing together. Simon’s hand cupped his neck, holding him gently.

The drive passed relatively quickly with Simon to keep him company, alternating between talking, kissing, and just holding each other. He felt his nerves increase as they got closer to the palace, and when they turned through the gates Simon gripped his hand a little tighter. Wille squeezed his hand in reassurance, trying to remain calm as the car dipped into the parkade before stopping. Wille sighed in relief when he saw Erik peek his head through the door, smiling when he saw Wille.

“Hey little brother,” Erik greeted, walking over to them. “Hi Simon.”

“Hi Erik,” Wille stepped forward, momentarily letting go of Simon’s hand to pull his brother into a hug. Wille couldn’t help but laugh a little as Simon and Erik did what could only be described as a bro hug, hooking hands and patting each other on the back, something that only served to emphasize how much taller Erik was. Part of him still wondered how this was his life, how he not only got to have Simon, but that Simon and Erik got along so well.

“Mamma is waiting in the south sitting room,” Erik grimaced, and Wille reached for Simon’s hand again, gripping it tightly.

“How is she today?” Wille asked as they began to follow Erik through the halls, wincing as he imagined facing off with his mother when she’s in a foul mood.

“It’s hard to tell,” Erik admitted. “She’s been keeping her expression the same all day.”

Erik paused outside the room. “Whatever happens, I’ve got your back.” He looked between Wille and Simon, pausing on Simon. “Both of you.”

“Thanks,” Simon answered, voice quiet. Wille wished he could take away all the anxiety Simon must have been feeling.

“Ready?” He asked, turning to Simon for confirmation. Simon nodded, and Wille took a deep breath before opening the doors, stepping through to where his parents were waiting.

His mamma looked up when they entered, sitting as proper as ever on the loveseat, his father beside her.

“Mamma,” Wille cleared his throat. “This is Simon.”

“Your majesty,” Simon tipped his head forward, bowing slightly. He saw her eyes flicker to where their hands joined and gripped Simon’s hand tighter, refusing to break under her gaze.

“Good afternoon,” she replied, barely looking at him. “Why don’t you take a seat?”

Wille bit his lip, leading Simon to the other loveseat, Erik taking a chair beside them. It was silent for a moment as they waited for her to speak, tension thick in the air.

“So,” she finally began. “It appears that Wilhelm has decided that your- your *relationship* is something on which he isn’t willing to compromise.”

Wille hated the way her lips curled around the word ‘relationship,’ as if it were something wrong.

“Both Erik and my husband seem to believe that you’re a good match for him,” she continued. “But if this relationship is to continue we need to discuss next steps, and that you truly know what you’re getting yourself into.”

“Simon isn’t going into this blind mamma,” Erik chimed in. “He’s aware of what it would mean, I’ve spoken with him about that myself.”

“And what of his family?” she challenged, raising her eyebrow. “Are they prepared for what will come?”

“My family loves Wille,” Simon’s voice echoed across the room. His mother turned to him, eyes wide, as if she couldn’t believe he would speak without being spoken to. “They understand what it being public would mean, and they agree he’s worth it.”

Wille’s felt his chest warm at the words, at the way Simon’s family had so seamlessly accepted him.

“You understand then,” Kristina continued, “that the press will dig into your past - including your father’s and your own history.”

“My own history?” Simon asked, tilting his head to the side. Even Wille had no idea what she was talking about.

“I have it on good authority that you’ve sold illegal substances to other students at Hillerska,” she answered coldly.

“I-,” Simon froze, and Wille knew he was thinking of the alcohol he’d gotten for Wille’s initiation party.

“What good authority?” Wille asked, clenching his jaw as he looked at his mother.

“Our own family, Wilhelm.” She met his eyes, expression stern. “It was August himself who told me that Simon was a dealer.”

“August asked Simon to buy him alcohol,” Wille cut in, hoping to take some of the heat off Simon. “Simon helped him get some one time for a party he was throwing. That’s it.”

“That’s not what I’ve heard,” she challenged, sticking out her chin. She turned back towards Simon, “August told me of your other dealings, the harder drugs you’ve passed out on campus. After looking into your parents it became clear it was true.”

Simon’s eyes widened, and Wille felt anger coursing through his veins. How could she accuse Simon of that just because of his family? She didn’t even know him.

“He’s lying,” Wille’s voice rose, just slightly. Of fucking course it was August. “He’s addicted to pills and tried to buy some of Simon’s sister’s medication. He’s just mad that Simon told him to back off. He-”

“August is family,” she cut him off, looking appalled that Wille would ever accuse him of such.

“It’s true,” Erik spoke. “I’ve spoken with August myself, he has a problem.”

“Nevertheless,” she turned back toward Simon, who had barely moved since she brought up his dad. “It does not change the fact of his father.”

“So what, because of his dad you’re not even giving him a chance?” Wille scoffed, surprising even himself by standing up. “I thought this was about getting to know him, not accusing him of things he’s never done.”

“Sit back down, Wilhelm,” she commanded, voice sharp.

“Why?” Wille challenged, voice surprisingly steady. “It’s clear you’ve already made up your mind. Maybe if you decide to actually listen, we’ll talk, but right now I’m done.”

He took Simon’s hand, pulling him up to follow him despite her protests. As soon as they were out of the room with the door shut behind them Wille leaned against the wall, catching his breath.

“Are you okay?” Simon asked gently, cupping his cheek.

Wille nodded, even though he wasn’t sure if he was, it felt like he was in shock. He could hear muffled voices through the door and began to lead them further away, not wanting to be standing there in case they opened it. They went back to Wille’s room, neither saying anything until they were inside.

“Simon,” Wille’s voice cracked, everything he’d bottled down from the meeting starting to bubble to the surface. “I’m so sorry. Fuck, I had no idea she’d ever do that.”

Simon leaned their foreheads together, running his hand along Wille's arm.

"Baby," he breathed out, tone gentle. "It's not your fault. Nothing she said is your fault."

Wille squeezed his eyes shut, "I know. But I-"

"Don't apologize for her," Simon squeezed his arm. "You're not your mother."

"You're not your father," Wille answered, voice barely a whisper.

"No," Simon agreed. "We're our own people, who make our own choices, and I choose you Wille."

"I choose you too," Wille assured, feeling himself tearing up. "Every damn time."

Simon smiled at the wording, a reminder of the last time they'd been in this room, walls crumbling around them.

"Mi amor," Simon kissed his cheek, affection clear in his voice. "You know, you were pretty badass in there."

"Yeah?" Wille smiled slightly at the compliment, still in disbelief that he'd told off his mother.

“Mmmhmm,” Simon nodded, a smirk forming on his face. “It was kinda hot.”

Wille laughed out loud at that, running his fingers through Simon’s hair.

“Well…” he drew out. “We do have this big bed here.”

Simon leaned up to meet him in a kiss, hands wandering over Wille’s back as he deepened it, starting to walk him back towards the bed. The back of his legs hit the edge and he stumbled back, sitting on the edge of the bed as Simon climbed on his lap, straddling him.

“You’re so good, Wille,” Simon said gently, trailing kisses down Wille’s neck then up the other side. “Every part of you.”

“Simon,” Wille sighed into the kiss as their lips met again. “I love you.”

The kiss turned more heated, Wille’s hand moving up the back of Simon’s shirt to run along his spine, pulling Simon closer. Simon rolled his hips, ever so slowly grinding down against Wille. Wille moaned softly, tangling his fingers in Simon’s hair.

He kissed up Wille's jaw, murmuring into his ear, “Any chance of someone interrupting?”

As if on cue, Wille’s phone buzzed and he groaned, adjusting so he could reach into his pocket to get it.

ERIK

Pappa and I are working on mamma

Hope you and Simon are okay

I know that was a lot, I'll give you two some time

Join us for dinner?

WILLE

Tack

Yeah we'll come down to eat

ERIK

See you then

Wille set an alarm to get ready for dinner then tossed his phone to the side, nuzzling into Simon's neck.

"Chances of someone interrupting are very low," Wille confirmed, pressing a kiss against the soft skin there.

"Thank god," Simon sighed, pushing Wille's jacket off his shoulders. Wille turned them over, keeping an arm around Simon's waist to move him to his back.

"Erik is talking with my mom," Wille continued. "He said he'd give us some time to ourselves."

"Wille," Simon paused, looking up at him.

“Yeah?”

“Can we stop talking about your family when I’m trying to get your clothes off?” Simon laughed, expression exasperated but fond.

“Yes, sorry,” Wille laughed, moving to get up. “Just going to double check the door.”

Wille pecked him on the lips before getting up, going over to the door and confirming it was locked. He walked back to the bed, Simon biting his bottom lip as he looked up at him, hair mussed.

“You’re beautiful,” Wille sighed in contentment as he crawled onto the bed. He felt so lucky that *he* got to see Simon like this, to touch him like this.

Simon pulled him down into a kiss, Wille stumbling and catching himself as he hovered over him, eagerly returning the kiss. Simon lightly scratched along his back, shirt riding up with the motion.

“It’s been too long,” Simon complained as he pulled Wille’s shirt over his head, pressing his palm against Wille’s abdomen, grazing over the muscles that had developed from hours spent rowing and training.

“It has,” Wille agreed, moving downwards to kiss Simon’s hip, kissing up his chest as he pushed his shirt off. He paused at Simon’s nipple, circling his tongue and lightly sucking before moving to the other one, Simon’s breathing getting heavier as he did.

Simon tangled his fingers back in Wille's hair, gripping it tightly, pulling gently on the strands. Wille traced along Simon's collarbone with his lips, sucking a hickey at the base of it, relishing in Simon's quiet moans below him. After kissing up Simon's neck, following the curve of his jaw, he met his lips again. Simon returned the kiss eagerly, wrapping his legs around Wille's waist as he rolled his hips up, desperately seeking friction. Wille could feel Simon pressed against him, how hard he was, and he felt a little delirious with the knowledge.

"What do you want?" he asked Simon, pulling back just enough to ask. He panted slightly as he continued, still out of breath, "Whatever you want, it's yours."

Simon's eyes widened slightly at the declaration, eyes wide and full of affection. He considered for a moment before cupping Wille's cheek, pressing his thumb against his lips.

"Your mouth," he breathed out, eyes focused on where his thumb sat. "Please baby, want you to use your mouth."

"Yeah," Wille hummed in agreement, wanting it just as much.

He resumed kissing Simon, hand trailing downwards to undo his jeans, Simon wiggling underneath him to kick them off. With a final kiss to Simon's lips, he began kissing his way back down, addicted to feeling Simon's heartbeat pick up under his lips. He nipped at Simon's hipbone, smiling to himself at the small gasp Simon let out in response, before moving over his boxers, mouthing at him through the fabric. He could feel the fabric dampening under his tongue; the taste of Simon through it intoxicating. Simon's hand resumed its tangle in Wille's hair, the other reaching out and taking his hand, fingers laced together.

Wille continued slow motions along the shape of Simon through his boxers, everything else fading to the background until Simon squirmed impatiently under him. He looked up and smirked and the expression on Simon's face.

"Something wrong?" he asked, trying to hide his grin.

Simon rolled his eyes and let out an exaggerated sigh. "You *know* when I talked about your mouth on me this isn't what I meant."

"It *is* on you," Wille shot back, licking up his length through the material.

Simon gave him an unimpressed glare, and he laughed as he took his hand back, sitting up to help Simon shimmy out of his boxers. He took a moment to sit back and admire Simon lying naked in front of him, hard and wanting. For a moment, he wondered what Wille before Hillerska would think of him now. A version of himself he felt he wouldn't even recognize anymore, someone before having real friends he could count on, before *Simon.*

"Are you just going to stare at me?" Simon asked teasingly, corners of his lips upturned in a grin.

"Maybe I'll just leave you like this," Wille joked, smirking at Simon's grumble in response.

He turned his attention back to his task, taking Simon in his hand and giving light tugs as he leaned down again, running his thumb over the head while he kissed bruises onto Simon's inner thighs.

“Baby,” Simon whined. “Please, want you.”

“You have me,” Wille assured him. He was Simon’s, completely.

With that thought he leaned down, Simon moaning as Wille finally took him into his mouth without barriers. He looked up and met Simon’s eyes as he bobbed his head and Simon groaned, biting his lip and head falling back at the sight. It didn’t take long, Simon already keyed up from so long without being able to take care of each other this way. Wille hollowed his cheeks, gripping Simon’s thighs before he cried out, spilling into Wille’s mouth. Wille swallowed around him as he worked him through it, pulling off when Simon was spent and leaving soft kisses across his thigh.

“C’mere,” Simon murmured, taking Wille’s hand to pull him back up into a kiss.

Wille melted into the touch, Simon’s hand running all over his body, trying to pull him closer.

“You’re too dressed,” Simon complained, grabbing at the waistband of Wille’s pants to pull them down. They giggled as Wille stumbled, trying to kick them off without moving away from Simon. He’d only gotten them down to his ankles when Simon’s hand moved down, slowly rubbing Wille through his boxers.

“What do *you* want, baby?” Simon murmured into his ear, tone sending chills down Wille’s spine. He thought about it for a moment, and as much as he loved Simon’s mouth around him, he didn’t want to lose the closeness they had in that moment.

“Don’t want to stop kissing you,” he admitted, Simon smiling up at him at his words.

“Noted,” Simon grinned, pulling Wille back down into a kiss.

He moved his hand, slipping it into Wille’s boxers to wrap around him and his other hand tangled in his hair. Wille felt breathless as Simon’s tongue ran along his bottom lip, noses brushing against each other as Simon began to pump his hand. Wille couldn’t help but roll his hips into the feeling, craving *moremoremore* .

“You’re so good, Wille,” Simon told him, pulling back for just a moment to speak. “I’ve got you.”

Wille’s heart raced at the words, pressing his lips back firmly against Simon as he rolled his hips again, chasing the friction as Simon’s hand kept a steady pace. Simon’s leg wrapped back around Wille’s waist, pulling him closer, causing them to brush against each other, both moaning at the feeling. Wille could feel that Simon was getting hard again, and he moved his hips again to push their lengths together. Simon gasped at the movement, and Wille adjusted his position to free up his hand, joining Simon’s to wrap around the two of them.

He looked at Simon for confirmation, and he nodded, biting his lips as his eyes fell closed. Wille began to move his hips again, their hands holding them together as Wille started thrusting against him. He was panting, out of breath from the action but feeling *so so good.* It didn’t take him much longer after that, hips stuttering as he moaned out Simon’s name, spilling between their chests. He moved himself back before replacing his hand over Simon’s, guiding it to wrap around where Simon was still hard, legs shaking. A moment later, Simon was tipping over the edge, gripping Wille’s shoulder as he cried out. Simon wrapped his arms around Wille’s waist, burying his face in his neck as his body came down, tension draining.

“I love you,” Wille said quietly, pressing a gentle kiss to Simon’s forehead, then moving to kiss his nose and cheek.

“Love you so much,” Simon sighed happily, rubbing his thumb along Wille’s back. “I know we need to clean up but I don’t wanna move.”

“I can get a cloth,” Wille started to pull back, but was met with resistance as Simon tightened his arms.

“No,” he whined. “Want you to stay here.”

“Baby,” Wille hummed, cupping Simon’s cheek. “I’ll be right back, then I’ll get back in the bed with you and we don’t have to leave until dinner. Okay?”

“Okay,” Simon pouted, reluctantly loosening his grip. Wille couldn’t help but smile, Simon’s grumpy face looking far too adorable.

He went to the bathroom, wetting a cloth quickly and wiping his own stomach before rinsing it to go back to Simon. As soon as he was within arms reach Simon’s hand found his arm, keeping the contact as Wille wiped his chest. He tossed the cloth towards the bathroom, reminding himself to wash it later as Simon pulled him back down, curling into him. Wille wrapped his arms around Simon, running his fingers through his curls and gently massaging his scalp. He rested his forehead against Simon’s meeting his eyes as the sound of Simon’s deep breaths calmed him, the feeling running through his body. They were silent, both just enjoying the moment together, relishing in the closeness. Eventually, the alarm sounded, and Wille groaned as he reached to turn it off, untangling himself from Simon.

“Do you think your mom will be there?” Simon asked as they started to get dressed.

“I don’t know,” Wille admitted, slipping on his sweater. “I want to say no but sometimes it’s hard to tell with her.”

“Okay,” Simon nodded, and Wille could tell he was nervous. He walked over to Simon, taking his hand and kissing it.

“I think whatever happens next, the worst is over,” Wille assured him. “I don’t think it will be easy, but we’re gonna get through this.”

Simon breathed out, lacing their fingers together as he rested his forehead against Wille’s. They stood for a moment, before they stepped back, Wille kissing Simon’s forehead.

“Time to face the music,” he sighed, squeezing Simon’s hand before leading them out of his room.

When they got to the dining room, his father was already there, and he greeted them as they sat down. He made small talk, doing most of the talking himself so they didn’t have to. Erik joined them soon after, and when his mother didn’t enter he began to breathe easier. It wasn’t until Wille had been lulled into a sense of comfort, the meal going uneventfully, that there was a knock on the door to disrupt it. A staff member stepped in and said that the queen had requested to speak with Wille, privately. He looked down at his plate, only half eaten, and immediately lost his appetite. He knew he wasn’t going to be able to eat anymore, and until he talked to her his anxiety would worsen - mind spiralling thinking of all the possibilities.

“Sorry,” he winced, apologizing to Simon as he stood up.

Simon squeezed his hand in assurance, and Wille wished they were somewhere private - or at least not in front of his father - so he could hug him tightly.

“I’ll see you after,” Simon assured him, an unspoken *I love you in his* eyes as they met Wille’s. Wille took a deep breath, stepping out of the dining room to head towards his mother’s office.

Every step towards it felt overwhelming, and he wondered how she’d react without Erik or his father there. He prepared himself for the worst, a careful expressionless facade on his face as he stood outside the door and knocked, her voice telling him to enter, stepping into the unknown.

As a child, he hadn’t been allowed in his mother’s office, documents and antiques too valuable to risk around someone who might carelessly break them - words that he often heard repeated when he expressed his desire to visit her. As he grew older he began to see it more, mostly when she called him in to reprimand him for something he’d done or said. He’d begun to associate her office with her disappointment, stepping into it making him feel small and weak. For a moment, he wondered if Erik ever felt the same way - or if the office that held so much anxiety for him was just another room in the palace to his brother. His mother was sitting at her desk as usual, and she gestured for him to sit. He sunk into the seat silently as he waited for her to speak.

“I-” she began, hesitating. “I’d like for you to tell me about Simon.”

Wille’s eyes widened at her request, and his mind raced to try and figure out what her angle was - what he should say that couldn’t be twisted against Simon later.

“I thought you already knew everything,” he finally replied, unable to stop the sarcasm from bleeding through, the bitterness at her invasion into Simon’s life evident in his tone.

“I know what I’ve been told from others who don’t know him,” she sighed. “I think it’s time to hear from you.”

He couldn’t help the spark of hope that appeared at her words, but he tried his best to douse it - he couldn’t get his hopes up. She didn’t say anything else, and he realized he would have to speak.

“Simon works harder than any other student at Hillerska,” he told her, trying to stick to things he knew she would approve of. “He makes *me* work harder because he studies so much.”

He looked over to try and gauge her reaction, and didn’t know if it was good or bad that her expression hadn’t changed.

“I’m happy with him, mamma,” Wille continued quietly. “I didn’t choose this, but I can’t control how I feel. I couldn’t have gotten through any of this without him.”

“When I was your age,” she sighed, her expression softening ever so slightly. “I too, had an unfortunate romance - but you have to think of all the scrutiny and pressure it will bring.”

“Simon isn’t unfortunate,” Wille answered firmly. “He’s the best thing that ever happened to me, and nothing you say is going to make me stop fighting for him.”

The corner of her mouth twitched, “Erik said something similar.”

“It’s because he sees it,” Wille’s voice was almost pleading. “He’s seen me with and without Simon and he gets it, how Simon matches me - he balances me out.”

She was silent, and Wille held his breath. It felt like the fate of his relationship, his future, was dependent on this moment.

She pursed her lips together before finally speaking, “his family will need to be briefed, and we’ll need to draw up a non-disclosure agreement. If you decide to go public with this, there is protocol, rules that must be followed for an official courtship.”

Wille’s eyes widened, “does that mean-”

“I’m not saying I agree with your decision,” she stopped him. “But- It’s your decision to make.”

“Thank you, mamma,” Wille breathed out in relief. She reviewed a few more official details with him, but it barely registered. *She was allowing him to be with Simon.*

—

Wille checked his phone as he left her office, messages from both Erik and Simon telling him they were in the movie room when he was done. They looked up as he entered, screen still on the starting menu as they sat facing each other. It looked as if they’d gotten distracted talking, and the thought warmed Wille’s chest.

“Wille,” Simon said gently as their eyes met across the room. He held his hand out slightly, offering it for Wille to come over.

“What did she say?” Simon asked as Wille sat beside Simon, lacing their fingers together.

“She said that she was ready to listen,” Wille breathed out, still not quite believing the words himself.

“Did she? Listen, I mean?” Simon prompted, squeezing Wille’s hand in support.

“I think so,” Wille nodded, barely able to process the conversation he’d just had with his mother. “At the least, I don’t think she’s going to fight against us anymore.”

“Good,” Erik sighed in relief, and Wille nearly jumped; he'd forgotten that Erik was still there, too distracted by Simon. Erik got up and ruffled Wille’s hair before heading to the door. “Meet for a movie night later instead?” He suggested.

“Yeah,” Wille nodded, that sounds great.”

The door swung shut beside Erik, Simon standing up as soon as they were alone.

“Hey,” he said softly, resting his forehead against Wille’s.

“Hey,” Wille smiled at him, tangling their fingers together.

“Are things actually going to be okay with your mom?” Simon asked, tone hesitant - Wille couldn’t blame him.

“Yeah,” Wille nodded, nose rubbing against Simon’s. “It’s not going to be easy- there’s all these stupid royal courtship rules, and she wants you to sign an NDA, but we can talk about that. I don’t want you agreeing to something you’re not comfortable with.”

Simon smiled at him, warmth and affection clear in his eyes, “we did it.”

“We did it,” Wille confirmed, leaning down to kiss him.

They spent the next while in the movie room, cuddled on the couch and trading kisses as they talked about what going public might look like. Erik joined them just over an hour later, and Wille was grateful that he had a better understanding of it all and was able to talk through their options with them. Erik smirked at Wille as he put Lord of the Rings on in the background, and Wille didn’t even mind the teasing about what he could now see had been an obvious crush on Elijah Wood when he was younger. He felt warm and safe in Simon’s arms, comforted by being around his two favourite people.

—

When they stumbled slightly late into breakfast the next morning, having gotten distracted by Wille pressing Simon into the bed and kissing him senseless, Wille was shocked to see his mother had joined them. While it was stilted, she did have a brief conversation with Simon; at the very least she wasn’t actively ignoring or being rude to him. It was one of the more awkward breakfasts Wille had had with his family. Still, having Simon being a part of it meant everything to him. Afterwards, Wille had excused himself and Simon to his room to get ready for the day, although they didn’t have any concrete plans beyond Wille showing Simon the garden.

“Was that okay?” Wille asked as soon as they were around the corner out of earshot from the table.

Simon squeezed Wille’s hand. “Yeah. I mean your mom is kind of scary, but I feel like it went alright.”

“Sorry,” Wille apologized, and Simon stopped walking to face him.

“You don’t need to apologize,” Simon assured him, cupping Wille’s cheek. “You’re doing so much to fight for us, to fight for me. I can handle some awkward conversations with the Queen of Sweden.”

Wille laughed at how casually Simon said it, as if him going up against the Queen of Sweden was no big deal. He covered Simon’s hand with his own, moving it to kiss his wrist before they resumed walking, swinging their joined hands between them. They didn’t speak again until they reached Wille’s room, secure in the privacy it provided.

“I love you, Simon,” Wille pulled him into a hug, Simon pressing his face into Wille’s neck. “I’ll never be able to say it enough for how much you mean to me.”

“Baby,” Simon murmured against his skin. “I love you so much, so so much.”

Simon moved back enough to tilt his head up, pressing their lips together. They walked back towards the mattress, the back of Wille’s legs hitting the bed frame and causing him to fall back. Simon climbed onto his lap, wrapping his arm around Wille’s shoulders as he kissed him again, this time Simon being the one to lean down. He wrapped his arm around Simon’s waist, the other hand tangling in his hair as Simon moaned softly into his mouth. Simon rolled his hips, slowly

rocking against Wille as they hardened against each other.

“What if we just stayed in your room all day,” Simon suggested, breath catching as Wille kissed down his neck.

“I think my family would notice,” Wille laughed, Simon’s pout making his whole body feel warm.

“Shame,” Simon complained as he ran his fingers through Wille’s hair.

“I do think I’ll be very tired tonight,” Wille said casually, Simon smirking at his words. “I’ll probably need to go to bed early.”

“Will you now?” Simon grinned, and Wille couldn’t help but lean in to kiss him again.

“Mmhmm,” Wille hummed, forehead resting against Simon’s. “Early enough that we’ll have plenty of time before we actually get tired.”

“And what are you suggesting we do with that time?”

“Whatever you want,” Wille promised, cupping Simon’s cheek.

Simon pretended to ponder for a moment, an innocent expression on his face as he continued, “Want you to fuck me.”

Wille’s eyes widened, grip on Simon’s waist tightening at his words.

His throat suddenly felt very dry as he choked out, “Okay. Fuck. Yeah, let’s do that.”

Simon pulled him into a bruising kiss, rolling his hips against Wille’s again until he moaned into Simon’s mouth. Then, Simon was moving off him, suddenly too far to touch - just out of reach.

“Guess we should get ready for the day then,” Simon smirked as he dug through his bag.

Wille groaned, falling back onto the bed, “You’re going to kill me.”

“Nah,” Simon grinned. “That would be counterproductive, how would we have sex then?”

Wille rolled his eyes, tossing a pillow at Simon before getting up and going to the bathroom to wash his face. He couldn’t help the small smile on his face as he did so. He was so hopelessly in love with Simon, even when he was being a tease.

When he came back out of the bathroom Simon was running his fingers through his hair, tidying it up a bit after Wille had messed it up during their kiss.

“Ready to go?” Wille asked, holding out his hand for Simon.

Simon nodded and took it, letting Wille lead him through the halls of the palace towards the garden door. It was a beautiful day out, and Simon paused to bask in the sun as they stepped outside. Wille took a moment to watch him as his eyes fell closed, glowing in the light.

“You’re staring,” Simon teased, squirting his eyes open just enough to look at Wille.

“You’re beautiful,” Wille responded earnestly, rewarded with a breathtaking smile and Simon kissing him on the cheek.

Wille led them through the gardens, pointing out his favourite plants and the areas where he used to play with Erik.

“You know so much about plants,” Simon looked up at him wide eyed, awe in his voice.

Wille shrugged, “I spent a lot of time out here. Andreas, our head gardener, showed me a lot. I would just follow him around for full afternoons and he would walk me through what he was doing.”

“ *Baby* ,” Simon’s voice took on a teasing tone. “You’re a plant nerd.”

“Shut up,” Wille grinned, bumping his shoulder with Simon’s.

“Don’t worry,” Simon assured him, squeezing his hand. “I think it’s cute.”

“I couldn’t exactly leave the palace grounds,” Wille bit his lip. “So out here was like my own little escape.”

Simon paused, turning to face Wille. “You’re incredible.”

Wille's eyes widened as his cheeks flushed. "What did I do?"

"You just- you're so much more than meets the eye," Simon explained, a small smile on his face. He brushed a strand of hair out of Wille's face. "I love learning more about you, and I'm glad you were able to find things for yourself. I just feel- I feel so lucky to get to see this side of you, to see all of you."

Wille felt his eyes well up at Simon's words, and Simon brushed away a stray tear that fell down his cheek. He pulled Simon into a tight hug, pressing his face into Simon's neck.

" *I* feel so lucky," Wille sniffled. "Getting to have you here has been amazing- you're more than I could have ever dreamed of."

"Wille what the fuck," Simon whined, and he could feel the edge of his shirt get damp. "You're making me cry."

"You started it," Wille laughed, hiccuping as he moved back to look at Simon, resting their foreheads together.

"You've turned me into a sap," Simon accused, eyes shining as he smiled up at Wille.

" *My* sap," Wille grinned, kissing him softly.

Simon rolled his eyes. "You're just as bad as me."

“Yeah, but you love me,” Wille kissed his cheek, rubbing his thumb along the back of Simon’s neck.

“But I love you,” Simon sighed, and Wille kissed him again, feeling Simon’s smile against his lips.

“Does Andreas still work here?” Simon asked when they resumed walking again, holding each other’s hands just a little tighter.

Wille nodded. “Mostly just during the summer now. He’s gotten older so he sometimes goes away for the winter, but I’ve made sure he still has a place here - it wouldn’t be the same without him.”

“Maybe I could meet him sometime,” Simon suggested, and Wille beamed at him, heart full.

He’d arranged for their lunch to be brought outside, so they sat together at one of the garden tables, enjoying the sun and chatting. They hooked their ankles together, always touching each other in some way as they ate. Wille giggled as Simon spilled tomato soup, falling a little more in love as Simon grumbled and wiped it up.

They wandered around a little bit more before deciding to bring their school books out. They’d originally planned to work in the palace library, but neither of them were ready to leave the little bubble they’d created together. Erik joined them for a bit, bringing out his laptop and typing away at his own work. As Wille looked between Simon and Erik, both engrossed in what they were working on, he thought that this might be his favourite day he’d ever had at the palace. They worked for a few hours until Erik had to go inside for a meeting, and he offered to take their books in for them if they wanted to stay out longer.

Wille led Simon further back into the garden, where they both lay down and watched the clouds as the sky grew a little darker.

"That one looks like a duck," Simon noted, pointing at one ever so slightly moving through the sky.

Wille tilted his head and laughed when he saw it. "It looks like a rubber duck."

He felt Simon shift beside him, expecting him to cuddle closer and nearly jumping out of his skin when suddenly Simon yelled right in his ear, "Quack!"

"Simon!" Wille gasped, glaring as Simon fell back laughing, rolling in the grass.

He moved to jab at Simon's side, and Simon immediately grabbed for his wrists. Wille couldn't help but laugh as they wrestled for a minute in the grass until Wille successfully pinned Simon's wrists above his head.

"Kinky," Simon smirked, and Wille rolled his eyes before leaning down to kiss him.

Simon smiled into the kiss, running his hand along Wille's back as he returned it eagerly. He lost himself in the feeling, Simon's lips moving against his as their hands wandered. It felt so *right* to have Simon there, in his own little safe haven from the palace, secure in the knowledge that they were all alone. Everything else faded from his mind as Simon's hand pressed against the bareskin of his back, and it was until he felt something wet hit his back that he pulled away and realized that it was starting to rain. He rolled off Simon, offering his hand to help him up as they ran towards the nearest shelter, a marble

gazebo about halfway back to the palace. By the time they made it under cover the rain had gotten heavier, and they were both soaked, Simon's curls held down by the water.

"You look ridiculous," Simon teased, wringing out the bottom of Wille's shirt.

"So do you," Wille laughed, although, as always, he thought Simon looked breathtaking.

Simon looked around the gazebo, noting the stone pillars and benches along the edge. "Fancy."

"I know," Wille blushed, feeling a little embarrassed by yet another obvious sign of his family's money.

"It's beautiful," Simon added, as if sensing Wille's hesitation. "I feel like I'm in the Sound of Music."

Wille grinned, "I thought that too after I watched that movie."

"We even have the rain," Simon noted, taking Wille's hand and standing on one of the benches.

"If you're going to try and recreate it with me I should warn you that this floor is very slippery when wet," Wille cautioned, remembering the time he tried to do so by himself. Looking back it was telling how he always pretended to be Liesl dancing with Rolfe, instead of the other way around; although he was pretty sure he'd justified it by reminding himself Rolfe was a bad guy in the end - even if it wasn't quite so black and white.

“You’d probably drop me anyways,” Simon teased, hopping down and stumbling forward into Wille’s arms. “I’ll settle for a kiss.”

Wille leaned forward, happy to provide Simon with just that, and it felt like a fairytale - kissing in a gazebo with the rain pouring around him. When he was little, he’d thought about Disney princes meeting their princess, and wondered if he’d ever get that fairytale ending. It’s not that simple with Simon, and he knows it never will be, the world won’t go as easy on him as it does in the stories. Still, Simon is more of a happily ever after than he could have ever dreamed of. They stayed there, wrapped up in each other until Simon shivered against him, and Wille looked to see the rain had let up just slightly.

“Should we make a run back inside?” Wille suggested, not yet moving his arms from around Simon’s waist. “We could take a warm shower.”

“Yeah,” Simon agreed, stepping back and taking Wille’s hand. “Count of three?”

Wille nodded, walking closer to the edge of the gazebo.

“THREE!” Simon yelled suddenly, taking off running and almost pulling Wille to the ground as he stumbled to catch up, Simon cackling as he ran. When they made it back to the doors they tried wringing out their clothes at the doorstep, not wanting to track too much water back through the palace. Thankfully, someone (probably Erik) seemed to have remembered they were still outside, and there were towels waiting by the door for them. They each grabbed one, drying off a little bit more until they stopped dripping, hands tangling together again as they headed back to Wille’s room.

They were halfway there when Wille’s father walked towards them

down the hall, raising his eyebrows at the two of them in wet clothes. Wille braced himself for the inevitable scolding, but was relieved when his father showed nothing but vague amusement.

“Got caught in the rain?” he asked, a smile at the corner of his lips.

“Yeah,” Wille nodded, grateful his dad didn’t seem upset.

“Better go dry off before you catch a cold then,” Ludwig answered, stepping out of the way. “Or worse, before your mother catches you.”

“Thanks pappa,” Wille smiled at him, before they resumed their walk back to Wille’s room, this time moving a little quicker.

It was a relief when they reached his room without running into anyone else, and they began to strip out of their wet clothes as soon as the door was shut behind them. Wille stumbled as he walked towards the bathroom, kicking his pants off his ankles as he went. Simon followed behind him as they made their way to the shower, quickly checking the temperature before getting in, finally relaxing together under the warm water. They pulled each other close, savouring the moment as the water fell around them, Wille letting his eyes close.

“Do you need a nap?” Simon teased, running his fingers along Wille’s spine.

Wille shook his head, mumbling against Simon’s skin. “Just wanna be close to you.”

“Sap,” Simon answered, although his tone was soft and he tightened his arms around Wille just a little more. “How much time do you

think we have before we have to go eat?”

“Mmm, probably an hour or two,” Wille guessed, pressing a kiss to Simon’s shoulder. “What did you have in mind?”

“Well,” Simon started, and Wille could feel Simon’s smirk against his chest. “I know we talked about it for later tonight, but seeing how we have all this time…”

Wille pulled back to meet Simon’s eyes, sure a similar smirk was growing on his face. “Talked about what?”

Simon rolled his eyes, pulling Wille into a kiss, “oh, so you don’t want to fuck me?”

Wille tried not to be embarrassed as what could only be described as a whimper left his mouth, “ *Simon* .”

“Yes?” Simon asked, tone mirroring the one Wille had taken moments ago.

“I think it’s time we get out of the shower,” Wille answered, voice low as he reached to turn it off.

“Couldn’t agree more,” Simon nodded, grabbing the towels and passing one to Wille before starting to dry himself off. He leaned up to kiss Wille, nipping at his bottom lip before moving to murmur in his ear, “Take me to bed baby.”

Wille shivered at the words, nodding as he took Simon's hand and pulled him towards the bed. Simon's arms fell lazily around his shoulders as their lips met in another kiss, taking the time to slowly explore each other's mouths. Simon sighed in contentment as Wille's hand travelled down his back, moving in small circles.

"Where's your bag?" Wille asked when they pulled back for a moment, still close enough that his lips moved against Simon when he spoke. Simon pouted as he stepped away, going over to his bag and digging through the front pocket to pull out an unassuming black pouch.

He tossed it onto the bed as he strode over to Wille, pulling him down into another kiss as they moved onto the bed. Wille rolled them over, hovering on top of Simon as he kissed down his neck and chest, nipping at his hip before reaching for the bag. He unzipped it, pulling out the bottle of lube - which looked to have suspiciously less than he remembered being there before.

"Keeping busy?" he teased as he popped the lid off, generously coating his fingers.

Simon glared at him, looking impossibly tempting as he bit his bottom lip, "I missed you, sue me."

"I did too," Wille assured him, remembering their weeks apart before going back to Hillerska, missing the feel of Simon's body against his. "Ready?"

Simon nodded, spreading his legs further as Wille reached down between them, leaning down to kiss him again as he pressed a finger gently against him, rubbing in slow circles. He repeated the motion until Simon whined, wiggling his hips to urge Wille on. He watched Simon's face, captivated by the way his mouth fell open just slightly when he pushed the first finger in. Simon pulled him back to another

kiss, mouth falling open for him as Wille slowly moved his finger until Simon whined impatiently for another one.

They continued this slowly, Wille kissing along Simon's body as he pushed in a second finger, gently scissoring them to open him up. Simon has begun squirming underneath him, whole body stilling with a gasp when Wille curled his fingers, finding his prostate.

"Fuck," Simon groaned, gripping Wille's shoulder tightly. "Right there."

Wille repeated the action, obsessed with the way Simon was slowly starting to fall apart around his fingers.

"Ready for three," Simon told him when Wille moved them again. "Want you."

Wille nodded, and Simon whined as Wille pulled out his fingers to coat them in more lube before slowly pushing back in, this time a third finger joining.

"Baby," Simon moaned softly, cupping Wille's cheek. "You're so good, love you so much."

"Love you," Wille answered easily, the words falling out without hesitation. "You're doing so well."

Simon moved his hip again, rutting against Wille, "I'm good, I'm ready."

“Are you sure?” Wille asked, moving his fingers more to stretch Simon even further. Simon nodded frantically, kissing Wille hungrily. Wille moved his fingers out, reaching for a condom. “How do you want to do this?”

“Like this, on my back,” Simon answered, reaching for the lube and putting some on his hand. “Wanna see you.”

Wille nodded, sliding on the condom, then Simon reached out and wrapped his hand around him, pumping him slowly. Wille’s eyes fell shut with a groan, aching at Simon’s hand moving around him. Wille leaned back over Simon, kissing him softly as Simon guided him to his entrance, nodding as Wille slowly pushed forward. He focused on keeping his hips still and controlled, not wanting to overwhelm Simon even though his body was screaming at him to *move* . He stilled once he was pressed all the way in, kissing Simon’s forehead and murmuring words of encouragement as he waited.

He knew they’d only done this a few times, but he wondered if it would ever stop feeling like *so* much, Simon tight around him. Simon took a deep breath, then nodded. “I’m good baby, you can move.”

Wille moved his hips slowly, pulling out just slightly before pushing back in, even the small friction making the heat pool. Simon hooked his legs around Wille’s waist, pulling him closer and urging him on. Wille moved a bit faster, and Simon’s moan urged him on, starting to move his more as he leaned down to kiss Simon. He thrust forward again, and Simon gasped when Wille hit his prostate. Wille focused on moving his hips the same way, pulling Simon closer by his waist as he began to move at a consistent pace, eyes falling shut and mouth dropping open as he thrust into Simon. They soon lost themselves in the movement, everything fading but the feeling of each other, Wille slipping a hand between them to wrap around Simon stroking him in time with the movement of his hips.

Simon gasped below him, moaning out his name as he tightened his

grip on Wille's hair, other hand scratching down his back, both of them reduced to variations of *fuck* and *baby* and each other's names falling from their lips. Wille could feel his orgasm building, teetering so close to the edge but wanting to get Simon there first. He moved his hand quicker, circled his hips as he moved, his plan of getting Simon off first flying out the window when Simon tugged on his hair and moaned out, "Come for me baby, wanna feel it."

Wille lost any last resolve at Simon's words, hips stuttering as he cried out, spilling into the condom. He took a moment to recover before he began to move again, the feeling overwhelming but determined to get Simon there too. His hand moved quickly, matching the speed of his hips as he rolled them, sucking a bruise into Simon's collarbone as he stilled, legs shaking around Wille and a desperate moan leaving his lips. Wille kept moving through it, stilling when Simon's hand wrapped around his wrist.

"Fuck," Simon shivered, voice shaky as he pulled Wille down into a frantic kiss, grabbing at his back trying to pull him even closer. "Wille that was- you were amazing."

"You did so well, Simon," Wille murmured, pressing gentle kisses along his face. He moved to pull out and Simon whined, grabbing his hip to stop him.

"Not yet?" Simon asked quietly, sighing in relief when Wille stilled. "Need a minute, just - feels good."

Wille nodded, resuming his kisses along Simon's body, gently grazing over any area of skin he could reach.

"Okay," Simon nodded a few moments later, and Wille slowly pulled out, massaging Simon's thighs as he whimpered at the movement, wrapping the condom and dropping it into the bin by his bed before

crawling back to Simon, pulling him to his chest.

“Love you,” Simon spoke into his skin, soft lips moving against him.

“I love you,” Wille answered, kissing Simon’s forehead and tightening his arms around Simon’s waist.

“Gonna have to shower again,” Simon laughed, but he made no sign of getting up, instead nuzzling in closer to Wille. He hummed, pressing his lips against Wille’s neck as he ran his fingers along his side.

Wille knew they were expected down for dinner, although he had no idea how soon, his phone just out of reach. In the moment it didn’t feel like it mattered; nothing felt more important than right here with Simon. He pressed a kiss to Simon’s forehead, “We have time.”

Chapter End Notes

We're nearing the end!! Plant boy Wille makes a small appearance, Krissy has met Simon, and things got a lil spicy. Of course i also had to add my lil duck easter egg. Ty for reading!

Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Thank you Kya beloved for beta-ing ❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the night was fairly uneventful - at least as uneventful as it could be at the palace. After another awkward dinner with his mother, in which barely anyone spoke, they spent the rest of the time hanging out with Erik before going to bed. Waking up the next morning was bittersweet; he was excited to be out of the palace but also didn't want to leave Erik. It didn't help that the nights at the palace came with waking up next to Simon in the morning, somehow taking up half of the bed despite it being king-sized. Wille almost laughed at the way his boyfriend spread out when given the space, considering they'd never had any problems sharing his small bed at Hillerska. As usual, he woke up earlier than Simon, just a bit before their alarm was set to go off. He cancelled the alarm, putting his phone to the side to wake up Simon himself, peppering kisses across his nose and along his cheek. He could feel Simon squinch his face, starting to move on the bed as his eyelids opened ever so slightly.

"Morning," Wille greeted softly, enjoying the sleepy expression on Simon's face as he rubbed his eyes.

"Morning," Simon yawned, stretching out his arms before wrapping them around Wille, pulling him closer to press his face into his chest.

"We've got to get ready to go," Wille apologized, trying to keep himself focused as Simon tightened his grip.

"Ten more minutes," Simon mumbled, pressing a kiss to Wille's collarbone, and Wille couldn't resist.

“Okay,” he agreed, reaching for his phone with a sigh to set another alarm. “Ten more minutes.”

He could feel Simon’s smile against his skin and pressed a kiss to the top of Simon’s head, the floral scent of Wille’s shampoo a contrast from the coconut one Simon regularly used. He let his eyes fall closed, content to stay tangled up in Simon’s arms until the alarm went off, both of them stirring with a groan. Simon fumbled over Wille’s chest to grab the phone, silencing the alarm with a pout on his face at being woken up. Wille couldn’t help but smile slightly at his expression, moving to kiss it away.

“Back to Bjärstad,” Simon sighed as they pulled away, slowly starting to sit up. Wille took another moment to enjoy the sight of Simon, sleep ruffled in his bed, before getting up himself. He rolled his neck as he walked over to his closet, pulling on a shirt before heading to the bathroom.

After finishing getting ready and packing their bags, they headed down for breakfast. Erik was working on his laptop at the table, looking up as they entered.

“Morning,” he greeted, nodding over his screen. “Good sleep?”

“Yeah,” Wille nodded, although he yawned at the reminder of bed. “Why are you working in here?”

“I was waiting for you,” Erik answered, closing his screen. “I’m coming back with you.”

Wille’s eyes widened, meeting his brother’s. “Why?”

Erik raised his eyebrows at Wille's question, "Is there a problem with that?"

"No," Wille shook his head, quick to correct himself. "I just- that's a long drive just to drop us off."

"Mamma thinks a talk with Linda about any public aspect of the relationship should happen sooner rather than later," Erik explained. "I convinced her that it would be better to have me do it than Minou, since I've already met her."

"Are you okay making that drive?" Wille asked, the reminder of Erik's recovery weighing on the back of his mind.

Erik nodded. "I've been cleared by the doctor, and I won't be driving myself."

Wille tried not to show the relief on his face at Erik's words. It wasn't that he thought Erik was a bad driver, or that he wouldn't be even more careful now, but he couldn't help the rush of anxiety at the possibility of his brother getting back behind the wheel. They ate quickly, Wille excusing himself to say a goodbye to his parents before they left.

He went towards the study where he knew his father generally spent the morning, hearing murmuring inside as he knocked.

"Come in," his father's voice rang through, and he opened the door to see him standing with his mother.

"Hej mamma, pappa," Wille greeted, stepping into the room. "I just

wanted to say goodbye, we'll be leaving soon."

"Of course," his father nodded, standing up and motioning for Wille to walk over to him. Although they'd started to hug more, they still rarely did so around his mother, so he surprised Wille when he pulled him into a hug. "Have a safe trip back, and say goodbye to Simon for me."

Wille nodded. "Yeah, thanks pappa."

He turned to look at his mother, still not completely sure how to act around her after the events of the weekend.

"Bye mamma," Wille said finally after clearing his throat.

She reached her hand out, placing it on his arm. She looked uncomfortable doing so, but he could tell she was at least trying.

"Safe travels Wilhelm," she responded, squeezing his arm lightly before dropping her hand.

"Tack," Wille said quietly, bowing his head just slightly before leaving the room.

He met Erik and Simon back by the entrance to the garage, and he slipped his hand into Simon's as he walked up beside him, something unfurling in his chest when Simon squeezed it.

"Did it go okay?" Simon asked, looking at Wille for any sign of

distress.

“Yeah it was fine,” Wille nodded. “You ready to go?”

“Yep,” Simon replied, popping the ‘p’ as he adjusted his bag on his shoulder.

They made their way to the car, Simon and Erik resuming a conversation about comic books they’d been having before Wille got there. Wille was happy to sit back and listen, letting the two of them chatter away. He’d never been into them the same way Erik was, but he was happy it was something Erik and Simon could bond over. The two chatted until they were a bit out of the city before Simon changed the subject, addressing the reason Erik was there.

“What are you going to say to my mom?” Simon asked, fidgeting with the hem of Wille’s sleeve with his free hand, and Wille squeezed the hand he was holding in reassurance.

“Nothing too bad,” Erik assured him. “Our mother mostly wants to make sure she understands a public relationship would bring attention to your family, as well as review what to say if she’s ever asked any questions about your relationship, Wille, or our family.”

“Okay,” Simon nodded, sighing in relief. “That’s good to know… are we going to have to sign stuff?”

“There are non-disclosure agreements our mother will want your family to sign,” Erik admitted, an apology on his face. “I want to ensure you’re all comfortable with it though, there’s some options that we can talk about when we’re at your house.”

Wille felt overwhelmed with gratitude for his brother, for the support he constantly continued to give to Wille's relationship. He knew the entire conversation with Linda would feel so much better having Erik there, and it made the entire idea of being out publicly feel just a little lighter.

Linda was at work until later afternoon, so they decided to stop at Hillerska first for Wille to unpack. Wille knew there were whispers as Erik and Simon followed him to his room - and that this would make everyone even more suspicious of their relationship who wasn't already - but he couldn't bring himself to care. Simon wasn't just a fling, Erik being there with them solidified that. It didn't take long for Wille to put his things away, essentially just tossing his clothes in the laundry pile and putting his school stuff back on his desk.

"While we're here," Erik started, expression turning serious, "I'd like to go have a word with August."

"About what mamma said?" Wille asked, fidgeting with his ring at the memory. Erik nodded, and Wille was torn between wanting Erik to handle it, as someone August looked up to, and wanting to tear into August himself. He knew it would upset August more coming from Erik though, so he ran his fingers through his hair before telling him, "Normally rowing practice is just ending at this time so I think he's in the gym."

"Right," Erik straightened his posture, standing up. "I'll just go do that then."

"We're coming," Wille stood up to follow. "I want to hear what he says."

Erik paused for a second before nodding, "Okay, let's go."

They headed towards the gym, seeing some of the boys leave and hearing the familiar sounds of equipment being put away as they entered the building. Wille stepped into the gym first, the stragglers' eyes widening when the three of them walked in.

“Wille!” Walter exclaimed. “Are you coming back to rowing?”

“Uh, not yet,” Wille answered, fidgeting in place. “Is August here?”

“He just went to put away some of the weights in the storage room,” Henry explained, walking up to Wille. “He’ll be back in a second.”

“Thanks,” Wille nodded, taking a deep breath.

“Is everything okay?” Henry asked, looking between the three of them.

“Uh, yeah,” Wille lied, and he knew Henry could see right through him. Wille was sure he’d probably made some connection between August’s comment in the common room and the three of them there, a lot of the other boys, too. He suddenly found himself wishing they’d waited; in the moment he hadn’t considered what it would look like for the three of them to turn up. He watched as a few more of the boys glanced over in their direction before leaving, the door swinging shut behind them.

They stood there for a moment before Henry spoke again, filling the silence, “Uh, did you catch the game last night?”

Wille shook his head, looking over to where Simon and Erik were talking. He realized that Simon looked nervous, a serious expression on his face as he said something to Erik. Whatever it was, Erik's face changed, and Wille could tell he was furious - an expression he didn't see often on his brother's face. At that moment the door opened again, and August stepped through, surprise evident on his face at the three of them there. Erik squared his shoulders as he turned towards the door.

August composed himself quickly, a phony smile forming on his face as he greeted Erik, "Hey, what's up man?"

His expression morphed to confusion as Erik didn't respond, striding silently towards him. August stood still, looking unsure what to do as Erik reached him, and Wille barely caught the movement of Erik moving his shoulder back, swinging his arm forward as his fist connected with August's jaw, the sound of it echoing through the gym as August stumbled backwards. All other noise stopped, the boys who had still been putting things away frozen in place.

"August," Erik greeted coldly. "We need to talk."

"I-," August started to speak, pausing at Erik's expression. His eyes flickered back to Wille and Simon standing there, and a dark look crossed over his face before he nodded.

"We'll wait outside," Erik said firmly, turning back to look at Wille and Simon and motioning for them to follow.

As they stepped out they could faintly hear August in the background, voice raised at the remaining team members as he told them the show was over.

“Erik, what-” Wille began as soon as they were outside.

“I’m so sorry, Wille,” Erik interrupted, pacing in front of him as he shook out his hand. “I should’ve never told you to trust him.”

Wille’s eyes widened, looking back to Simon, wondering what he’d told him.

“I’ll uh, give you two a minute,” Simon said quietly, taking Wille’s hand and squeezing it before stepping away and going on his phone.

“Don’t blame him,” Erik sighed, drawing Wille’s attention back. “I knew you weren’t telling me everything, and I wanted to know what I was missing.”

Wille looked at the ground, digging his toe in the dirt, “What did he tell you?”

Erik’s expression softened, “About what August said when he found out about you.”

“What parts?” Wille asked, needing to know exactly how much his brother knew about that moment.

“Can I hear it from you?” Erik prompted gently, voice quieter.

“He uh- he said I was disgracing your legacy, and that there was something wrong with me,” Wile said quietly. He hated saying the words out loud, but he could tell by the way Erik’s face stayed the

same that he'd already heard that from Simon. "Um, he said that I'd 'chosen a fuck over my family'... and that it disgusted him."

Erik's eyes darkened at that, and Wille knew that last part was a statement Simon hadn't shared with him. Erik didn't speak yet, waiting for Wille to continue; he could tell that Simon had already shared what he was about to say, that it was probably what led Erik to his actions in the gym.

Wille took a deep breath before finishing. "He said that you'd better wake up… because he refused to bow down for a- for a fa- you know, *that* word, crown prince." Wille closed his eyes as his voice cracked at the word, hating that he was letting it get to him.

Erik reached out, putting a hand on Wille's arm and pulling him into a hug. "I'm sorry if you ever felt you couldn't talk to me about that."

Wille shook his head, "It's not that. Just- once you woke up it didn't feel as important. You needed to focus on getting better." Wille didn't vocalize the other tiny voice in the back of his mind, that he felt ashamed at August's words, that he hadn't stood up to him more.

"Wille," Erik said softly, meeting his eyes. "How you feel is important too, okay?"

"Okay," Wille nodded, taking a deep breath.

He heard the sound of the building doors opening behind him, and turned to see August walking towards them, his cheek red and swollen. He stopped in front of them, eyes flickering to Simon before going back to them.

“Right,” Erik said calmly, a dangerous undertone to his voice. “Anything to say before I lay into you?”

“Is this about the common room?” August asked, having the audacity to look shocked. “It’s not that big of a deal, they were being super obvious anyways.”

“Are you fucking kidding me,” Simon scoffed, clenching his jaw. “How about the part where you lied to the Queen about me dealing drugs, or how you yelled at Wille - your *family* - homophobic slurs and used Erik in the hospital against him. Also, the common room *was* a big deal. You *knew* Wille hadn’t told anyone and you still said it because you were pissy. Outing someone is a literal hate crime you fucking bastard!”

August turned towards Erik, a look of disbelief on his face, “Are you seriously going to let him talk to me like that?”

“ *Enough* , August,” Erik raised his voice, no room for argument in his tone. “I’ve looked the other way when you’ve made stupid coments and mistakes because I’d hoped that you’d move past it, I wanted to give you the benefit of the doubt because we were *family* .”

“We are-” August started to protest, Erik immediately cutting him off.

“No. You’ve been vindictive and childish, with a complete disregard for anyone else,” Erik continued sharply. “I honestly expected better from you.”

August for once was silent, looking unsure what to say.

“The rest of your tuition has already been paid for,” Erik finished, a sense of finality in his tone. “After that you’re on your own.”

He turned to Wille and Simon. “Let’s go.”

They turned to walk away when August stopped them, “What if I went to the press. What then?”

Wille’s stomach dropped at the words, terrified at the possibility.

“Excuse me?” Erik asked, turning back to face him, a dangerous look on his face.

“I wonder how much they’d pay for knowing the the prince of Sweden is gay,” August challenged. “If you’ve already cut me off, I don’t have anything to lose.”

“You won’t,” Erik clenched his jaw, and Wille wasn’t sure he’d ever seen his brother so angry. “I know how much you value your *relation* to the crown. If the press finds out about their relationship in any way that’s not them making that decision, the royal family will officially cut all ties, you’ll be effectively disowned.”

August’s eyes widened. “Erik - we - what happened to being like a brother to you?”

“Wille *is* my brother,” Erik said coldly, his remaining patience clearly wearing thin. “And you’re a fool if you think anyone else would ever come before him. This conversation is over.”

This time, when they turned to walk away August didn't try to stop them. They were silent as they walked back to Wille's room, not speaking at all until the door was shut behind them.

"I'm so sorry for ever saying you could trust him," Erik said bitterly, looking down at his hand, which was turning pink from where he'd hit August.

Wille moved forward, pulling his brother into a tight hug, again overwhelmed with the feeling that he could have lost him, but instead Erik was here - always protecting him. "Thank you."

"Always," Erik assured him, holding him tighter.

When they pulled back, Wille fell back onto the bed, focusing on getting his heart rate down.

"Do you think he will?" Simon asked as he sat beside Wille, wrapping an arm around him and squeezing his side in reassurance. "Go to the press, I mean."

Erik shook his head, "No. He cares too much about the status of being connected to the royal family. He's going to have to sell Årnäs to make ends meet, that connection is going to be all he has left."

"What an asshole," Simon muttered bitterly, and Wille took his hand, hating the way August had treated him. Simon grinned up at Erik, "Watching you punch him was badass though."

Erik sighed, running his fingers through his hair. "I won't say it didn't feel good at the moment, but I lost my cool. I just hope it doesn't get

out.”

Wille bit his lip as he considered, remembering who else was there. “There will probably be rumours about it around school,” he admitted. “But I don’t think it will spread any further than that.”

Erik nodded. “You’re probably right, I don’t want to think about mamma’s reaction. It was ‘unbecoming’ for the crown prince.”

“Maybe,” Wille nodded, imagining her chastising Erik. “But for a brother? It was pretty damn cool.”

Erik grinned at that, ruffling Wille’s hair before motioning to the door. “Come on, time to go chat with Linda.”

They headed out, Wille’s anxiety picking up again the closer they got to Bjärstad. He knew Linda approved of their relationship and that she knew that it would affect her family. The crown prince coming to your home to discuss it though was another level, and Wille, in the back of his mind, couldn’t help but wonder if it would change things.

His anxieties faded as they entered the house, Linda greeting him with a large smile and pulling him into a hug. “Hi cariño, how are you?”

“Hi Linda,” he said quietly, letting himself hold on for a moment, grateful for her open affection. “I’m okay.”

When they pulled back she turned to Erik, greeting him with the same easy smile and pulling him into a hug. Wille tried not to laugh at his brother’s expression, so unused to anyone besides Wille being so free with their touch around him. They chatted for a few minutes about

Linda's work and little things as she made them tea, addressing the elephant in the room when they all sat in the living room, hot cups in front of them.

"So," Linda started, looking between them. "How did things go with the queen?"

"Better," Wille acknowledged, although he grimaced remembering their first night there. "She's agreed to the relationship."

Linda smiled warmly at them. "That's wonderful!"

"With that though," Wille sighed, "we had discussions of what would happen if things turned public."

She didn't look surprised, and Wille was relieved she seemed at least somewhat prepared as she answered, "I know you've all mentioned in the past some of the… challenges with that."

"Yeah," Wille nodded. "It will probably be a lot… even just talking about it. I'm sorry."

"You don't need to apologize to me, Wilhelm," she assured him. "You can't control this."

"I'm here to walk you through the logistical side of things," Erik explained. "Expectations for an official suitor, although they're currently being reworked seeing as how there's never been guidelines for a same sex relationship before. It's uncharted territory, which is good. It means we have more influence over how things go."

Erik's words provided Wille with some reassurance. He'd never thought about things in that way before, but Erik was right, this was a way to take back some control.

"The palace will also want to send over non-disclosure agreements," Erik continued. "They're fairly straightforward, mostly just that you won't leak anything about Wille or the royal family to the press. I don't think it's a concern at all, Wille trusts you completely, but it's something our mother will insist on I'm afraid."

Linda pondered for a moment before answering, "I understand. Will we be able to look over the documents ahead of time? I want to know exactly what we'd be signing."

"Of course," Erik assured. "I would be happy to help you get a lawyer unrelated to the crown to go over them with you as well."

"Thank you Erik," Linda said gently. "For all your help, and for looking out for Simon."

"Of course," Erik replied easily, nudging Simon with his shoulder. "Simon is stuck with me as an honorary big brother now."

Wille's heart warmed at Erik's words, the corners of his mouth twitching up at the slight blush on Simon's cheeks, barely noticeable on his darker skin.

The conversation moved on, Wille mostly just sitting back with Simon while Erik did most of the talking. Even just observing, Wille felt tired, all the considerations for a public relationship swimming around in his head. It felt like a few hours later when they finished, Erik

announcing he would have to head back to Stockholm before it got much later. They agreed Wille would go back with him since he had a call with Corrina scheduled for after dinner. He knew Linda would probably want to talk to Simon privately about how things went as well. Linda gave Erik another hug, thanking him for coming, as Wille said his goodbyes to Simon. Even though he would be seeing him the next day, he couldn't help but feel sad about spending a night alone.

As he moved to leave, Linda lightly took his arm, guiding him to the side with her.

"You're so brave, Wilhelm," she said softly. "For all of this. I just wanted you to know I'm proud of you, I can't imagine it's been easy."

Wille felt himself tearing up at her words, sniffling. "Thank you. I'm so sorry for all the extra trouble that comes with Simon being with me."

He looked down at the ground, but she put her hand on his chin, raising it so he met her eyes. "Please, you don't ever need to apologize for loving my son."

She pulled him into a brief hug, assuring him that she'd see him soon, and with that Wille found himself back in the car with Erik. He sat down in silence, mostly in disbelief at all that had happened.

"How are you feeling?" Erik asked once they started moving.

"It's a lot," Wille admitted. "It's kind of overwhelming, but Erik, thank you so much for being here. I don't think I could have done any of this without you."

“You could’ve,” Erik answered confidently. “You’re stronger than you realize, but you never have too. If you need me I’m there - always.”

Wille leaned over to hug him, feeling the tears that had welled at Linda’s words starting up again, threatening to spill over. Erik squeezed his shoulder in reassurance, “I’m only a phone call away.”

Wille nodded, tightening his grip around Erik before loosening it as they pulled up to the school. He tried to tamper down the anxiety he felt after they’d said their goodbyes and the car pulled away, taking his brother with it. Erik had promised to let him know when he’d gotten home safe, but he knew the feeling wouldn’t rest until then. In the meantime, he would try to concentrate on his appointment.

—

By the time Wille finished breakfast the next morning rumours about August’s black eye spread like wildfire around the school, feeding off August’s refusal to answer any questions. The few boys who had been in the gym seemed to have decided it was best not to tell everyone it was their crown prince who’d thrown the punch, but that didn’t stop people from theorizing. Multiple people had seen Erik, Wille, and Simon heading towards the gym, and the majority of theories surrounded the three of them.

Still, no one asked him about it directly until he was walking outside and spotted Felice waving him over to her spot on the ground with Maddie.

“Hey,” he greeted as he sat down.

“Did you…” Felice hesitated. “Did you punch August?”

Even though the situation was a mess, Wille couldn't help but smirk at the thought, "No. I probably would've though."

"But you know something?" Maddie prompted, leaning forward.

Wille sighed, looking between her and Felice. He knew that Felice trusted Maddie, and though he hadn't spent nearly as much time with her, he found he did too.

"Obviously don't spread this," he began, speaking quietly. "But it was Erik."

Their eyes widened in response, and Maddie let out a low whistle, "Damn, wish I could've seen that."

"Same," Felice nodded. "He's such an asshole, he definitely had it coming."

"Sorry Wille, but I think seeing your brother punch August would have been the hottest thing I've ever seen," Maddie smiled, closing her eyes as if she was imagining it.

"Gross," Wille made a face. "Please don't call my brother hot or talk about him like that in any capacity."

Maddie grinned wickedly, "it would've been *soooo* sexy though."

“Shut up!” Wille cried out as Maddie burst into laughter; even Felice looked like she was trying not to laugh.

Maddie opened up a bag of chips, holding them out in offering before popping one into her mouth. “So why did Erik punch him? I mean like, obviously he has the most punchable face I’ve ever seen. Plus he outed you which I’d love to hit him myself for - but Erik doesn’t seem the type to lose his cool.”

“He’s not,” Wille admitted, trying to figure out the best way to explain. “There was some other stuff too.”

“Damn,” Maddie pondered. “He must have really fucked up.”

“Right before it happened Simon told Erik about other things August had done,” Wille explained. Wille sighed, looking down at the ground. “He said a lot of shit when he found out after the accident. Saying that he refused to bow to a… you know, the f-slur, that I was disgracing my family’s legacy.”

Felice’s eyes widened and she reached for Wille’s arm as Maddie clenched her jaw.

“God, I’m so glad Erik punched him,” she muttered darkly. “Did he cry? Please tell me he cried.”

“He didn’t cry,” Wille answered, and Maddie looked somewhat disappointed. “Instead, he seemed to think the right choice was blackmailing two members of the royal family with going to the press.”

Felice's jaw dropped. "He didn't."

Wille nodded, wincing at the memory. "Erik threatened to publicly disown him if it did and that's pretty much all he has left, but it was ugly."

"Scale of 1-10, how likely do you think I'd be able to get away with punching him too?" Maddie asked. "I could totally take him."

She bunched her hands into fits, raising her arm to flex it. Wille couldn't help but laugh, and he felt glad that he'd told her. Felice waved over his shoulder, and he turned to see Simon and Sara walking towards them.

" Morning," Felice called out as they got closer, Sara moving to sit beside Felice. Wille moved aside, motioning for Simon to sit beside him. Simon sat down, knee leaning to the side just touching Wille's leg.

"Maddie was just saying she can take August in a fight," Wille explained, grinning at Simon's smirk.

"I totally could," Maddie said firmly. "He might do rowing but I just know in my heart he's a weak bitch."

Simon laughed, and Wille could begin to see just how well the two of them would get along.

"If we're all punching August," Felice chimed in. "I think I've earned a hit."

“Oh you absolutely have,” Maddie nodded. “He treated you like shit.”

“I was so relieved when you two broke up,” Wille admitted. “You deserve so much better.”

“I think even the idea of him being punched is going to fuel my dreams all week,” Maddie closed her eyes, the edges of her mouth upturned in a smile.

“Does he have a black eye today?” Simon asked, turning to Wille. He nodded in response, reaching for Simon’s hand, almost desperately seeking the comfort.

“One thing I will say,” Maddie smirked, continuing on as normal. “I know it sucked for you Felice, but it brings me so much joy to know he’s terrible in bed.”

Felice’s eyes widened and her cheeks flushed, and even Sara looked a little flustered at Maddie so casually bringing it up. Simon, however, broke into a shit eating grin, looking far too happy at the information.

“Maddie,” Simon cackled. “I am *so* glad that I have this information.”

Felice groaned, leaning forward to put her head in her hands.

“It was terrible,” she admitted. “I think it was the worst five minutes of my life.”

“Five minutes?” Simon’s eyes widened, looking far too pleased at this information.

“If that,” Felice grimaced, and even Sara giggled at that.

“Thank god it’s not genetic,” Simon mumbled under his breath to Wille, eyes widening as Maddie’s head snapped up and he realized he wasn’t as quiet as he thought.

“Get it,” she grinned, reaching out to high five Simon.

Felice had a slight smirk on her face, and Wille was sure his face was bright red as Sara’s expression turned to one of horror.

“I don’t want to know this!” she exclaimed, moving her hands to cover her ears.

Maddie cackled at her response, not looking the slightest bit sympathetic. They were interrupted by the bell, signalling it was time to head to class. Wille kept Simon’s hand in his as they helped each other up, trying to ignore the loss he felt at dropping it when they started to head towards the building doors. He knew Simon felt it too, could tell from the tightness in the corner or his lip, and Wille suddenly felt exhausted - so tired of hiding.

Even though Erik was sure August wouldn’t say anything, that he wouldn’t risk his connection to the royal family, he still felt on edge about the whole thing. August felt like a ticking time bomb, where one small upset could set him off, too upset to care about making the final cut that would sever him from them forever. A small voice in the back of Wille’s mind also thought about the *what if* . What if August

wasn't scared of that anymore, if he felt that the Queen had his back? It wasn't as if she was in support of Wille and Simon. Even though she'd started to accept it, he knew it was because she was backed into a corner, and she probably wouldn't want the scandal of disowning August becoming known. The thought filled Wille with anxiety. The more he thought about it the more he was sure that she would protect him - it was only a matter of finding out if August knew that.

He looked over at Simon again, arm thrown over Sara's shoulder as they walked, and felt his chest lighten a little when their eyes met. He mouthed *love you* before turning back to Sara, a small action that wouldn't have even been noticeable if not for the way Wille had studied Simon's lips, watching them over and over again as they'd formed the words. He knew Simon was ready to be public at school, that he was just waiting for Wille. He was never ashamed to be with Simon, just scared of what coming out might mean, but he felt that maybe with Simon by his side he could do it. The want to be able to sit close to Simon, to lace their fingers together in the hallway, to just *be* themselves was growing stronger and stronger. He resolved to talk to Simon after class, maybe he was finally ready, maybe now they could.

—

"Can we talk for a second?" Wille asked Simon as soon as their class was done, Simon nodded at him with a shy smile, following Wille into an empty classroom.

"What's up?" Simon asked, reaching out for Wille as soon as the door was shut behind them.

Wille took both his hands, stepping closer to him before speaking, "I've been thinking…"

“Impressive,” Simon teased, and Wille wanted to kiss the smirk off his lips. He didn’t want to get distracted though, not until he said what he needed to say, so he settled for rolling his eyes.

“I’ve been thinking,” he repeated, meeting Simon’s eyes as if daring him to interrupt. Simon was silent, seeming to have sense that whatever Wille was going to say was big. “What if we stopped hiding at school.”

Simon’s mouth dropped open just a bit, and Wille knew it had been the last thing Simon had expected him to say.

“What exactly does that mean?” Simon asked after a moment.

Wille squeezed his hand. “It means that I want to walk you to class, and hold your hand over the table at workies. I want to be like we are when we’re with our friends, or Erik.”

“Wille,” Simon said softly, reverently, as he cupped Wille’s cheek. “Are you sure? I don’t want you to rush anything for me.”

Wille covered Simon’s hand with his own, turning his head to kiss Simon’s wrist, “I’m sure. I’m not saying I want to make out in front of everyone or anything, but I’m sure about you. I love you, Simon, and that’s not going to change. People are going to find out sooner or later, and I don’t want to hide how I feel anymore.”

Simon was silent, eyes welling up, and for a moment Wille was worried he’d said something wrong. Then Simon was throwing his arms over Wille’s shoulders and pulling him into a kiss, fingers tangling in his hair as they drew each other closer. Wille gave everything he could into the kiss, trying to convey everything he was feeling. When they pulled away he was breathless, Simon holding him

tightly, lips still close enough he could feel his breath.

“I love you so much,” Simon whispered, rubbing their noses together.

They held each other in silence, not needing words in the moment, only pulling back when the warning bell signified their next class.

“I’ll follow your lead,” Simon assured him, reaching up to fix where his fingers had been running through Wille’s hair. “Whenever you’re ready.”

Wille nodded, leaning down to meet Simon’s lips in a tender kiss before straightening up, heading out to their next class. Later that day, the perfect opportunity presented itself: Manor House was having another horror movie night. People would be less likely to comment if they were watching a movie at the same time, and lots of couples were affectionate with each other then - they would blend in just a little bit more.

That night after choir Simon met Wille in his room, and Wille shared his plan. When he finished, Simon pinned him to the bed, kissing him until their lips were swollen, before trailing down his chest and taking Wille into his mouth. It was over almost embarrassingly quickly, although when Wille returned the favour, Simon didn’t last much longer. Now that they had a set time, a confirmation that they’d be open with their relationship, things felt more intense. It was another reminder of the way that they felt about each other, of their certainty in their relationship.

When they were done, they curled up together and pulled up Schitt’s Creek on Wille’s laptop, nearing the end of the second last season. Wille relaxed into Simon’s touch, his boyfriend running his fingers through his hair as he rested his head back against Simon’s chest. They were almost done the episode when Wille realized what was

about to happen- that one of the characters was about to propose. He felt himself tear up as it happened, the scene reminding him that it was possible. He knew that realistically, when he got to that point in the future it wouldn't be quite so easy. Still, in that moment he felt seen in the characters, feeling warm at seeing a happy queer love story. Simon held him just a little bit tighter, and Wille wondered if he was feeling the same way. He realized they'd never talked about the topic before, it wasn't exactly heavy on their minds considering their age, but he suddenly felt curious.

"Do you think you'd ever wanna get married?" Wille asked, turning to burrow his face against Simon's chest.

"What, are you proposing?" Simon teased, and Wille could practically hear his grin.

"You know what I mean," Wille groaned in exasperation. "Obviously not right now, just, is it something that you think you'd ever want?"

"I don't know," Simon shrugged. "I don't think it would be necessary, or that I'd want a big fancy wedding, I wouldn't need that as some sort of reassurance or anything. I guess I do like the idea of celebrating love with friends and family though."

Wille thought about Linda and Sara, the excitement they shared in general at Wille and Simon's relationship and the constant support they'd provided - he could see the appeal.

"What about you?" Simon asked in return, kissing the top of Wille's head.

"I never really thought that I had a choice," Wille admitted, trying to remember if he ever thought of a wedding to someone he loved as a

possibility. “It’s always just been another expectation, I’d meet a girl who mamma approved of and officially court her, then eventually get married. I never thought- well I never could have predicted you. I never could have imagined something I wanted to fight for so badly that I would go against all her wishes. Now I could never let that happen, but I’ve never thought about if it was something I’d actually want.”

“Baby,” Simon breathed out, lifting Wille’s hand to his lips to kiss it. “I’m so proud of you, and it’s okay not to know. We’re still young, there’s so much time to think about it.”

“All I know is that whatever the future holds I want you in it,” Wille said quietly, sure his face was bright red at the admission.

Simon sniffled above him, and Wille looked up to see his eyes welling up.

“You’ve gotta stop making me cry today,” Simon said through a choked laugh. “God, I’m so in love with you.”

Wille felt his own eyes dampen, feeling luckier than he ever could have imagined. He leaned up to meet Simon’s lips, murmuring “I love you” against them before kissing him gently. Simon had planned to go home, but Wille could tell that Simon didn’t want to leave anymore than Wille. He sent Linda a text, staying wrapped around Wille as he did so, wiggling down onto the bed so they could lay together. Wille pressed his body against him, relishing in the closeness and comfortable silence until he found himself falling asleep.

“We still need to brush our teeth,” Wille reminded him as he yawned, moving to get up.

“Mmmhmm,” Simon hummed, tightening his grip around Wille’s waist in response and preventing him from moving. “Ten more minutes.”

Wille couldn’t bring himself to argue, melting back into Simon’s chest.

—

The rest of the week passed by painfully slowly, as if taunting them with how close the movie night was while they were never able to reach it. The day of, he found himself constantly checking his watch, as if time might somehow pass more quickly if he looked there rather than the classroom clock.

Then, *finally* , it was the night of. Wille was practically vibrating from a mix of anxiety and anticipation at what was going to happen. It was terrifying to let everyone know, but he couldn’t wait to finally be able to just *be* with Simon in public, to show off that Simon was his boyfriend - that by some miracle Simon chose *him* . He had let Erik know, and talked things through with Corrina; he felt ready.

They got there as the projector was being turned on, securing a spot on the floor. This time, they’d brought a blanket, and although he doubted anyone would notice, Simon was wearing his sweater. He remembered the last horror movie night and how it had felt like his skin was on fire from being so close to Simon. Really, thinking back, that night was when everything first started, when he let himself give into the temptation to kiss Simon - to let himself want. It felt fitting that this movie night would mark another milestone for their relationship, another moment he’s sure he’ll remember forever. Despite the reminders, this night felt so different. His relationship with Simon had grown into more than he could have ever hoped for, and this time when their skin touched he didn’t feel burned - instead it warmed him, wrapping around him like a blanket.

He waited until the movie had started, the lights a bit dimmer and the focus shifted. Then, in a motion that felt so monumental despite its inconspicuousness, he slipped his arm around Simon's waist. Simon leaned into the touch as if on impulse, and Wille squeezed his side in reassurance. He tried to focus straight ahead, not wanting to see if anyone was watching them. Instead, he let himself do what felt natural, leaning back a bit for Simon to lay against his chest. As Wille's arm tightened around Simon, he finally gave in and let himself glance to the side. He first noticed Walter and Henry, who gave him an encouraging smile and a thumbs up. Maddie's eyes drifted over before looking back at the movie - if she was surprised by their affection in public she didn't show it. Turning his head a little more he could see Vincent, who looked over at that exact moment and met Wille's eyes. Wille instantly regretted looking when he saw Vincent's eyes flick to Simon's waist, eyes widening at the sight. He bit his bottom lip, focusing back on the film and on the feeling of Simon's hand that had moved to cover his own, thumb moving in reassuring circles.

The further into the movie they go the more comfortable Wille felt. Things always felt so natural with Simon; even through his initial anxiety, it was easy to follow his lead. As the film wrapped up, he kept holding on, not moving away from Simon even when the lights turned on. He needed to show that this wasn't something he was trying to hide, that he could never be ashamed of Simon. He felt the eyes on them as they finally moved, rolling up the blanket together. Despite the question he saw in their eyes as he looked around, no one wanted to say anything directly to him - not to the prince. He looked down to see Simon's hand, subtly turned in offering. Everyone had already seen them, and nothing bad had happened yet. The hardest part was over, and the realization gave Wille courage. He reached down to take Simon's hand, feeling the reassuring squeeze Simon gave him. They walked out of the room, heading back towards the front where Linda was picking Simon and Sara up. He heard whispers as they passed, but he found he didn't care. He knew he probably would the next day, or even later that night, but in that moment with Simon he felt invincible. Once they were outside in the fresh air, he turned to look at Simon again, breeze blowing around his curls.

"You did so well, cariño," Simon smiled at him, love clear in his eyes. He leaned up, and for a moment Wille thought Simon was going to

kiss him in public - he found he didn't mind too much. Instead, Simon gave Wille a chaste peck on the cheek. "Thank you for tonight, you were so brave."

"Thank *you* ," Wille answered easily, as if on instinct, because if he was brave it was only because Simon made him. Simon gave him the motivation and courage he couldn't find for himself. He thought back to a moment ago, when he'd thought Simon was going to kiss him. He thought about how he'd *wanted* Simon to kiss him, and he made up his mind.

"Can I kiss you?" Wille asked softly, knowing this was uncharted territory for the both of them.

"Always," Simon promised, wrapping his arm around Wille's neck and pulling him close.

It felt like the world slowed down, the two of them on a different frequency than everyone else. He felt the courage Simon had nurtured, continuing to grow inside of him. He was sure his love must be evident to anyone who looked. It blossomed in him like a rose, petals slowly unfurling as their lips connected. Not without its thorns, the prickles of stares and murmurs, but beautiful and *so so worth it* .

Chapter End Notes

I have had the scene with Erik and August planned out since before I new where I was going with this fic and I'm very excited to now share it with all of you!

Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

> It's finally here!! I can't believe I've finished a second fic, it's a little surreal. When I first started this fic I had no plan for it (hence why there are so many chapters oops) but the amount of comments and messages I've gotten about it have been so encouraging and made all the time and writing worth it! Thank you so much to everyone for reading
>
> Also, very special thank you to Kya for joining on as a beta.
>
> Plus, a special shout out to Emma for being my personal cheerleader for this fic since chapter one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the night seemed as if nothing had changed, but the next morning when Wille went to breakfast there was whispering that stopped as he walked in. He tried to pretend that he hadn't noticed it, walking to get food before finding a seat beside Walter and Henry.

He cleared his throat as he sat down. "Uh- good morning."

"Hey," Walter greeted, hesitating before continuing. "Most of the guys here seem to know, just so you know. I mean, someone saw you and Simon kiss last night."

Wille nodded, figuring that was the case. He pondered how best to address it when Vincent spoke up from the other end of the table.

"So, Wilhelm," Vincent started, loud enough that his voice carried down and all the boys turned to look at him. "Rumour has it you were kissing the non-res boy."

“Simon,” Wille corrected, annoyance already under his skin at Vincent’s continued use of the nickname.

“So is it true?” Vincent continued, barely acknowledging Wille had said anything. Some of the other boys shifted in their seats, looking uncomfortable with the bluntness.

Wille squared his shoulder, a challenge in his tone as he replied, “And if it is?”

Vincent’s eyes widened, clearly not expecting Wille to admit to it. “So what, are you gay then?”

“Oh piss off Vincent,” Walter interrupted, scowling in his direction. “It’s none of your business.”

Vincent narrowed his eyes at Walter. “I wasn’t talking to you.”

“He’s right though,” Wille spoke up again. “It’s really none of your business.”

He took a breath before looking around the table. “To clear up the rumours, Simon and I are together - we have been for a long time now. Our families know, it’s not some big secret, but we don’t owe anyone details about our relationship so if you're done, *Vincent* , I’d like to actually eat my breakfast.”

The table was silent as he sat back down, Vincent looking away before going back to his meal. Wille took a deep breath when the attention was turned off him.

“That was badass,” Walter grinned, smirking as Vincent glanced over at them.

Wille reached to fidget with his ring, feeling a little overwhelmed now that the moment was over, “I’m glad you think so- I think I might throw up.”

Henry grimaced. “Please do it away from the table.”

Walter hit his arm. “ *Henry* .”

“What?” Henry asked, tone defensive as he looked between the two of them. “I have a weak stomach!”

Wille laughed, “I think I’ll be okay.”

“How does it feel to have told people?” Walter asked. “Only if you want to talk about it, I know you just said it wasn’t really anyone’s business.”

“You can ask me,” Wille assured. “I don’t mind if my friends do, just not someone like Vincent. And to answer, it doesn’t feel real. Part of me is relieved but part of me is just waiting for someone to say something bad.”

“We’ll beat them up if they do,” Henry said firmly, flexing his arm.

“What, with your noodle arms?” Walter teased, reaching out to pinch his bicep.

“Fuck off,” Henry grumbled, dropping his arm.

“No beating up necessary,” Wille assured them, feeling grateful that he had them. It felt like he now had actual friends in Forest Ridge rather than the farce that was August and sucking up from the other boys.

“Well let me know,” Henry nodded, as if he would seriously throw down with Vincent if Wille asked him to.

“So what are you up to today?” Walter asked, changing the subject. “Did you want to study with us?”

“Oh, I uh- I can’t,” Wille blushed. “I’m going to study at Simon’s.”

“ *Studying* ,” Walter smirked. “So that’s what the kids are calling it these days.”

Wille rolled his eyes. “ *Actually* studying. We both have to finish our math assignment.”

“Sure,” Henry replied with an exaggerated wink. “Well if you’re done *studying* early we’re gonna be playing switch later tonight if you wanna join.”

“You can bring Simon,” Walter piped up, looking at Henry until he

nodded too.

“Thanks,” Wille nodded, considering if it was something Simon would want to do. “I’ll let you know.”

—

“Wille,” Simon groaned, leaning back into his touch as Wille’s arms wrapped around his waist from behind his chair. “We’re meant to be studying.”

“I *am* studying,” Wille answered with a grin. “I’m looking at the textbook over your shoulder.”

Even without seeing Simon’s face, Wille could tell he was rolling his eyes. “We both know you’re not doing that.”

“How do you know?” Wille challenged. “You can’t see my face.”

“Because you’re pressing your face into my neck dumbass,” Simon retorted, affection clear in his voice. He sighed before putting down his book, standing up and turning in Wille’s arms to face him. “We get a 15 minute break, then we have to go back to work.”

“Okay,” Wille accepted happily, giddy that he now had Simon’s undivided attention. Simon leaned up to kiss him before guiding him over to the bed, ungracefully pulling him down onto it.

“Hi,” Wille smiled when they moved closer, foreheads pressed

together.

“Hi,” Simon grinned in return, kissing Wille’s nose. “You’re ridiculous.”

“I didn’t do anything!” Wille protested.

Simon snorted, “Wille, we’ve barely been working for an hour.”

“I missed you,” Wille whined, tightening his grip around Simon’s waist.

Simon sighed, “I missed you too, baby. Even though we just saw each other last night.”

“There were other people,” Wille argued. “It was different.”

“It was,” Simon agreed, leaning forward to brush their lips together again, this time leaning further into the touch.

Wille eagerly returned the kiss, thumbs tracing along the skin of Simon’s lower back as his lips parted. Just as he found himself leaning more into it, ready to pull Simon closer, Simon pulled back. Wille couldn’t help the pout on his face at the motion.

“We were just taking a break,” Simon reminded him, and Wille begrudgingly let Simon go, knowing that Simon would be worried if he didn’t get the assignment done.

He flopped back onto the bed, staring at the pages in his own book as he tried to focus, mind going back to Henry and Walter's invitation.

"Hey," he brought Simon out of his book, Simon's eyes narrowing at the interruption. "I just remembered that Henry and Walter invited us both to play video games later."

"They invited me?" Simon raised his eyebrows in disbelief, and Wille couldn't blame him when he knew they'd barely paid Simon any attention before.

"Yeah," Wille nodded. "I think they're actually my friends, and as an extension of that they want to get to know you - as my boyfriend."

"So what," Simon started, a challenge in his eyes. "I'm worthy of them now that I'm dating a prince?"

"I don't think so," Wille answered after a pause, knowing he'd wondered himself if that had been a part of their sudden interest in Simon. "Like I think it is because of me, but not because I'm a prince. I think it's like when you want to meet your friend's partner like regular couples do. Like me meeting Rosh and Ayub."

"Rosh and Ayub didn't know we were together," Simon pointed out, but Wille could tell he was considering it.

"Yeah," Wille acknowledged. "But if they hadn't met me before they would want to if you'd told them we were together."

“Okay,” Simon nodded in agreement. “I’m sorry, I’ll give them a chance.”

Wille beamed in response at the idea of introducing Simon as his boyfriend. He knew that they’d already met him, of course, but it was different having brief interactions than really getting to know Simon. He was smart, and funny, and caring, and Wille was *so* excited at the idea that others would get to see that and know how perfect of a match he was for Wille.

“You don’t have to apologize,” Wille assured him, leaning over to kiss Simon’s cheek. “I know they haven’t exactly been the most welcoming to you in the past.”

Simon turned his head to the side, giving Wille a peck before turning back to his book. “Maybe not, but I can tell this is important to you. So, if they’re willing to start fresh I will too.”

“I love you,” Wille couldn’t help but spill out, overwhelmed by how much Simon cared for him, how willing he was to make an effort just because Wille wanted it. He was sure he had a ridiculously sappy expression on his face but he couldn’t bring himself to care.

“I love you too, doofus,” Simon replied affectionately, the corner of his mouth upturned. “Now let me focus and finish or it won’t happen at all.”

Wille diligently moved away, trying his best to focus on his own work while Simon finished. Another hour or so passed before Simon closed his book, raising his arms up and leaning back to stretch.

“Done?” Wille asked, letting his eyes follow the curve of Simon’s form.

Simon nodded, yawning and rolling his shoulders before moving over to Wille and snaking his arm around his waist. “How about you?”

“Not finished,” Wille admitted. He hadn’t gotten as much done as he’d have liked to, but he knew trying to get any more work done that night was a lost cause.

“Do you want more time to work on it?” Simon asked, squeezing Wille’s hip as he shook his head no.

“Nah,” he closed his own book before tilting his head to look at Simon. “I think I’m done for the day either way.”

“Okay,” Simon smiled at him, laying his head on Wille’s shoulder. “Well, if you do want us to meet with Henry and Walter tonight we can, I got done everything I needed to.”

“Are you sure?” Wille asked, looking at Simon’s face for any hesitation. While he would like for Simon to get along with them, he didn’t want him to be uncomfortable.

“Yeah,” Simon nodded. “What are we playing?”

“They said switch,” Wille answered, starting to pack up his bag. “They didn’t specify but I’m assuming something with Mario?”

“Okay,” Simon smirked. “I’m ready to go beat some white boys at Nintendo.”

Wille couldn't help but smile at Simon's grin, helping him pack his own stuff up before heading into the living room.

"Mama?" Simon called out, heading towards the kitchen, Wille trailing behind him. "I'm going back to Hillerska with Wille, we're gonna game with some of the guys there."

"Yeah?" Linda asked, and Wille could tell she was slightly surprised. He knew that she was aware Simon didn't get along well with most of them. Simon nodded, and she smiled.

"Have fun mi amor," she said. She paused before adding, "Do you want a ride?"

"We can just bus," Simon assured her, but she put down the towel she was drying dishes with and turned to face them.

"Nonsense," she insisted. "I can drive you both, I know it's faster than taking the bus and you don't have to worry about other people then."

"Gracias, mama," Simon thanked her, leaning into the touch when she wrapped an arm around him in a side hug.

Wille was grateful for her offer, even if he felt bad she was going out of her way for him. He was sure it was because she knew he was uncomfortable with the stares he sometimes got on the bus, something that was unavoidable when taking public transit. He'd definitely mentioned it to Simon more than once while at their house; he wouldn't be surprised if Linda had overheard him befoore.

They headed towards the door, warmth spreading through Wille's torso as she squeezed his shoulder while walking by, the simple touch reassuring him that he wasn't a bother by being there. He knew Linda cared about him, but the subtle reminders meant more than he could ever say.

Once in the car he pulled out his phone to text Walter, letting him know that they were on their way back. He figured if they weren't ready he and Simon could just hang out in his dorm in the meantime. Being alone in his room with Simon wasn't exactly a hardship, but Walter responded quickly saying they could head over whenever. Simon and Linda chatted aimlessly about her work and their neighbours, easily drawing Wille into the conversation, and it felt like no time had passed when they'd reached Hillerska.

"Thank you so much for the ride, Linda," Wille made sure to say as he climbed out of the back seat.

"Of course, cariño," she assured him, a warm smile on her face. "I'm sure I'll see you soon, but have a good rest of your weekend."

"You too!" Wille responded earnestly.

"Thanks mama," Simon added as he took Wille's hand.

"Text me when you're done," she reminded him as she shifted the gear to reverse.

They turned towards the school, hands staying joined together as Wille led them towards Forest Ridge. When they got to the doorway he gripped it tighter, preparing himself for the inevitable looks. He took a deep breath, they could look all they wanted. He'd told them the truth and he wasn't letting go of Simon. He could feel some eyes

on them as they walked past the common room, but didn't hear the whispers he'd expected he might - instead met with silence. They continued to walk to Henry and Walter's dorm. Wille knocked on the door, and a voice called out to come in. The two of them stepped inside.

"Hey Wille," Walter greeted, eyes focused on the screen where he and Henry were in the middle of a Mario Kart race. "Hi Simon!"

"Hey," Simon greeted, shifting his weight between his legs as he stood there for a moment, seeming unsure of how to act.

"You can just sit down anywhere," Henry told them, only looking over for a moment before grumbling as Walter ran his cart off the road.

"Oh, fuck off Walter," Henry cried out as Walter cheered. Wille led Simon to sit on the edge of the bed with them.

"This is the last race of the round then we can start a new game," Walter let them know. "It doesn't have to be this one, we've got a ton of others as well. They're in the case if you want to look."

"I'm bad at all of them," Wille admitted, knowing that this night would not be one full of wins for him.

"You can't be that bad," Walter protested, and Simon snorted.

"It took about an hour just for Wille to learn the controls," he teased, bumping Wille's shoulder with his own.

Walter crossed the finish line, turning to look at Wille with his mouth hanging slightly open. “No way.”

“It’s true,” Wille sighed, prepared for the inevitable jokes at his expense. “I never really played video games much before. Mamma thought they were a waste of time.”

“How did Erik get so good at them then?” Simon asked as he reached for the case full of games.

“His roommate at Hillerska was really into them,” Wille explained, looking at the collection of games full of names he didn’t recognize.

Simon pulled out a couple of games, and Wille grinned when he saw Mario Party.

“No,” Simon said instantly as Wille picked it up. “Absolutely not.”

Wille’s smile widened as Simon’s refusal. “But Simon, wasn’t it just a fluke I won last time? You’re not really worried I’d beat you again are you?”

Simon’s eyes flickered to their side where Henry and Walter had finished their game, looking between the two of them.

Simon groaned, “Fine.”

“Mario Party is the one game I’ve won,” Wille explained, excited to try playing it again.

“Because you got lucky,” Simon added, narrowing his eyes. Wille didn’t often see Simon’s competitive side about video games directed towards him, normally focused on helping him, so it was fun to rile him up a little.

“ *You* say it was luck,” Wille answered, taking the remote held up to him.

Simon rolled his eyes, but Wille could tell he was trying not to laugh.

“You lost every mini-game,” Simon reminded him.

“All a part of my strategy,” Wille nodded, squaring his shoulders and turning to the tv as if he knew what he was doing.

The game quickly turned competitive, specifically between Walter and Simon who spent most of it neck and neck. They’d developed an easy banter between the two of them, and Wille was relieved that they were getting along and the night was going so well. In the end, Walter pulled forward at the last minute after Wille managed to almost win a mini-game, knocking Simon’s toad off the platform before getting defeated by Walter.

“Wille,” Simon whined as the rankings appeared on screen. “I would have won if you hadn’t pushed me off.”

“Sorry,” Wille smirked, doing his best to have an innocent expression. “I just have no idea what I’m doing, I must have gotten the buttons confused.”

Simon narrowed his eyes. “You’re the worst.”

“Yeah but you love me,” Wille teased, forgetting for a moment that there were others in the room, feeling comfortable enough in the moment to just be fully himself.

“I want a rematch,” Simon grumbled. Despite not answering Wille, he scooted closer, resting his head on his shoulder.

“I can’t sit through another round of Mario Party,” Henry groaned, falling back against the bed frame. “It felt like third wheeling you and Walter.”

Walter laughed out loud at the comment. “Better watch out Wille, I’m after your man.”

“If you really wanted to woo me you’d have let me win,” Simon said matter of factly, lifting up his chin.

“Is that what you did Wille?” Walter turns toward him with a smirk.

“I’ve been caught,” Wille raised his hand in mock surrender. “I’m actually great at video games but concocted an elaborate lie for the sake of my relationship.”

Simon snorted, “Wille you’re not *that* good of an actor.”

“You'll just have to play with us more to practice,” Walter concluded, before scrolling through his other games to choose a new one.

They stayed for another hour or so, playing games and talking, before they headed back to Wille's room. Simon texted Linda before wrapping an arm around Wille's waist and flopping onto the bed, bringing Wille with him.

"Was tonight okay?" Wille asked, brushing a curl behind Simon's ear as they faced each other, Simon curling into Wille's side.

"Yeah," Simon nodded, pressing his face against Wille's neck. "I actually had a lot of fun."

"I'm glad," Wille smiled, kissing Simon's forehead as relief coursed through him.

"I'm glad you have them," Simon said quietly, pressing a kiss to Wille's collarbone. "That you have people in Forest Ridge."

"Me too," Wille admitted, pulling Simon closer and enjoying his warmth and their legs tangled together.

They stayed wrapped up in each other until Linda texted, saying she was outside. They said goodbye with a drawn out kiss and murmurs of *I love you* before Simon left, heading home while Wille headed to bed, waiting for Simon's text saying he was home before going to sleep.

—

Sunday was a lazy day, and Wille surprised himself by managing to sleep in. He spoke with Erik for a while, catching him up on the

week's events and starting to come out with Simon, and he almost teared up at Erik's look of pride. He hadn't finished his assignment the day before, so he spent most of the afternoon working on it, not stopping until it was done. He felt antsy that evening, thinking of their plans to act more couple-y at school the next day, and hated just lying around and waiting. Simon was spending time with Rosh and Ayub, and Wille didn't want to interrupt. He knew Simon hadn't seen his friends as much recently because of everything with him, and he wanted to make sure Simon had uninterrupted time to do that.

He found himself going to the kitchen to get a glass of water just for something to do. He was walking down the hall when he passed Walter who grinned at him.

"Hey Wille," Henry greeted, a teasing tone in his voice as he continued. "Going to meet Simon again?"

Wille shook his head. "He's got other plans tonight."

"So does Walter," Henry sighed dramatically. "It's so rude when they do stuff without us."

Wille wondered if Henry realized how that sounded, like he was with Walter the way Wille was with Simon. He vaguely wondered if there was more going on between the two of them then he initially thought, but he didn't want to presume. If there was and they wanted to talk about it, they'd tell him when they were ready. Instead he just nodded, a small smile on his face.

"Want to come to my room?" Henry offered, nodding towards his door. "We can play games without Simon and Walter making it too competitive and maybe practice to actually beat them."

Wille grinned. “Sure.”

He followed Henry to the room, chest feeling lighter as he realized he could do this in the future. He wasn’t all alone in Forest Ridge, and if he wanted he could make plans with them to just spend time, without a specific reason. He flopped onto the bed against the wall beside Henry, taking the remote offered as they clicked on a beginner race, playing for a few hours until it was dark out. Walter returned, joining them for a couple courses until Henry was cursing him for his aggressive driving. After they started bickering over Walter passing Henry last minute, Wille excused himself to head back to his room. He smiled slightly as he stepped back into his room; in a way, Henry and Walter reminded him of his relationship with Simon. He supposed it made sense, even if they weren’t together. After all, Simon was his best friend. He got ready for bed, grinning when his phone lit up.

SIMON

hi baby

ayub just left

how was your night? ❤

WILLE

Well I ended up hanging out with Henry

SIMON

if you give me a minute i can call

i'd love to hear about it

WILLE

sounds great ❤

—

There weren't many opportunities for them in the morning to act any differently. They couldn't change their seats to sit together this late in the semester, and although they sat closer at lunch and he knew some of the other boys were watching them, they needed their hands to eat. They still hooked their ankles under the table, although that was something they'd always done. Their first real moment of starting to be more public happened in workies. Simon got there first, sitting at a table with Maddie and Sara. Wille had just finished his class with Felice, and they walked in together, her giving him an encouraging smile as they approached the table.

He reached his chair, moving it closer to Simon before sitting down, leaning a little into his boyfriend's side. It felt natural to be so close to him. They'd already begun to act this way around their friends, and while this was more than they ever normally did around others it felt right. The two of them slotting together like puzzle pieces, a perfect match.

"Apparently the third years are throwing another party this weekend," Maddie stated, pulled Wille out of his thoughts.

Simon rolled his eyes. "They've got to be paying off the teachers or something. This happens way too often for someone to not notice."

Maddie shrugged, a smirk on her face. "I don't care about the logistics- I just wanna dance."

Felice grinned, shaking her head at Maddie as she opened her textbook.

“It will be fun,” Maddie insisted, reaching over and taking Felice and Sara’s hands. “We should all get ready together!”

Sara nodded with a smile, and Wille could tell she was excited at the idea.

“Wanna join boys?” Maddie asked, turning her head towards them.

Simon shook his head. “I’m not dressing up for them. I’d just go to hang out with you guys.”

“Wille?” Maddie’s eyes met his as she tilted her head.

“I think I’ll stick with Simon,” Wille answered, squeezing Simon’s hand with a small smile.

Maddie sighed dramatically as she leaned back in her chair, although she didn’t look surprised at his answer. He doubted any of his friends would be surprised anymore at the way he would follow Simon anywhere.

As it turned out, “getting ready” for the party with Simon consisted mostly of making out on Wille’s bed - not that he was complaining. After their last class Simon had followed Wille back to his room. They’d kept up the pretense of looking through Wille’s closet for something to wear for a measly five minutes before Simon had wrapped his arms around Wille’s waist from behind, pressing a kiss to the back of his neck. It was all the motivation Wille needed to abandon his wardrobe entirely, instead turning around to meet Simon’s lips. They pulled each other closer until they ended up over the covers, a silent agreement not to go further with the party so soon.

In the end, they rushed to throw on clothes, Simon grabbing a random shirt that he'd left at Wille's, his clothes slowly filling half of the closet the more he slept over. After a quick tidy of the mess they'd made of each other's hair they climbed out the window, helping each other through as they made their way to the palace. Wille kept Simon's hand in his as they walked over, Simon's thumb rubbing against his fingers keeping him grounded. Every time he took Simon's hand in public it got easier, his touch melting away Wille's anxieties as they climbed into the building and made their way into the crowd. They spotted Felice and Sara easily, standing close enough to the entrance that it only took a moment to reach them.

"There you two are!" Felice exclaimed as they walked up. "I was wondering if we'd lost you in the crowd."

"Just fashionably late," Simon grinned.

"I don't know if I'd say fashionable," Maddie teased, coming up behind them and carrying drinks. "Is that a Looney Tunes shirt?"

"Don't disrespect the Tunes," Simon defended. "I'm repping my new favourite couple."

Maddie raised an eyebrow, a look of confusion on her face, "what?"

"Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck," Simon answered, as if it was obvious.

"Bullshit," Maddie rolled her eyes. "You're making that up."

“It’s true!” Simon exclaimed. “Look it up if you don’t believe me.”

Maddie passed Felice and Sara a drink, holding hers out to Wille. “Hold this.”

She dug out her phone and pulled up her search engine, mouth dropping open at the result. “Damn, I did not expect that.”

Simon smirked. “Told you.”

She rolled her eyes and sighed. “Fine, but you only get a pass because it’s gay. That shirt is still embarrassing.”

“I think you look cute,” Wille assured Simon, turning to face him after he passed Maddie her drink back.

“Ugh,” Maddie groaned. “I did not dodge Nils all the way over here to be third wheeled. Go be cute and gay somewhere else.”

“Okay,” Wille grinned, not giving her a chance to retort before pulling Simon towards what had been deemed the makeshift dance floor. He knew there were eyes on them as they made their way through the crowd and he turned to face Simon, arms wrapping around his waist, but he did his best to ignore them. Simon’s arms fell around Wille’s shoulders, and he beamed up at him, making the looks they were surely getting worth it. Anything was worth having Simon like this.

With the crowd of people around them it was easier to feel like they faded into the background. Wille knew that wasn’t the case, that there would always be some eyes on him, but it provided enough anonymity for him to zone them out, focusing on Simon. They bobbed to the

music, and Wille felt a little ridiculous - he'd never danced like this before, never danced *with* someone. Still, everyone was jumping around them to the beat; it was easy enough to allow themselves to join in, pulling each other closer as they did.

Simon grinned at him, smile wide with warmth in his eyes and Wille couldn't help but smile back, completely enamoured. Before he could second guess himself, he leaned forward, Simon anticipating his movement and rising up on his toes to meet him. He could hear the bass still thumping in the background, but it was as if it had slowed down, becoming distant as Simon leaned into the kiss.

Wille's heart raced both with anxiety and excitement. They'd kissed the previous weekend and had been holding hands all week, but this - kissing in front of everybody - there was no denying anymore what they were to each other. Wille felt free in a way he couldn't have imagined, cupping Simon's cheek as their lips parted, and they rested their foreheads against each other.

"We did that," Wille breathed out, feeling a little in shock and not quite ready to look around at what reactions there might be.

"We did," Simon answered, a small smile on his face. "How are you feeling?"

"Good," Wille answered after considering for a moment. "Really good."

Then, he pulled Simon back in, kissing him again as Simon's head tilted back. It felt freeing, to have everything out in the open. Being with Simon in front of everyone was intoxicating, even if part of him was still terrified. They pulled apart and continued to bob to the rhythm before moving to find some water, Wille firmly keeping Simon's hand in his grip.

As they walked Wille spotted August across the room, who looked up and immediately zeroed in on their joined hands. He looked up and met Wille's eyes, Wille quirking his eyebrow in a challenge, as if asking, *What are you going to do about it?*

He held eye contact until August broke it first, looking down and away, and Wille couldn't help but feel like he'd come out of whatever that interaction was on top.

"That's one way to make a statement," Maddie appeared beside them, smirking at them as they both jumped slightly, neither of them noticing her walking up. "I think the whole school has seen you two make out now."

Wille felt his cheeks warm, sure his face was red at her words as Simon faced Maddie with a smirk and a challenge in his eyes. "Jealous?"

"Of you?" she asked, tilting her head to the side and snorting. "No. Sorry Wille, but you're really not my type, he's all yours Simon."

Simon rolled his eyes but grinned, "He sure is."

"Gay," Maddie deadpanned, before downing the rest of her drink. She put the empty cup on her table, holding out a hand to each of them, "now come dance with me."

The obediently took her hands, letting her guide them back to where Sara and Felice were dancing, forming a circle. Wille felt a little awkward as he bobbed to the music, the others teasing him for his rhythm being off.

Meanwhile, Simon was in his element, he and Maddie taking turns spinning each other around as they moved to the music. Wille was captivated.

"You're drooling," Felice teased when she caught him staring, and he was sure his face was red as he tore his eyes away to see her smirk.

Wille wasn't sure how much longer they stayed, moving between dancing and chatting in a corner. He'd decided not to drink that night, he wanted to make sure he was sober for their first party out as a couple. He was extremely glad for that decision when a little while later Maddie gripped Felice's arm, proclaiming that she felt nauseous before they all helped her outside.

She sat on the ground, leaning back against the wall of the building with her eyes closed. They sat around her, chatting quietly while checking in until she leaned forward, eyes opening as she announced that she was heading back to her room. Sara and Felice insisted on helping her back, leaving Simon and Wille alone outside, the sounds of the party faintly making their way to them.

"Do you want to go back in?" Simon asked, wrapping an arm around Wille's waist.

Wille shrugged, he had been having fun dancing with Simon - but he was also drained from the adrenaline of doing so.

"I think I'm done for the night," Wille admitted, leaning into Simon's side. "Unless you want to go back?"

"Nah," Simon grinned, moving so suddenly that Wille almost fell from

how much he'd been resting his weight against him. "I'm down to go back to your room."

Simon stood on his tip toes, giving Wille a peck on the lips before abruptly turning and starting towards the dorms.

"Come on," Simon teased, cackling as Wille stumbled again trying to catch up and almost knocked them both over.

"You know we could just walk," Wille complained, starting to join Simon's light jog again to not get left behind. "It's not like we need to rush and hide anymore."

"No," Simon agreed, the moonlight brightening his face as he smiled. "But it's fun, and I think I've shared you enough for the day. For the week, really."

Wille couldn't help but agree with Simon there, they'd hardly had anytime to themselves all week, mostly focused on getting through it. Now though, they could go back to his room just the two of them, without worrying about what anyone else thought. The idea made him giddy and he picked up his pace a bit more as they neared the dorms, slowing down as they made their way to Wille's window and climbed through.

Wille went in first, hands on Simon's waist as he slid down from the windowsill, arms coming around Wille's shoulders for balance.

"Hi," Simon grinned, tipping his head forward so their noses touched.

"Hi," Wille answered, sure he was mirroring the same goofy grin as he

pulled Simon closer.

“I love you,” Simon murmured, pressing a gentle kiss against Wille’s lips.

“I love *you* ,” Wille replied easily, the words as natural to him now as breathing.

“I’m so lucky,” Simon whispered, before turning to close the window, drawing the curtains closed while Wille’s hands stayed on his waist. He turned back to face Wille, standing on his tiptoes to whisper in Wille’s ear. “Let’s get in your bed baby.”

Wille grinned, tightening his grip around Simon’s waist to lift him, spinning him around and stepping back until they tumbled down onto the bed together. Simon moved to straddle him, leaning down to kiss Wille, a soft kiss that quickly turned more heated. Wille ran his hands along the hem of Simon’s shirt, pulling it upwards while Simon grabbed at Wille’s own shirt. Simon leaned back enough that Wille could sit up, pulling off each other’s shirts before moving back together, Wille relishing in the feeling of Simon’s skin against his. He leaned back, head hitting his pillow as Simon followed him down, rolling his hips as he did and starting to kiss along Wille’s neck.

“What do you want tonight?” Simon asked him once he’d kissed what felt like every inch of Wille’s neck.

Wille paused to consider; every option appealing. Sex with Simon was always amazing, and he was pretty sure he’d enjoy it no matter what way they had it. Still, there was something that had begun to sit at the back of his mind, something he’d begun to grow increasingly curiouser about.

“Do you think-” he started, not quite sure how to verbalize his thoughts. He took a deep breath, looking up at Simon, who was waiting patiently - no judgment in his eyes. “I know we’ve always done stuff with you on the bottom. But. Would you ever want to try the other way around?”

Simon’s eyes widened at Wille’s words, and he knew Simon wasn’t expecting them. It wasn’t exactly something he’d talked about or ever suggested he might want.

“Do you want that?” Simon asked, eyes scanning Wille’s face for any hint of reservation.

Wille bit his lip, focusing on the freckle on Simon’s collarbone rather than looking up to meet his eyes. “I don’t know. I don’t know if I’d want to try all the way or anything. But like, when we first started, how we tried fingers and stuff.” He felt his face heat up, hating how he was feeling embarrassed talking about this. This was Simon, he reminded himself, Simon who loved him and would never see him any differently because he wanted to try something new. “You just seem really into it and I- it makes me wonder what it feels like.” He made himself look up through his eyelashes, meeting Simon’s eyes.

“If you want to try it, then let’s do it,” Simon said easily, taking it in stride. “Were you wanting to try that tonight?”

“Do *you* want to though?” Wille questioned, rather than answering Simon. “If it’s not something you want I don’t want you to do it just because I-”

“Wille,” Simon cut him off softly, cupping his face and pressing a light kiss to his nose. “I really appreciate that, but I also do want to try this.”

“Really?” Wille couldn’t help himself from asking.

Simon nodded as the corners of his lips turned up. “Yeah. You’re right, I do enjoy it, and I would love to be able to make you feel that way.”

Wille couldn’t help but smile at Simon’s answer, and suddenly he couldn’t remember why he was so nervous in the first place.

“I love you,” Simon assured him, kissing along his jawline. “Thank you for telling me what you want, and for trusting me with it.”

“Simon,” Wille whined as Simon nipped at his neck, hand moving down to Wille’s waistband.

“Did you want to try tonight, or is that something for another time?” Simon paused to clarify.

“Tonight,” Wille answered quietly, taking Simon’s hand and feeling any remaining tension fall away when Simon squeezed it, lifting it to his mouth and placing a kiss against it.

“Okay,” Simon nodded. “We’ll work our way there, if you change your mind at all let me know, okay?”

Wille nodded, starting to feel anticipation rather than nerves of what was to come. Simon smiled at his enthusiasm moving back down to meet him in a kiss that he eagerly returned, pulling Simon as close as possible. He wrapped his leg around Simon’s waist, pulling him closer as they moved together, fabric gliding between them until they both

reached full hardness. Then, Simon's hand was sliding down, undoing Wille's jeans with a skill that he'd developed after all their time together, never stopping the kisses he was trailing down his chest. Wille lifted his hips to let Simon pull them off, letting himself lay back and watch as Simon removed his own pants.

Simon's hands travelled across Wille's body, grabbing at his ass to pull him closer. He kissed his way down Wille's chest, and Wille could feel his heart race as Simon reached the waistband of his boxers, moving to mouth at him through the fabric. He breathed heavily as Simon moved, tongue pressing against him, the wet heat already becoming so much. He tangled his fingers in Simon's hair, gently pulling until Simon moaned at the sensation.

"Love you," Wille gasped as Simon pulled down his boxers. "Love you so much."

"Love you too baby," Simon answered before moving his head back down, wrapping his lips around Wille and slowly bobbing his head until Wille was squirming underneath him.

He pulled off with a pop, placing a wet kiss on Wille's thigh before moving to reach for the nightstand and pulling it open. Wille's breath hitched as Simon pulled out the familiar bottle of lube, looking to Wille for confirmation and waiting until he nodded to move back over him.

"I'm ready whenever you are," Simon said quietly, leaning down and kissing him.

Wille ran his fingers through Simon's hair, letting himself melt in the kiss for a moment before they pulled back.

“I’m ready,” Wille murmured against Simon’s lips. A mixture of anxiety and anticipation swirled in his chest as Simon grabbed the bottle, the familiar sound of the lid snapping open a concrete reminder of what was to come.

Simon poured a generous amount on his finger, looking up at Wille through his eyelashes, as his hand moved down. Wille bent his knees, and met Simon’s eyes as he lightly pressed with his finger. Wille breathed in deeply at the touch, body relaxing as Simon worked, slowly pushing in.

“Okay?” Simon asked, watching Wille’s face, and Wille nodded. Then, Simon crooked his finger and Wille had to bite his lip to keep from gasping out, the feeling so different than anything he’d experienced before. Simon smirked, clearly smug at having found the right spot so quickly, and Wille couldn’t help but roll his eyes - although he had to admit Simon deserved to be smug when he moved his finger again and he bit back another moan. Simon leaned down, pressing a kiss to Wille’s forehead before their lips met, light touches against each other as Simon moved. Simon sat up for a moment, pulling his finger out and adding more lube before leaning down to kiss him again. Wille cupped his face as Simon pushed back in, this time with a second finger, gently massaging and stretching as he felt himself being reduced to a puddle underneath him.

It was full of more love and tenderness than he could have thought possible, and when Simon brought him over the edge, his lips on Wille’s neck, he almost teared up at how safe and cared for he felt. Afterwards, Simon kissed him softly, getting up and getting a washcloth to clean them both up before tucking himself in beside Wille. His arms immediately moved to pull Simon closer, the two of them murmuring words of affection and praise as they curled into each other and slowly fell asleep.

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“I can’t believe we’re at the end,” Simon sighed wistfully, pulling the blankets over them as they curled up in his bed facing the tv.

“Me neither,” Wille agreed, leaning back against the pillows and into Simon’s side as they pulled up Netflix on his tv. “It’s like the end of an era.”

“We’ll find another show,” Simon assured him, although Wille knew that Schitt’s Creek was always going to have a special place in their hearts.

They held each other tightly as the opening scene began, not letting go throughout the episode. Their show was finishing with a wedding and Wille couldn’t help but tear up as on-screen David and Patrick said their vows. The show had become something so important to him, a sign that he could have a future with Simon, even if their circumstances were drastically different. Seeing the acceptance the characters received, both on-screen and with the show's response was like a lifeline to him. Even David’s early explanation of his sexuality fit him better than anything else he’d heard. *I like the wine not the label* , so simple yet a perfect description of how he felt.

He could see Simon wiping at his eyes beside him, also tearing up at the scene in front of him. Part of Wille wanted to tease him even though he had no ground to stand on. As the episode ended, bringing the final season of the show to an end, they sat for a moment in silence with the credits paused on the screen.

“I love you,” Simon spoke first, cupping Wille’s face and leaning in for a kiss. “I couldn’t have imagined ending up here when we watched the first episode all those months ago but I’m so glad we did.”

“Me too,” Wille nodded, feeling tear drops run down his cheek as he blinked. “I love you so much.”

Simon smiled into the kiss, pulling Wille closer until their bodies were intertwined and he couldn't tell where he ended and Simon began. He didn't want to.

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The rest of the school year went by quickly - there hadn't been much left by the time Wille had returned. The last few weeks were full of long hours studying and passing out together in Wille's bed. Simon had finished most of his classes with an A, an accomplishment he was extremely proud of. He'd beamed when he told Wille, even managing to get a B in math after struggling most of the year. Wille had gone back to Simon's house after they'd gotten them and Linda had pulled them both into a tight hug, insisting on making them a special dinner to celebrate. As much as Wille was glad for a break from school, he was going to miss being able to openly be with Simon around his peers. Despite initial stares and whispers, the other students at Hillerska had adjusted to their relationship fairly quickly, and they'd grown comfortable with small bits of physical affection like holding hands in the hall and quick kisses on the cheek. Classes being done also meant going back to Stockholm and not seeing Simon everyday, although they'd already arranged for Wille to spend two weeks back in Bjärstad and for Simon to join him and Erik for a vacation to one of the other palaces. It had been Erik's idea, and Wille was extremely grateful, even if he was pretty sure it was just so Erik wouldn't have to deal with him moping the whole time.

They'd been spending all their time together, something he was sure their friends were getting annoyed with. Still, he was glad that Rosh and Ayub included him when they invited Simon to the lake one weekend, and they'd spent a lot more time in Henry and Walter's room playing video games. Then, the day was finally there that parents came to take their kids home, and it felt strange to be packing up his dorm. Over the year, it had accumulated more knick knacks and personal touches, and taking everything down made the room look oddly clinical. He and Simon sat on the floor together, Simon running his fingers through Wille's hair as they talked through their

summer plans. The parents would be arriving soon, and then there would be an end of year speech followed by a performance from the choir and the third years receiving their certificates.

Erik was coming down to pick Wille up, and while some students had already left Wille insisted on staying for the performance; he didn't want to miss a chance to see Simon sing. Still, he hadn't been expecting anything more, so he felt the air leave his lungs when they headed outside and saw a familiar black car pull up - the one his parents always used. Instinctively, he stood up a little straighter and pushed his shoulders back, holding his breath as the door opened, and he saw his mother and father step out.

"I didn't know you were coming," he stumbled out when they were close enough to hear.

His mother raised her eyebrow, eyes skimming over him. "Well we haven't come to see you at Hillerska yet, this is our last chance to do so this year."

Wille felt like scoffing; why did she suddenly care to visit now? Still, he knew that when he had first come, it's all he would have wanted- maybe somewhere inside she knew that too. He greeted his father, and they were soon interrupted by the headmistress coming out to greet them, welcoming them to the school. Erik came out of the car behind them, and he went to go hug his brother, relishing in the touch before they all made their way into the chapel.

"So, we will see Simon perform today?" his father asked as they sat down, leaning towards Wille to speak.

Wille could only nod, hoping that Simon would feel okay to perform when seeing that Wille's parents were here. He knew that no matter what Simon would sound amazing, but despite his mother's

conditional approval he knew that Simon was still nervous around her, not wanting to make things harder for Wille.

There were murmurs as the chapel filled up and others noticed the queen's presence, then a hush over the crowd as the headmistress stood up at the front, welcoming everyone before introducing the choir. They started off with a harmony, then lowered their voices as Simon started his solo, voice powerful and clear as it echoed through the large room. He stood tall, the picture of confidence as he sang, leading the choir through the bridge and the rest of the song. Wille felt his chest fill with pride at the silence around him, no one making a sound as Simon finished. Simon's voice continued to be the most beautiful thing he's ever heard, and now others were seeing that too. When the assembly was finished, they reconvened outside as some families started to leave, only those with a connection to a third year staying.

Wille already knew that even if his mother insisted, he'd refuse to attend the graduation ceremony. Erik had assured him that he'd back him on it, neither of them wanting to appear as if they were there in support of August. Simon made his way over to them in the crowd, hesitating for a moment as he got closer. Wille met his eyes and nodded. He knew that there were parents around them, but in the moment he didn't care, only wanting to see Simon.

"Ah, hello Simon," his father greeted as Simon approached them. "That was a wonderful performance."

"Thank you," Simon smiled at him, clearly pleased by the compliment.

His mother looked between the two of them, and for a moment Wille was worried she was going to make some rude remark. She surprised them both, however, when she added, "you have an impressive singing voice, I quite enjoyed the performance."

“Thank you, Your Majesty,” Simon bowed his head forward, still not sure how to act around her.

“I suppose,” she continued, “that when we’re having a conversation in personal company, that you may call me Kristina.”

Simon’s eyes widened, clearly at a loss for words when Erik cut in. “Are you almost ready to go, Wille?”

“Yeah,” Wille nodded, grateful that the focus and pressure for response had shifted off Simon. “I just have to grab my stuff from my room.

“I’ll help,” Erik offered, starting to lead the way before he could object. They all knew that there were staff members loading the cars, but Wille saw Erik was giving them an out from the conversation while things were still going well.

As soon as they rounded the corner, Erik got caught talking, greeted by an old teacher. He seemed to be happy to catch up, so Wille took the opportunity to nod towards the side door, Simon following him inside.

“I wanted to show you something,” Wille told him as they walked down the empty hall. “I’ve been working on it for you.”

“You didn’t have to get me anything,” Simon began, Wille laughing at his protest. He knew Simon wouldn’t want Wille to get him a gift, but he had a feeling Simon would like what he had planned.

“I didn’t buy you anything,” Wille assured him, leading him into the music room. “I just- I’ve been practicing.” He motioned to the piano, taking Simon’s hand and guiding him to the bench for them to sit together.

Simon smiled shyly. “Are you going to play me a song?”

“I’m going to play you a song,” Wille confirmed, pressing a kiss to Simon’s cheek as he held his hands over the keys, finding their starting position.

He’d started working on it at Christmas, but then got understandably sidetracked by the accident. It wasn’t until he’d gotten back to Hillerska that he’d started practicing again. He hadn’t mentioned it to Simon, wanting it to be perfect before showing him, and he finally felt ready. His fingers started to move, gliding across the keys with ease, and he could tell the moment Simon recognized the song - *their* song. Simon was beaming at him as he played into the chorus of *Simply the Best* , pouring everything he was feeling into the music, hoping that Simon could feel it. He thought about sitting at the piano in what felt like years ago, asking Simon to forget that anything had ever happened between them, saying he wasn’t like that. He couldn’t imagine what would have happened now if he hadn’t taken it back, if he’d denied himself the immeasurable happiness that Simon has brought him. He didn’t want to think of it, never wanted to think of a world where he and Simon didn’t find their way to each other. There were tears in Simon’s eyes as Wille finished, dropping his hands after he played the last note. Simon pulled him into a tight hug, pressing his face into Wille’s neck and murmuring an *I love you* as he gripped Wille’s sweater. Even though they hadn’t been apart yet it felt like coming home, and he knew he’d always find his way back to Simon.

Chapter End Notes

Well, that's the end! Thank you everyone who has stuck with me on this fic even through my hiatus, all your comments and messages mean so much.

As far as what's next for me, I have a couple different YR fics planned, as well as some for RWRB. I'm working on a collab with

Tate on a wlw wilmon au. As well, I ended up starting an au in the Prince Simon universe. I also still plan to do some one shots following up with my no homo roommates fic. I'm trying to get them mostly done before I publish so I can upload consistently, so no clue yet when I will be posting those but there is more coming!

End Notes

Come talk to me on tumblr!

I only upload on ao3, if you see my work posted anywhere else (ex: wattpad) this is not me and someone has copied it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!